★ Mar. 9, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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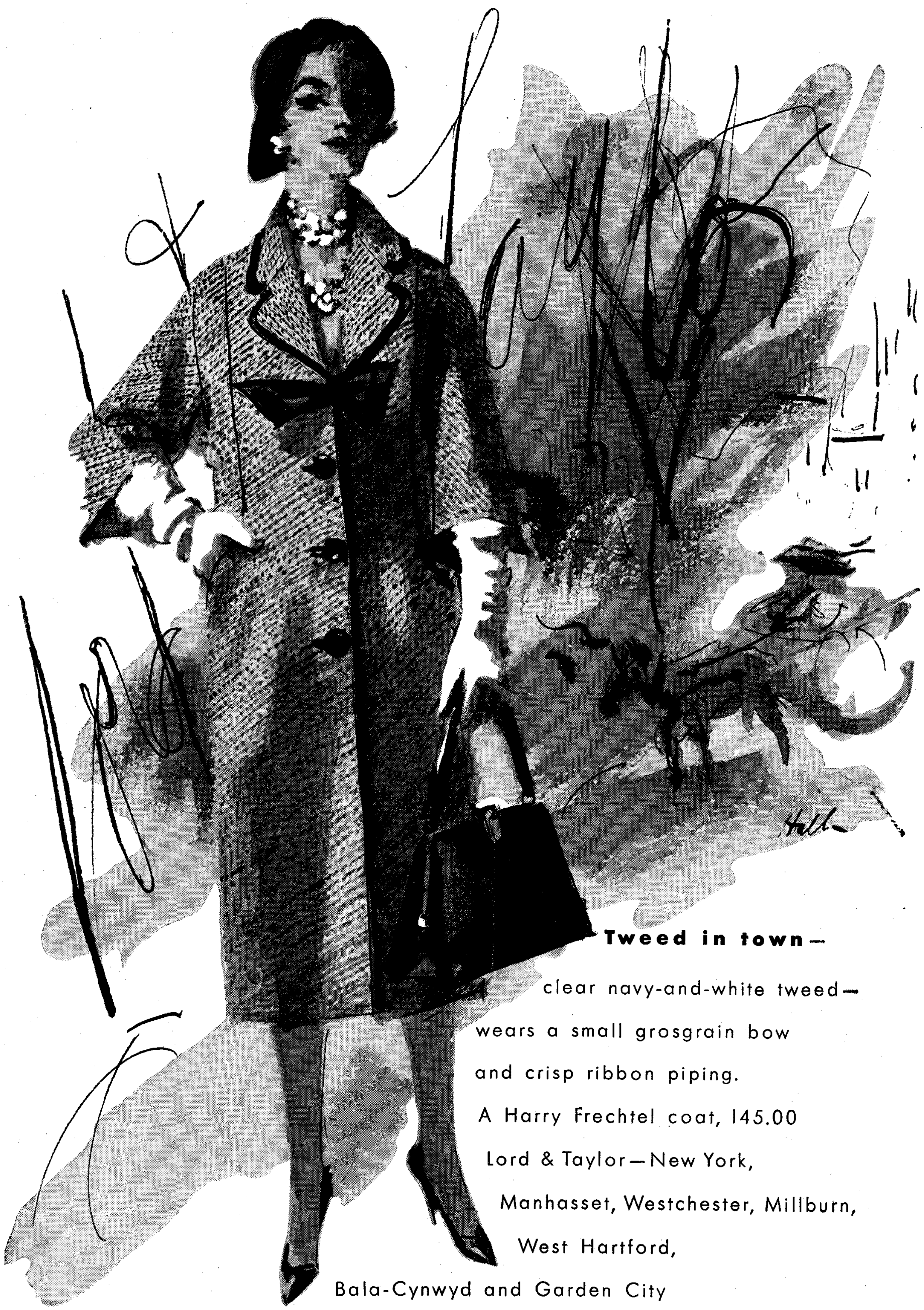

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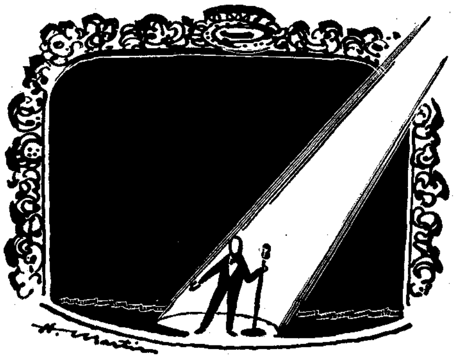

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Rosalind Russell is entrancing as the unorthodox heroine of this comedy, but it is just possible that the piece itself is a bit too arch to satisfy everybody. Adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Patrick Dennis, the play also has Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass in its cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of the biography of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle that he wrote in collaboration with Cordelia Drexel Biddle. Dealing with the eccentric head of an eccentric household, the play isn't as rewarding as "Life with Father" by a long shot, but it has its amusing moments. Walter Pidgeon plays Mr. Biddle and has the support of Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Hidden River—A fairly penetrating study of how men's political attitudes during the Second World War live after them in the France of today. Adapted from Storm Jameson's novel by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, and directed by Robert Lewis, the play is powerfully performed by a cast led by Dennis King, Robert Preston, and Lili Darvas. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hole in the Head—Paul Douglas makes a remarkably engaging bum in Arnold Schulman's not very credible comedy having to do with the twin problems of operating a bankrupt hotel and bringing up a little boy. David Burns, Kay Medford, Joyce Van Patten, Lee Grant, and Tommy White appear in the cast, Garson Kanin directed, and Boris Aronson designed the set. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Holiday for Lovers—A bumpy ride around the touristic centers of Europe, with Don Ameche, Carmen Mathews, Audrey Christie, and George Mathews as the principal sightseers. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Eugene O'Neill's monumental attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth makes an impressive and disturbing play. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., are all superb as members of the haunted family, and José Quintero's direction is brilliant. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Major Barbara—A really first-rate presentation of Shaw's comedy about poverty considered as a crime. Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Anne Jackson, and Eli Wallach head the cast, which Mr. Laughton directed, and the delightful sets were created by Donald Oenslager. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Potting Shed—Graham Greene's new play, a contemporary variation on the miracle of Lazarus, comes out, as you might expect, in favor of orthodox faith over rationalism. Regardless of your own affiliation, you can enjoy it purely as literate detective-story writing. All the performances are fine, especially Robert Flemyng's and Frank Conroy's. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Separate Tables—Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are highly efficient in both the plays that make up this Terence Rattigan double bill. The plays themselves vary in quality, the first being just about acceptable and the second very good indeed. The cast includes Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Tunnel of Love—A bunch of Westport cut-ups carrying on about adultery. Joseph Fields and Peter De Vries wrote the script, after the novel by Mr. De Vries, and the cast, including Tom Ewell, is estimable. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Uncle Willie—Menasha Skulnik is in the form that has always bewitched his admirers in this thin little comedy about a peddler who does his best to fix up everybody's life. The cast also includes Arline Sax, Norman Feld, and Edith Fellows. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—Cyril Ritchard is a miracle of style as a caller from outer space, and he is nobly abetted by Eddie Mayehoff, as an overstuffed Pentagon general, in Gore Vidal's excellent fantastic comedy. Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan also appear in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed; Oliver Smith designed the setting; and Louis and Bebe Barron provided the abundant and peculiar sound effects. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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The Waltz of the Toreadors—Jean Anouilh's play about an aging French general and all the ladies in his life is undoubtedly the season's most civilized comedy. Ralph Richardson is splendid in the leading role, and Mildred Natwick, Meriel Forbes, and John Stewart support him admirably. Lucienne Hill supplied the translation, and Harold Clurman is the director. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the diary of anne frank:** A Dutch girl's chronicle of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis. With Joseph Schildkraut, Gusti Huber, and Dina Doronne. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **inherit the wind:** An account of the Scopes trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two famous orators involved. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **middle of the night:** Paddy Chayefsky's play about a man who falls in love with a girl half his age. Edward G. Robinson has a leading role, and his associates include Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **no time for sergeants:** All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Right now, Charles Hohman is the hero, and Rex Everhart and Arte Johnson are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday is an inspiration to us all in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman's return to Broadway after a four-and-a-half-year absence is a fine thing for the local scene, even if her vehicle, something about love in Philadelphia and Monaco, doesn't amount to much. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse wrote the book; Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs; and the supporting cast, directed by Abe Burrows, includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—The clumping, dim-witted hillbillies who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip are well and truly represented here, but the musical can't be recommended to anyone who isn't an authority on the doings in Dogpatch. Written by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, the comedy has lyrics by Johnny Mercer and music by Gene de Paul, and was directed by Michael Kidd, who has done nicely with several dance interludes. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Beatrice Lillie has had more inspired material, but she is still wonderfully funny and may be enough to make your evening endurable. Other performers include

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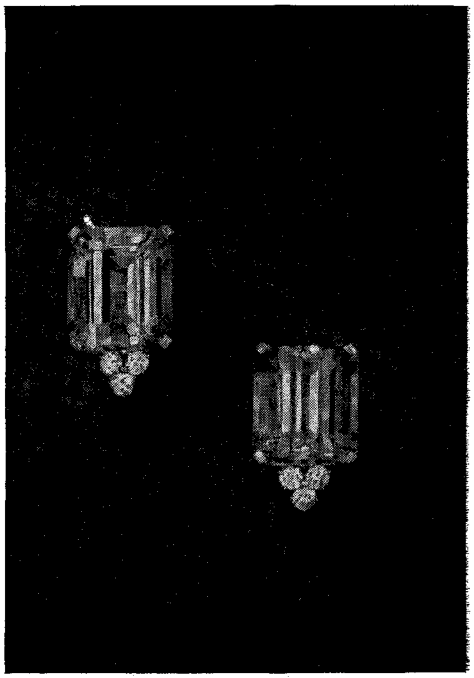

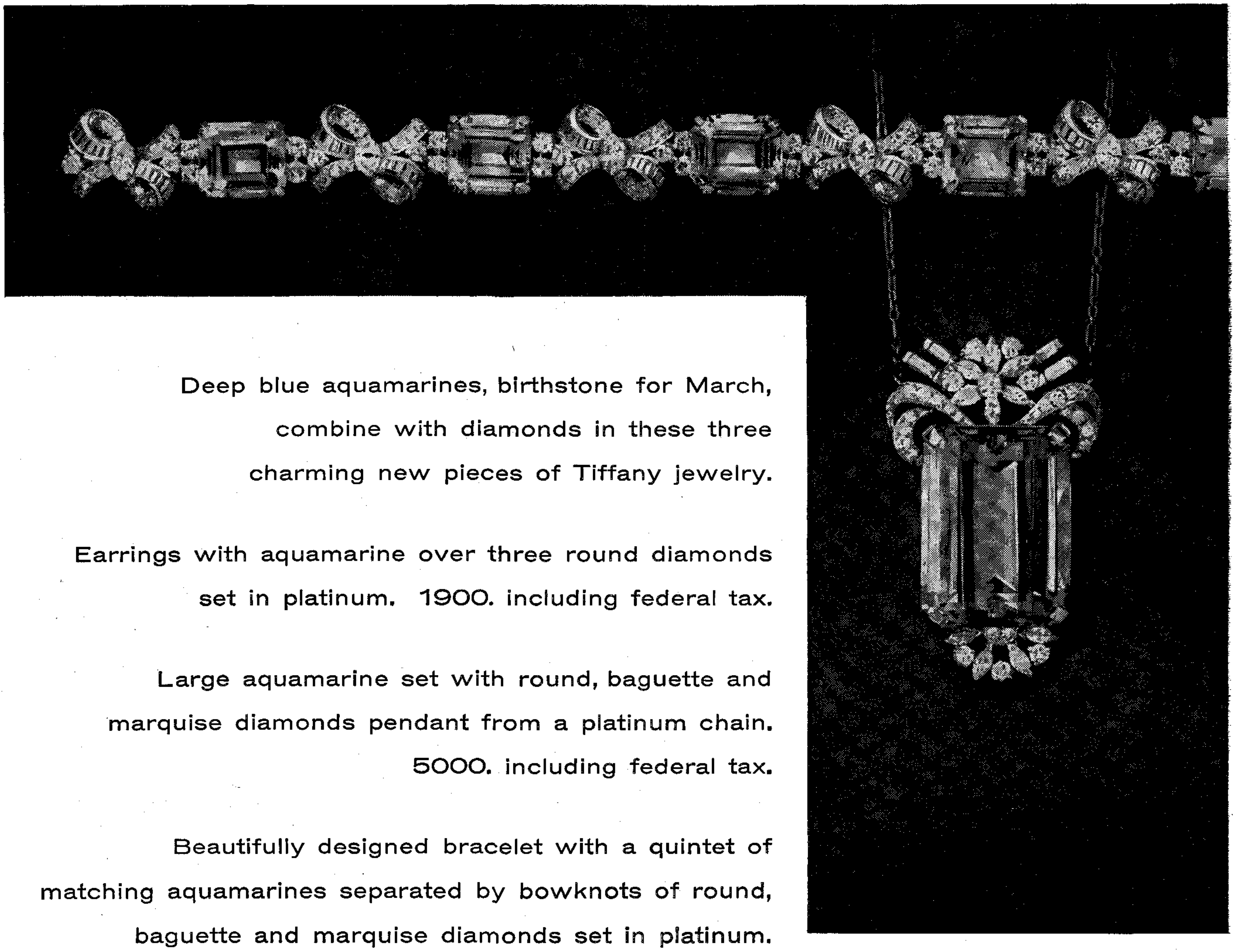

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Billy De Wolfe, who assists her heroically with what comedy there is; Harold Lang and Helen Wood, who contribute some lively dances; and Jane Morgan, Micki Marlo, and Carol Lawrence, who sing their routine songs with commendable spirit. Raoul Pène duBois has designed some settings and costumes that, for better or worse, will probably remind you of the good old days. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—DAMN YANKEES: About a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. With Gretchen Wyler, Ray Walston, and Stephen Douglass. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison plays Professor Higgins and Julie Andrews is Eliza Doolittle. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

GOOD AS GOLD—John Patrick's new comedy, with Roddy McDowall, Paul Ford, and Zero Mostel. Staged by Albert Marre and presented by Cheryl Crawford, with William Myers. Opens Thursday, March 7. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE SIN OF PAT MULDOON—James Barton and Elaine Stritch in a play by John McLiam. Directed by Jack Garfein and produced by Richard Adler and Roger L. Stevens. Opens Wednesday, March 13. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera," adapted by Richard Baldridge, with Shirley Jones, Jack Cassidy, and Paula Laurence, is the first in a series of five musicals to be presented by the company. Preview Tuesday, March 12. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 13, and will run through Sunday, March 24. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Friday through Sunday, March 8-10: "Manon."... ¶ Starting Friday, March 15: "Tosca." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CARNEGIE HALL PLAYHOUSE—Margaret Phillips and Henry Brandon in a revival of Christopher Fry's comedy "The Lady's Not for Burning." (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 56th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister, Mary Welch, Alvin Epstein, and Paul Shyre. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

DOWNTOWN THEATRE—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days," which has been staged by Day Tuttle. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

JAN HUS HOUSE—Louis Gossett heads the cast in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." Ira Cirker is the director. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—"The Taming of the Shrew," with Nina Foch and Pernell Roberts. It is the second of two plays being presented by the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy, of Stratford, Connecticut. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 10.)

SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—Presenting the American Savoyards in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Utopia, Limited." (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Dolly Haas, James Mitchell, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE EAST—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by John Millington Synge—"Riders to the Sea," "In the Shadow of the Glen," and "The Tinker's Wedding." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a landscape of almost awesome splendor, has dinner music until ten, at which hour Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band come aboard. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The mixture as before—hot birds and cold bottles at midnight, fuss and feathers all the time. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's Latin band buzz like mad night after night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Lucille and Eddie Roberts, whose processes of thought transference are all in fun, take their leave of the Cotillion Room on Saturday, March 9. Frank Parker and his voice of milk and honey will be around a while longer, and so will his jokes, some of which should never have seen the light of night. An orchestra headed by Joseph Sudy chortles away with grace and agility whenever Alan Logan's rumba group takes a breather. Closed Sundays.... ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The principal delight in the Persian Room is Jacqueline François, whose songs, mostly in lucid and vivid French, suffer from none of those classic Gallic complaints—blood, sweat, and tears. She's on the dinner and supper menu; Ted Straeter's high-spirited orchestra and glee club and Mark Monte's clutch of musicians are in action the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another.... ¶ In the Palm Court, there is Leo LeFleur's string group at the cocktail hour. No dancing.... ¶ The LeFleur group is again in action in the Edwardian Room at the dinner hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's dance band is humming a bunch of familiar tunes in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, where pomp and circumstance are the inflexible order of the evening, is presenting the ornate Monique Van Vooren and her playful ditties, largely devoted to pleasures that are (so they say) much too good for the average man. In between her dinner and supper recitals, the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari contribute their galloping dance music. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The divertissement in the ample Café Rouge involves Freddy Martin's big dance band, which believes that a little sugar is good for the system. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The real voice of America, a voice heard round the world, is also now available in the Empire Room. Benny Goodman (a bit subdued) and his latest assortment of instrumentalists—such as Buck Clayton, Mel Powell, Jimmy Maxwell, Budd Johnson, Steve Jordan, and Mousie Alexander (not at all subdued)—are the responsible parties. They appear at dinner and supper; Nat Brandwynne's sonorous orchestra and Mischa Borr's vigorous band function all evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Weekdays, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the Alt Wien group led by Jozsi Ribari and the trio belonging to Bernie Leighton concoct sitting-down music from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one; Mr. Borr's orchestra takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

NOTE—The not too dizzying height known as the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and swatches of non-dance music, you can look down (if you have a window table) on everyone else. The ad-

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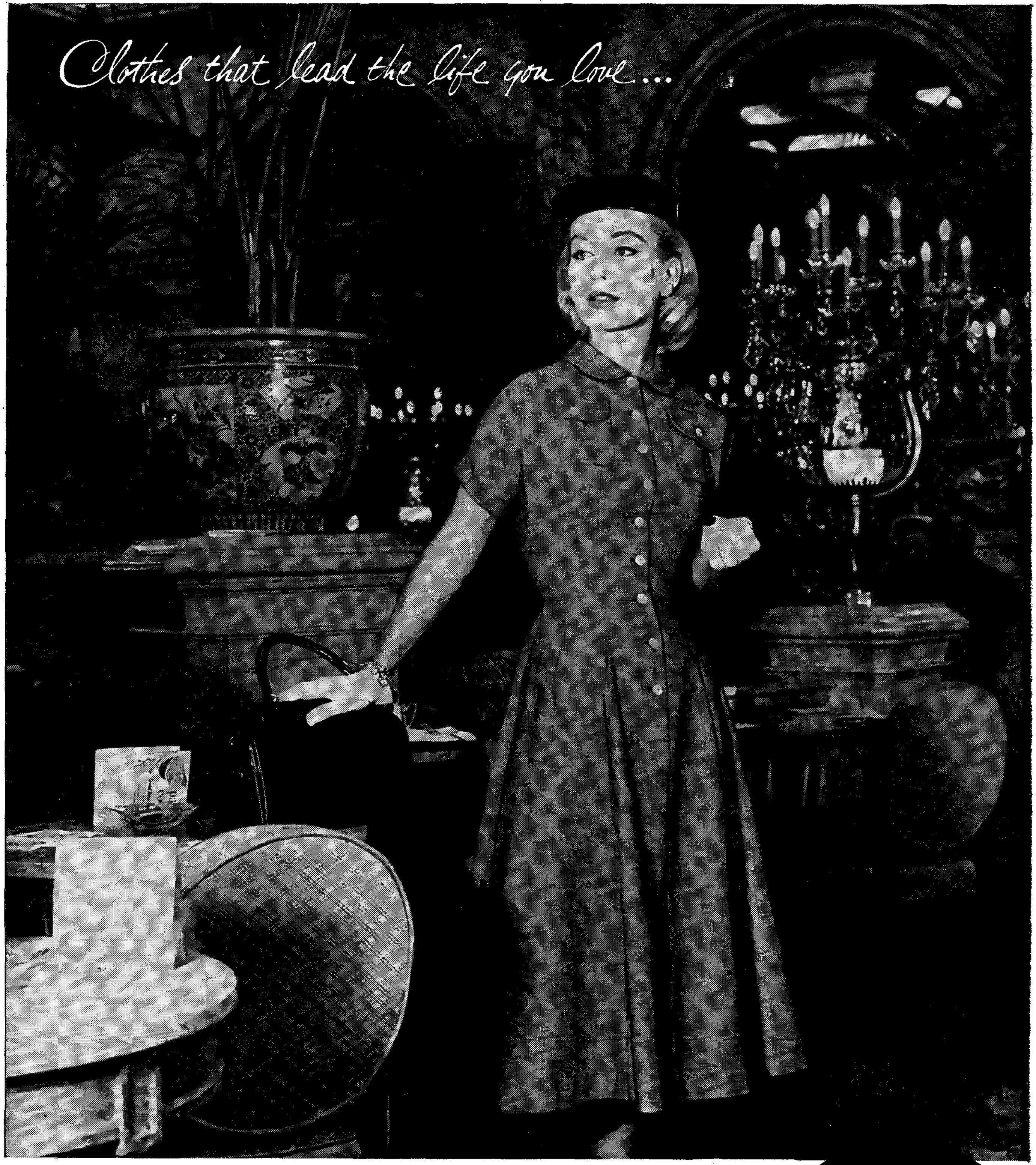
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SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A green pasture, complete with green bay tree, where the browsing is decorous indeed. Addison Bailey's cocktail, dinner, and supper piano is in keeping with the mood. Sundays, Paul Morse fills in for him.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An established hothouse, well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. George Rosner does a placid dinner-and-supper obbligato at the piano. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins, host, pianist, and news vender, performs in the midst of the Southern-style county fair that occupies his neat restaurant. Wayne Sanders is his alter ego at the instrument. The music starts early and lasts late. Closed Mondays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The strolling gypsies who play in this temple of Lucullus are a tidy lot, wholeheartedly devoted to the art of the violin rather than to fortune-telling. The music begins at eight and goes on until one, or even later. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Eadie and Rack will be bringing their evening-long two-piano recitals, which offer humor as well as harmonics, to a close on Friday, March 8.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The conversations on some of the tableside telephones make it seem like a capital-gains conference room, but there are also victuals, wine, and Renato Rossini's guitar, which is murmurous from nine to eleven and fiery Andalusian from then until one. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle, now converted (with very little change) into a restaurant, is the home of Norbert Faconi and his violin, which operate in the best tableside manner after eight-thirty every night but Sunday.... **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The older inhabitants of this bar-and-grill all smile in anticipation when Cy Walter sits down at the piano, which he does from cocktails through dinner, and again from ten till one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A new assembly room for those whose interests begin and end at the stage door. Life here, which is on the posh side, begins at dinner; after ten every evening but Monday, Hubbell Pierce joins in with polite words and music from behind his Mason & Hamlin. Mondays, Warren Vaughan, who alternates with Mr. Pierce on other evenings, is the solo pianist. ... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A permanent picnic (Latin-American style) that includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays.... **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Tommy Wolf, a rhyming dictionary with a piano, has come a long way (from St. Louis) to intone his inventive ballads. He's around this decorator's dream after ten, every night except Monday.... **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Just the sort of place its namesake might have used for his more romantic wining-and-dining tête-à-têtes. The accent, from the kitchen to the strolling music, is French and environs. Closed Mondays.... **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): By any name, it's still the Sherry-Netherland bar—comfortable, rambling, and lightly dusted with piano by Steve Weltner, a recent import from South America. This begins at dinner and goes through supper every evening but Sunday.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): "Blossom Time" all over again, but a much more soothing blend of violin, voice, and zimbalon than the Messrs. Shubert ever served up. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): A bustling music-with-every-course deal that sounds most dulcet when Monica Boyár is singing and a six-man band is tootling Lehár. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at eight. Mondays are his holidays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An armchair-and-chaise-longue sort of place, designed for conversation instead of mass participation. Someone or other is always at the piano.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Alice Pearce, a vague girl at best, has returned to this, her ancestral home, along with ballads and an attitude as dithery as ever. Martha Davis and Spouse (i.e., Calvin Ponder), still the slaphappiest couple in all Manhattan, are onstage, too, singing hey-nonny-nonny, and so is Johnny Mathis, a bright young high-style jazz singer who can't always leave well enough alone. The eloquent background musings of Jimmy Lyons' restrained jazz trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements make everything sound its best. The Davises, incidentally, aren't there Mondays.... ¶ In the front room, except Sundays, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's also a breakfast-with-the-Davises session, from 2 to 4 A.M., at which the Lyonses sit in.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, who (next to Old Ironsides) is our most famous battlewagon, is taking apart a few old ballads and not putting them together again. Her teammates are Faith Winthrop, the most recent arrival from the upper-bracket supper clubs of San Francisco, and Bob Gibson. She sings songs from the heart; he sings songs from our folkways. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Words of wisdom, spoken almost entirely in jest. They were written mostly by Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery, and are spoken by June Ericson, a pearl of great price, and her precocious playmates—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews. The occasion is the latest of Julius Monk's portmanteau revues, for which the pit band is the pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Kaye Ballard finds this a handy place to go right out of her witty little mind, which (since practice makes perfect) she does with neatness and dispatch. Another bewitched character is Phil Leeds, a gentle philosopher who can come to the most ridiculous conclusions. There are also Tony and Eddie, whose parodies trample on the clay feet of many a recording star; the manic singing of Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels; and Don Evans, whose piano proves that progression need not be painful. It's best to go late and be prepared to stay late. Tony and Eddie will bow out on Sunday, March 10. Closed Mondays.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): The eminent Mabel Mercer arrives at eleven to give the poetry of the newer laureates (Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and the like) a special reading in her understanding contralto, and Sam Hamilton, her perennial accompanist, helps out at the piano late in the evening. Rawn Spearman, who goes on duty at ten, brings a warm, concert-hall voice to bear on other worthy tunes. Miss Mercer and Mr. Hamilton are absent Sundays; Mr. Spearman is absent Mondays.... **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): An elbow-rubbing sort of deal, but apt to be fun. Bobby Short, the perkiest troubadour of the night people, has his trio, his piano, and his Benzedrine ballads all working their heads off for him late in the evening. Sunday is his vacation time.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from the pianos in the bar. Also around are Nancy Andrews and her love-'em-and-leave-'em chanteys and Dick Smart, a more romantic vocalist. Sundays, there are ancient movies instead of Miss Andrews; Mondays, amateur talent replaces Mr. Smart.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Carmen Amaya's long and honorable career is, at the moment, being continued in this Jack London sort of café, where she is the life of the flamenco dance party that goes on two or three times every evening but Sunday. Her last night is Wednesday, March 13.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Hot news from the Sunny South, presented in the customary rough-and-ready fashion. Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon are involved. In between times, Teddy Roy and Buzzy Drootin have a go at the piano and drums. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A kind of jazz that is part rumpus, part byplay, part community sing. The professional participants are Dorothy Donegan's threesome and Jonah Jones' foursome. Their music starts at nine, and there's also cocktail and dinner solo piano every evening. Sundays, extra hands occupy the podium.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A few durable friends of the Chattanooga Choo-Choo assemble, under the jurisdiction of Billy Maxted, to talk over the good old days. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney de Paris (temporarily minus his leader, Wilbur de Paris) is keeping the home fires burning hot with the help of Cecil Scott, Benny Morton, Harold Hill, and Herbie Nichols. Don Frye is the solo pianist. The place is shut tight Sundays; jam sessions Mondays.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Never mind the rumbling bar out front; the important thing is the back-room music—Bernard Peiffer's trio and the Mitchell-Ruff duo. The theme of Mr. P.'s squad is that there's great hope for the future; the others are a touch more lilting. The first group is off Mondays, the second Sundays. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude,* is at the piano from six to about nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Tito Puente's Latin band can make unsturdy eardrums quiver when it feels its oats; Ralph Sharon's sextet, which is North American in mood, is progressive in less emphatic fashion. Everybody's around except Mondays, when guest artists assemble to make jam.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar is an enthusiastic trio led by Russ Haddock, a

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

young piano man who appears to belong to no school at all. Frannie Thorne, the interlude pianist, is in a more introspective state of mind. The music begins at nine. No action Mondays. The Haddocks will be succeeded on Tuesday, March 12, by other fish in the sea.... **THE PLAYROOM,** 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): The littlest music room of them all, and devoted mainly to the proposition that the old order is dead, long live the new. Cy Coleman, the recreation director here, leads his trio into action every night but Sunday; Don Elliott leads his quartet over the top every night but Monday.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Dixie, even in its most unreconstructed form, could never have been quite as unruly as this. Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, and Claude Hopkins are the prime movers in the barrage, which is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. weekdays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon hold an open forum with Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Mood music of 1957, 1958, et seq. Buddy De Franco's quintet and Vinnie Burke's String Jazz Quartet do a good job of interpreting it. On Friday, March 8, Roy Eldridge's foursome will replace Mr. De Franco, and Gil Mellé's foursome will take over from the Burkes on Monday, March 11. Closed Tuesdays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend contact with early times. Among the Old Guardsmen due on Friday and Saturday, March 8-9, are the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Charlie Shavers, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Johnny Windhurst, and Panama Francis.... **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): This fraction of the Henry Hudson Hotel is devoted, between nine and one, to cotton picking, not woolgathering. The satisfying racket is the work of Bobby Hackett, that silver-tongued orator, and his five-man posse (Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres are among the deputy sheriffs). The intermission pianist is Charlie Queener, a fellow-thinker. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

EMILE BERNARD—The first American exhibition of paintings by an artist who is now (unfairly) best known for his friendship with Gauguin and van Gogh; through March 23. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—Etchings and lithographs based on La Fontaine's "Fables," the "Arabian Nights," and the Bible, together with some varied water colors and drawings; through Saturday, March 9. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

FREDERICK CHILDS—Richly colorful still-lifes and figure studies, in his first exhibition in seven years; through Saturday, March 16. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

LEONARDO CREMONINI—Highly stylized, richly colored oils in this Italian artist's third one-man show in America; through Saturday, March 9. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

JOSÉ LUIS CUÉVAS—Fantastic figures in black-and-white, slightly Goyaesque in manner, by a twenty-four-year-old artist who has been causing some stir in his native Mexico; through Saturday, March 16. (Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Daily, noon to 6.)

JEAN DE BOTTON—Neatly articulated abstractions, many of them on musical themes, by one of the veterans of the Paris school; through Saturday, March 9. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

ADOLF DEHN—About twenty-five cityscapes and farm scenes, done in oil or water color; through March 23. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

EMLEN ETTING—Recent oils, high in key and loosely flowing in design, plus a group of modern essays in the old art of miniature; through Saturday, March 9. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

JOHN FERREN—New oils, richer in color and more dramatic in composition than those in his exhibit of three years ago; through Saturday, March 9. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

HARRY GOTTLIEB—A 1920-56 review of paintings, drawings, and prints, including landscapes, still-lifes, and depictions of men at work; through Saturday, March 9. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

GIUSEPPI GUERRESCHI—Sombre, heavily stylized paintings by one of the younger Italian moderns; through Saturday, March 9. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

GRACE HARTIGAN—Paintings and collages, all having to do with New York's lower East Side; through March 28. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY F. HOYT—Gently agreeable, colorful landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GENICHIRO INOKUMA—Abstract oils, subtly Oriental in flavor, in this artist's second showing in this country; through March 23. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

ALEXEJ VON JAWLENSKY—Fifty-one 1905-36 paintings (heads, the seasons, still-lifes, and so on), a number of them on loan from collections here and abroad; through March 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

SHIRLEY KAPLAN—In this young artist's fourth local solo show are about twenty of her latest oils and gouaches; through March 23. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

JONAH KINIGSTEIN—Still-lifes, an Ethiopian procession, and an altar in Italy are among the subjects of the eleven oils on view; through March 23. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

FRANZ LERCH—Darkly Expressionist and quite handsome oils, mostly landscapes, in his first exhibition since 1943; through March 23. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

ISRAEL LEVITAN—Sinuously involved constructions and sculptures in wood and wire; through Saturday, March 9. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

LINDA LINDEBERG—Large abstract canvases turned out during 1955 and 1956; through March 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—His current exhibition consists of thirty-three sculptures done in the past two years, in addition to selections from earlier work; through March 30. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOAN MITCHELL—Abstracted landscapes in oil, for the most part painted in Paris; through March 23. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave. at 58th St.)

CHANNING PEAKE—Nicely organized abstractions, large in scale, by a Colorado artist new to

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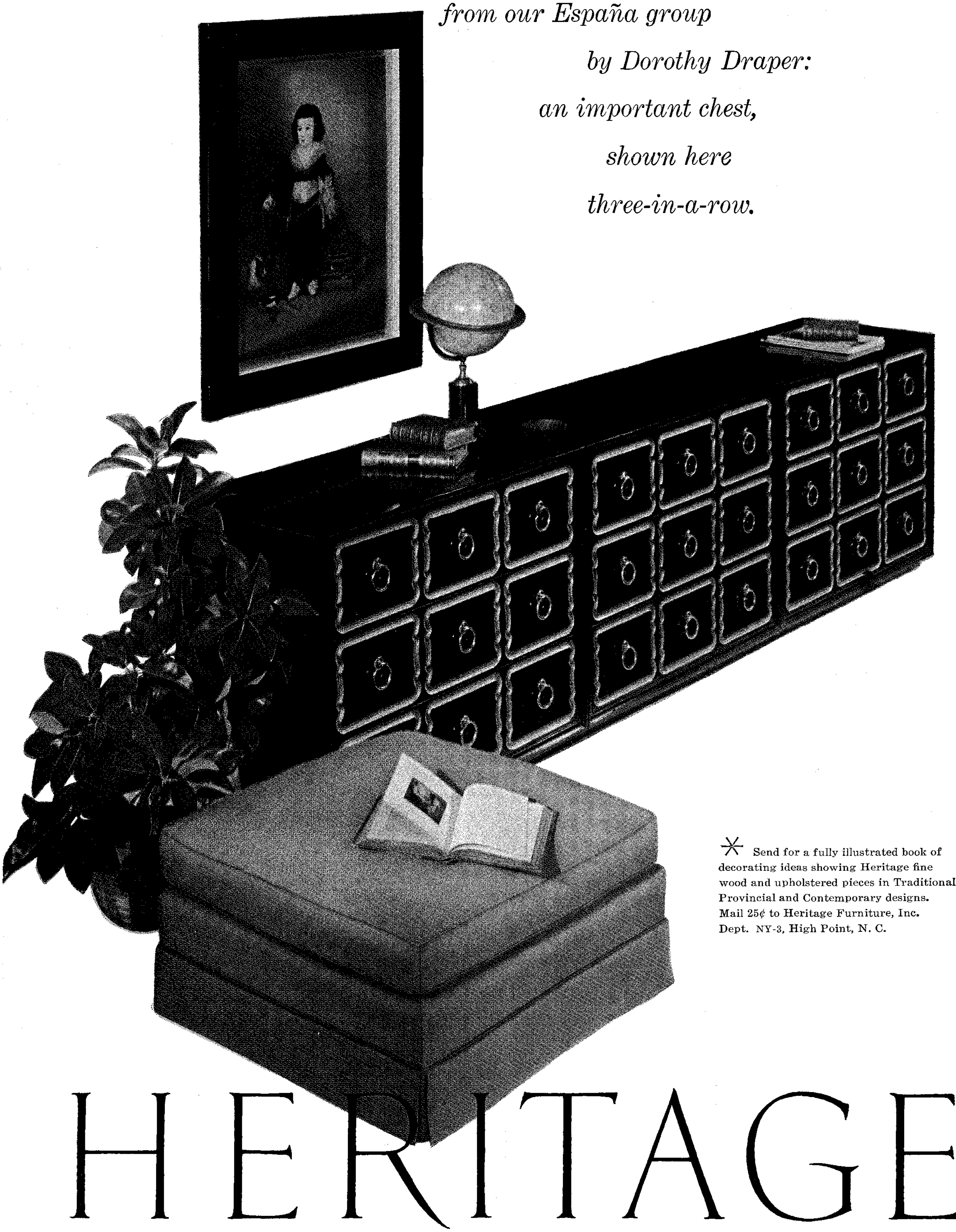

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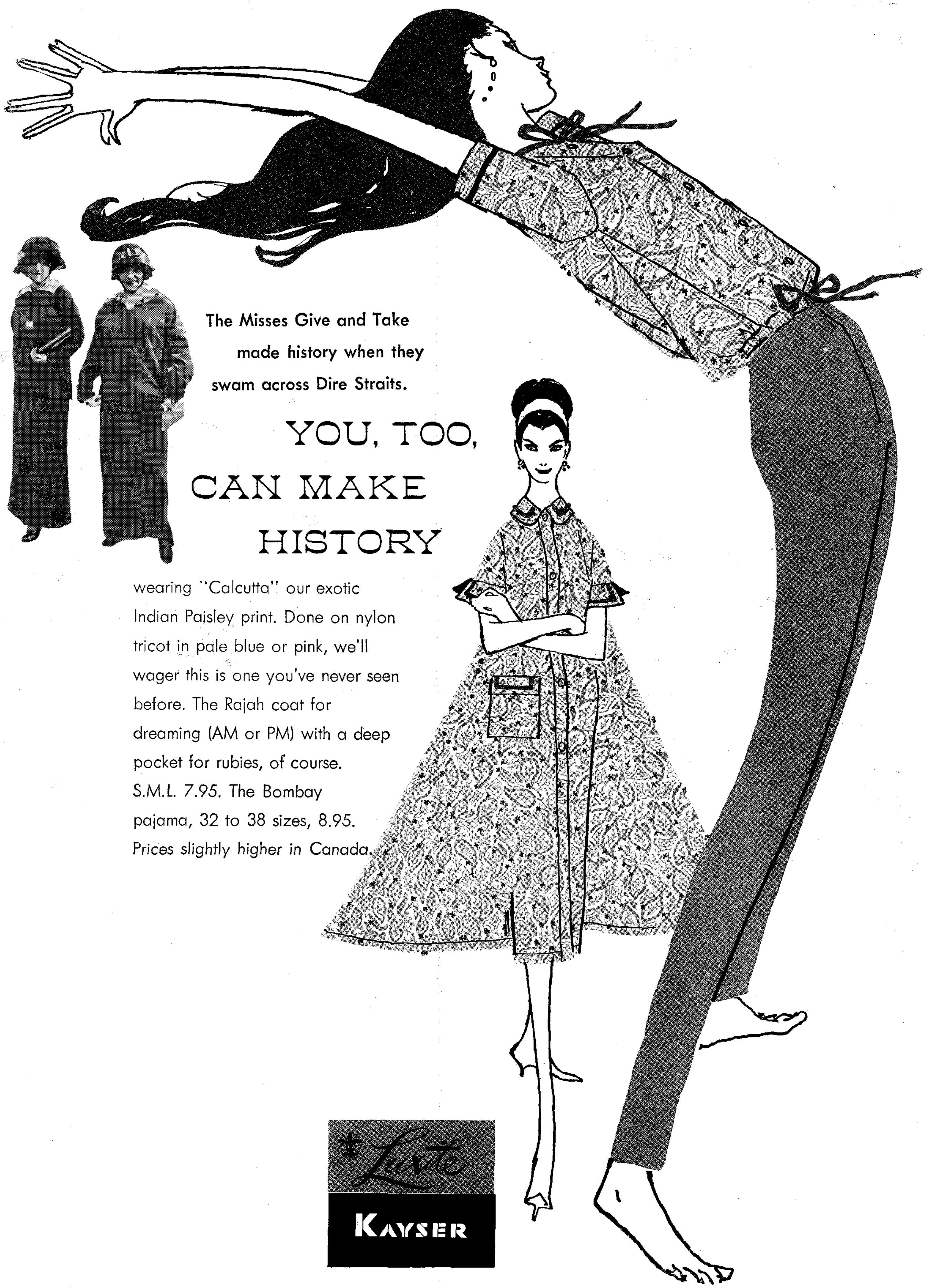

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Luxite

KAYSER

New York; through Saturday, March 16. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Ten canvases, chiefly landscapes, from the past year and a half; through March 30. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

John Piper—Landscapes, mainly of France, in both oil and water color, by this modern British painter; through March 23. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Gérard Schneider—Ten abstract oils by a French artist who made his début here last spring; through March 23. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Hedda Sterne—A set of dramatically handsome abstractions, all based on the geometry of modern highway design; through Saturday, March 9. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Antonio Tàpies—Oils and a few drawings by a Spanish abstractionist; through Saturday, March 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Hans Uhlmann—Water colors, drawings, and stainless-steel sculptures, executed between 1951 and 1956 in Germany; through Saturday, March 9. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Esteban Vicente—Non-objective paintings, depending mainly on color contrasts for their effect, by a Spanish-born artist now living in this country; through Saturday, March 16. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Jacques Villon—The first section of a two-part survey of his works, this one covering prints and drawings from the period 1897-1910; through Saturday, March 9. (Deitsch, 51 E. 73rd St.)

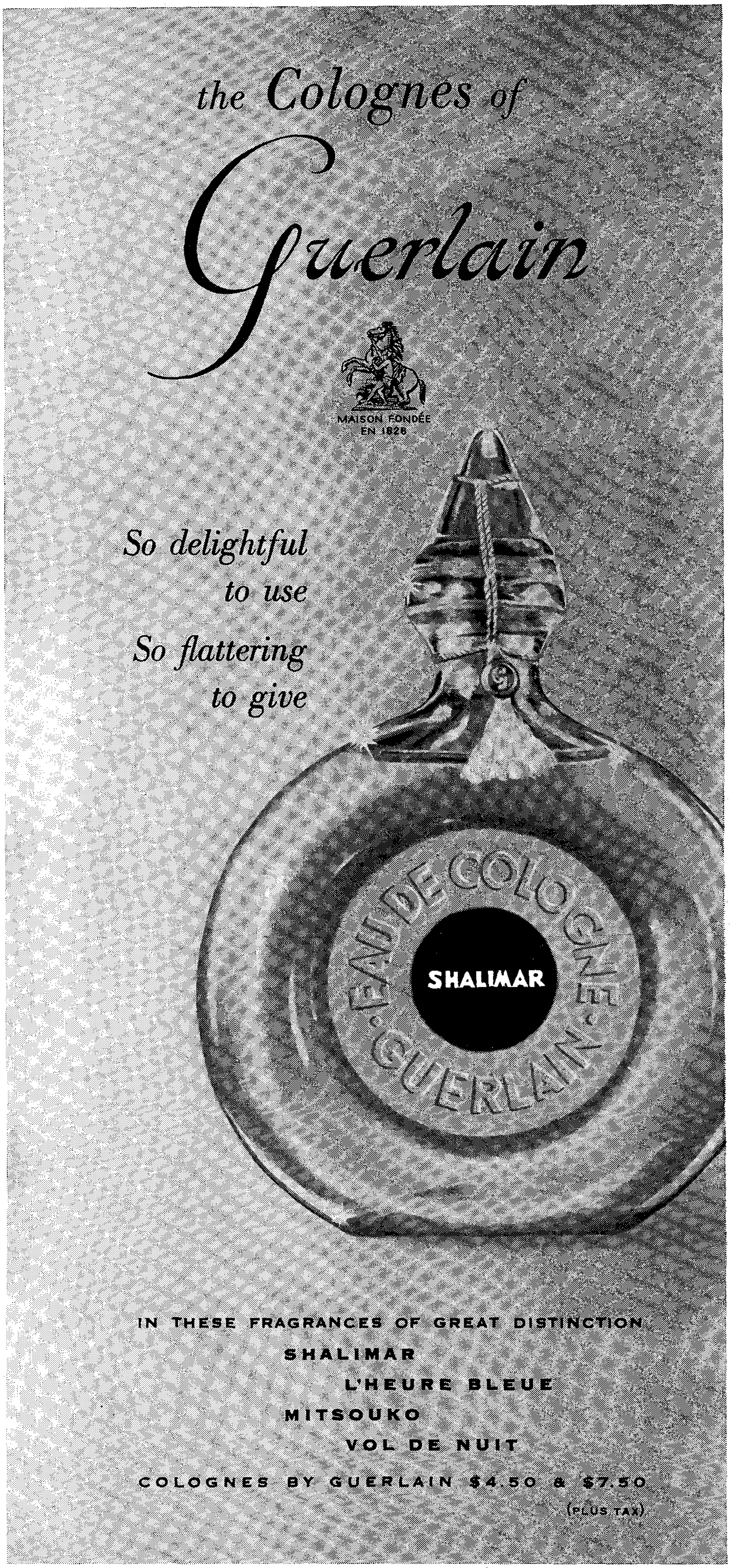
Howard Warshaw—Abstract oils, agreeably varied in texture, by a young California artist; through Saturday, March 16. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-second annual exhibition, comprising over two hundred oils and sculptures, submitted by members and non-members; through March 17. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **contemporary arts**, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Lily Ente, William Chaiken, Stephen Csoka, and other painters and sculptors sponsored by the gallery; through Friday, March 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: Impressions of New Mexico (oils, water colors, and drawings) by Georgia O'Keeffe, John Marin, Marsden Hartley, John Sloan, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi; through March 30. . . . **new york city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: The March offering contains about fifty oils chosen by Jack Tworkov, Arthur Osver, and Raphael Soyer; through March 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **rehn**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: A selection of two or three water colors each by Edward Hopper, Charles Burchfield, Reginald Marsh, and Henry Varnum Poor; through March 30.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **meltzer**, 38 W. 57th St.: Paintings and other works by Jankel Adler, Rhys Caparn, Louis Bunce, and other artists of the gallery; through Saturday, March 16. . . . **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: American and French painters and sculptors, including Braque, Matisse, and Maldarelli; through March 30.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **carstairs**, 11 E. 57th St.: Dufy, Rouault, and Dali are among the artists showing recent paintings; through Saturday, March 16. . . . **heller**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by three of the younger artists in Rome—Renzo Vespignani, Marcello Muccini, and Graziella Urbinati; through Saturday, March 16. . . . **new gallery**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Léger, Nolde, Schwitters, and other twentieth-century artists; through March 23. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty-six oils by such artists as Miró, Chagall, and Rouault, all of them being shown here for the first time; through Saturday, March 9. . . . **saidenberg**, 10 E. 77th St.: Oils by twelve modern masters, among them Kandinsky, Modigliani, and Severini; through Friday, March 8. . . . **world house galleries**, 987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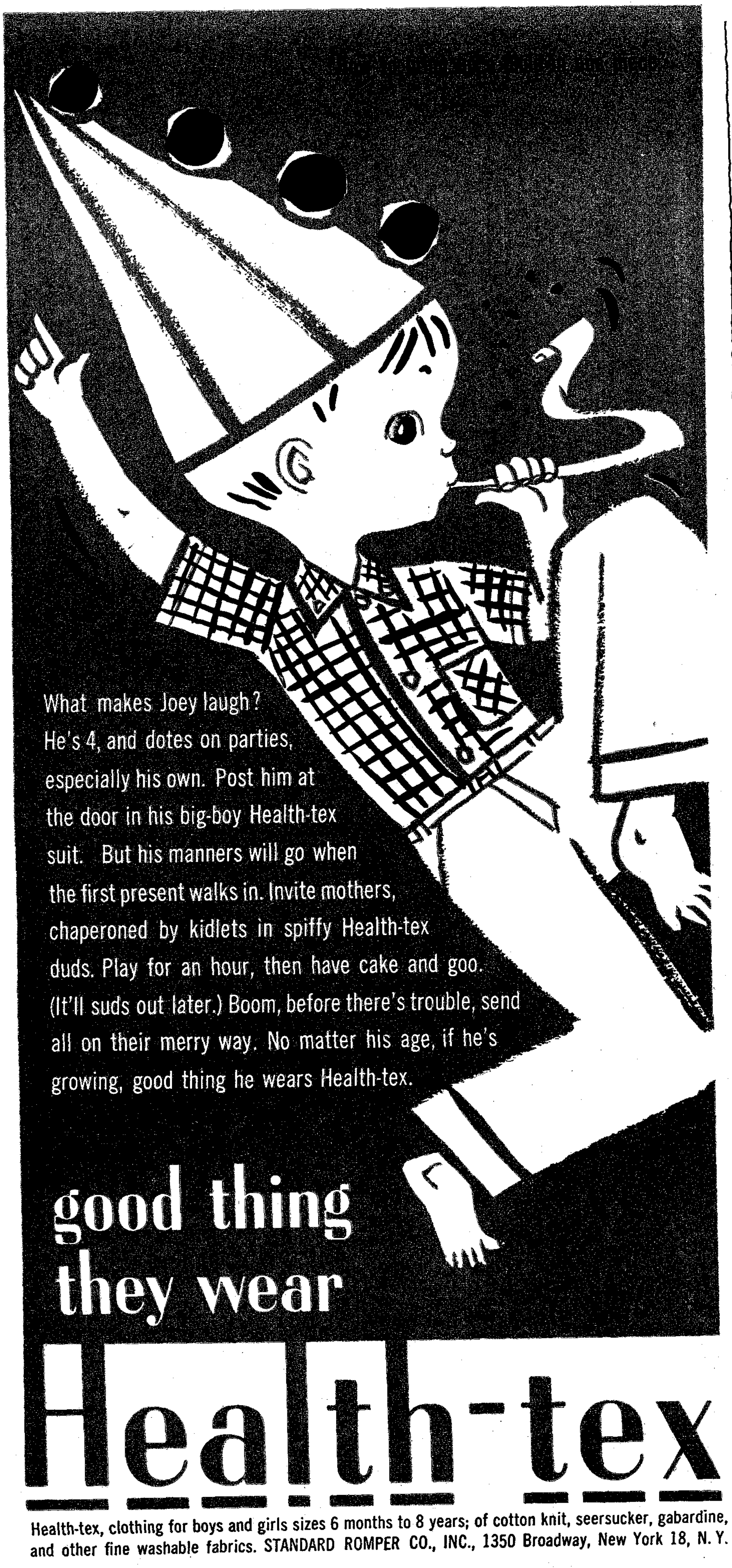
What makes Joey laugh? He's 4, and dotes on parties, especially his own. Post him at the door in his big-boy Health-tex suit. But his manners will go when the first present walks in. Invite mothers, chaperoned by kidlets in spiffy Health-tex duds. Play for an hour, then have cake and goo. (It'll suds out later.) Boom, before there's trouble, send all on their merry way. No matter his age, if he's growing, good thing he wears Health-tex.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Contemporary Italian painters and sculptors, including Giorgio Morandi, Antonio Music, and Marino Marini; through March 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5; and Tuesday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Louis Schanker; starting Monday, March 11. . . . **DEITSCH**, 51 E. 73rd St.: Jacques Villon, Part II; starting Monday, March 11. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Hans Hartung; starting Monday, March 11. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Henry Loerner; starting Tuesday, March 12. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Walter Murch; starting Monday, March 11. . . . ¶ Group shows at **THE CONTEMPORARIES**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.; starting Monday, March 11. **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.; starting Wednesday, March 13. **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, March 11.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A circularly mounted hundred-and-sixty-five-foot panorama of the palace and gardens of Versailles, painted by the American John Vanderlyn in 1818-19, and, in an adjoining room, related exhibits of prints and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of European, Latin-American, and United States travel posters, dating from the eighteen-nineties to the present time; through April 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Golden Years of American Drawing, 1905-56," composed of a hundred and seventy-five examples, many on loan, by William Glackens, George Luks, Marsden Hartley, Ben Shahn, and others; through March 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—The opening show in the quarters temporarily being used while the new museum is under construction is "Three Brothers: The Paintings and Sculptures of Jacques Villon, Raymond Duchamp-Villon, and Marcel Duchamp;" through Sunday, March 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evening, March 7, until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition entitled "New York School—Second Generation," made up of paintings, drawings, and collages by such young artists as Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Goodnough, and Allan Kaprow; starting Sunday, March 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A new museum founded by Nelson A. Rockefeller, with some five hundred objects he has gathered from all over the world (the earliest piece dates from about 20000 B.C.), supplemented by gifts from other collectors. On view are stone sculptures, carvings in greenstone, ivories, wood masks, pottery figures, gold jewelry, and the like. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Drive, at 103rd St.—The Knickerbocker Artists' tenth annual exhibition, national in scope and consisting of about a hundred and forty paintings, sculptures, and graphic works by nonmembers as well as members; through March 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by thirty Americans under thirty-five years of age in a lively, diversified showing called "Young America 1957;" through April 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, March 7, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell

Rankin, Richard Tucker, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday, March 8, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Martha Moedl, Marianne Schech, Ramon Vinay, and Hermann Uhde. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Brian Sullivan, Jerome Hines, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Emelia Cundari, Giulio Gari, and Ettore Bastianini. (A benefit for the New York Vassar Club Scholarship Fund.) . . . ¶ Monday, March 11, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Thelma Votipka, Daniele Barioni, and Ettore Bastianini. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 12, at 8: "La Traviata," with Renata Tebaldi, Giuseppe Campora, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 13, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Brian Sullivan, Jerome Hines, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Lucine Amara, Martha Lipton, Albert Da Costa, Otto Edelmann, and Lawrence Davidson. . . . ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8: "La Traviata," with Renata Tebaldi, Gianni Poggi, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 2: "Il Trovatore," with Antonietta Stella, Jean Madeira, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Delia Rigal, Irene Dalis, Jussi Bjoerling, Ettore Bastianini, and Cesare Siepi.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, March 7, at 8:45; Friday, March 8, at 2:30; and Sunday, March 10, at 2:30 (all with Eugene Istomin, piano). . . . ¶ Georg Solti conducting on Thursday, March 14, at 8:45, and Friday, March 15, at 2:30 (both with Clifford Curzon, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 12, at 8:30.)

Gershwin Concert—Morton Gould conducting the Symphony of the Air in an all-Gershwin program, with Earl Wild, piano; Camilla Williams, soprano; and Eugene Brice, baritone. A benefit for the George Gershwin Memorial Foundation. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau directing, with Carol Brice, contralto, and the St. John's College Glee Club. The last in a series of five concerts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Joyce Flissler, violin, and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, March 15, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

American Chamber Orchestra—Robert Scholz conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 16, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Fordham University Glee Club—Frederic Joslyn directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

New York Pro Musica—A program of Tudor and Elizabethan music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Leopold Avakian—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Totenberg Instrumental Ensemble. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. SP 7-2000, Ext. 618. Friday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Elena Nikolaidi—Contralto. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 9, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30.)

Dubravka Tomsic—Sixteen-year-old pianist. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 10, at 5.)

Julia Smith—Presenting a program of piano

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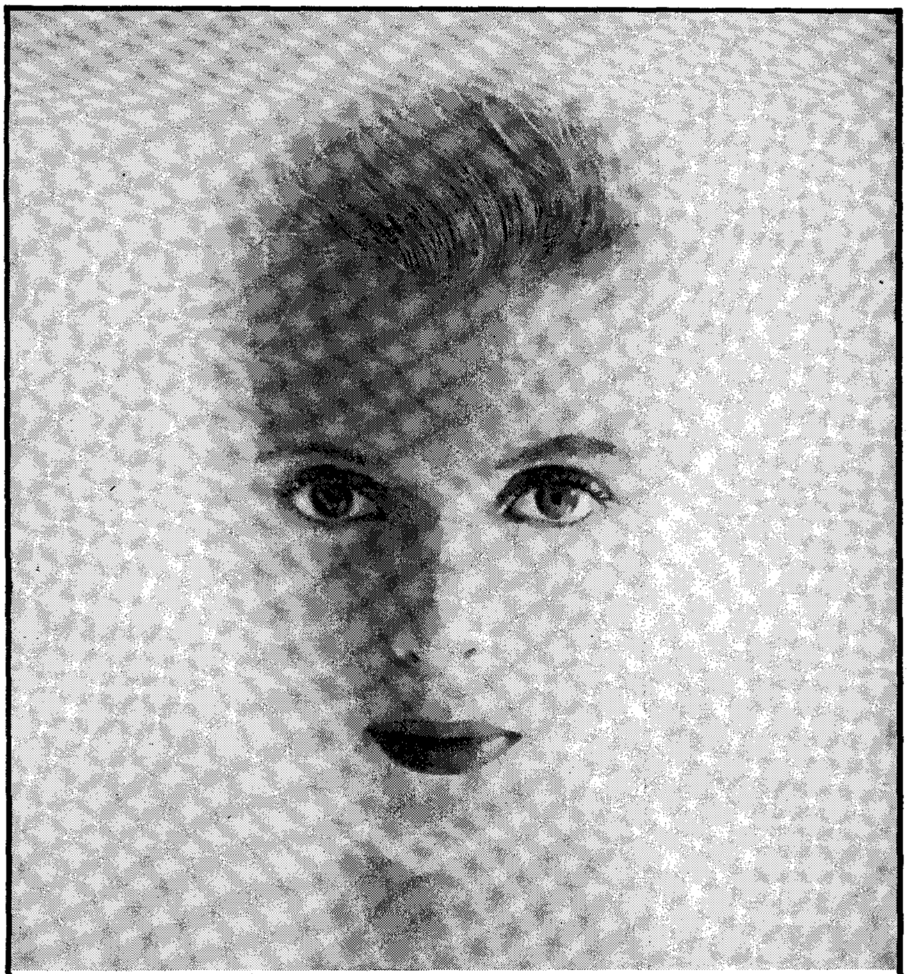

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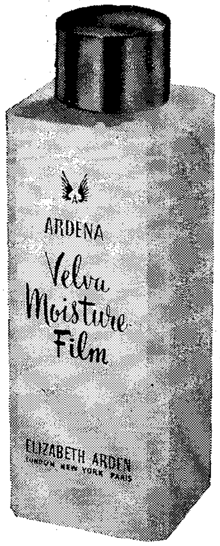

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PARIS NEW YORK LONDON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

music by Aaron Copland. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 10, at 5:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-57—The second of two special concerts in a series of ten. They consist of contemporary music from abroad, and the participants include Juliette Arnold and Douglas Nordli, piano, and Max Pollikoff, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Sunday, March 10, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York Chamber Ensemble—Conducted, in part, by Dimitri Mitropoulos, with Vittorio Rieti, composer-conductor; Doris Okerson, mezzo-soprano; and Leonid Hambro, piano. The last in a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 10, at 8:40.)

Musicians' Guild—Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Constance Keene, piano; Aldo Parisot, cello; the Kroll Quartet; and others. The last in a series of four programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, March 11, at 8:40.)

Mary Bothwell—Soprano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 12, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, March 12, at 8:30.)

Paganini Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 13, at 8:30.)

Knickerbocker Chamber Players—Conducted, in part, by Paul Wolfe, with Luigi Dallapiccola, composer-conductor; Valerie Lamoree, soprano; and Abba Bogin, piano. The last in a series of five programs. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Duo di Roma—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, March 14, at 8:30. Free tickets are available on written request.)

Jacob Lateiner—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 15, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Peter Mennin and Vincent Persichetti, performed by Renato Bonacini, violin; the Master Singers, directed by Joseph Liebling; and others. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

Budapest String Quartet—The fourth in a series of five programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 16, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Italian Folklore Society—A program of folk songs and dances, with Vera Franceschi, piano, and Daniele Barioni, tenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 9, at 8:40.)

Calypso Programs—The Trinidad Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 9, at 8:40 and at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 8: Garnet (Sugar) Hart vs. Walter Byars, welterweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, March 15: Isidro Martinez vs. Gil Cadilli, featherweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 10, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 13, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 30. The Barbara

Frietchie Handicap, Saturday, March 9, and the Bowie Handicap, Saturday, March 16.

Track Meet—Knights of Columbus. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 9, at 7:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—By the Philharmonic-Symphony, Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Charles Haupt, seventeen-year-old violinist. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 9, at 11.)

Play—The *Hunt-King Productions presenting* "Clown Face," a play with music. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30 and Sundays at 1.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "The Story of the Moon," provides a closeup view of the earth's nearest neighbor, traces its history, and examines its present-day influences. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

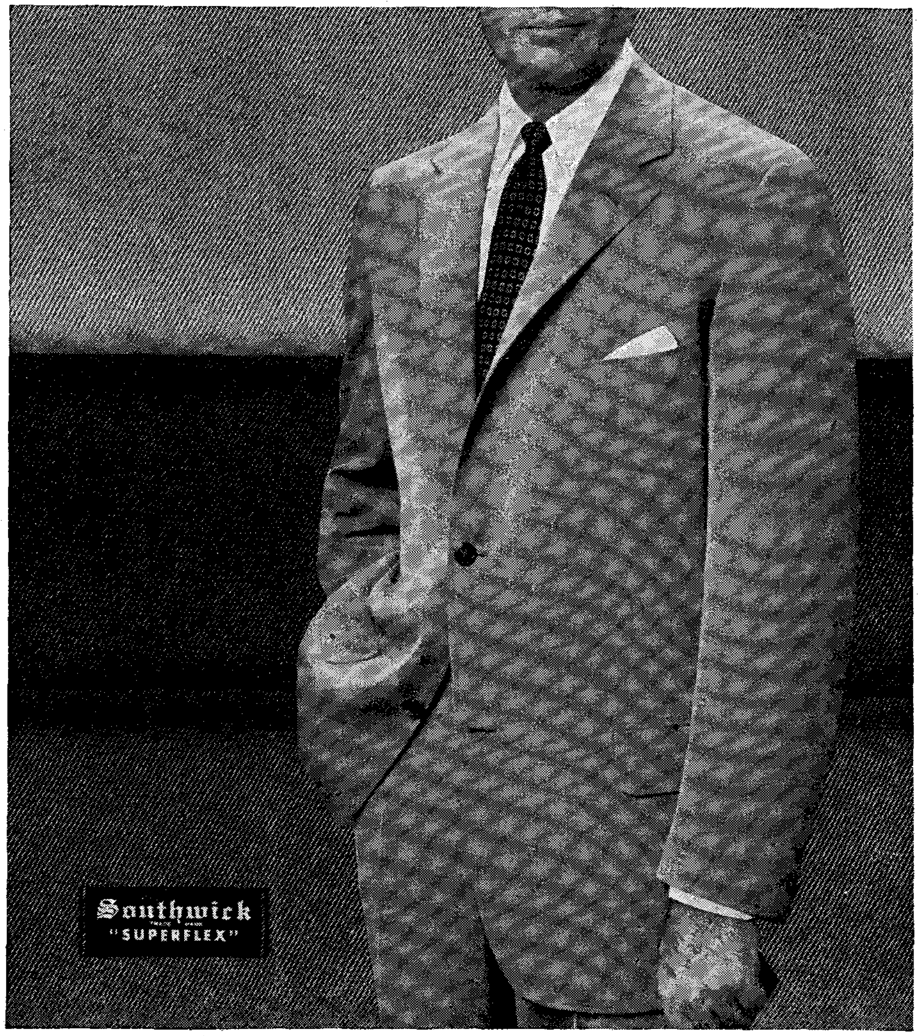
United Nations—The organization's program is more or less up in the air. Adjournment of the General Assembly is a possibility at the end of this week, leaving things fairly quiet until Thursday, March 14, when the Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene; there will, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ *Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the* General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

Poetry Readings—C. Day Lewis in a program called "The Poet's Way of Knowledge." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 10, at 2:40.)

National Antiques Show—The past in all its glory, re-created by two hundred dealers and featuring displays of furniture, china, jewelry, and the like. Among the more unusual items this year will be a lock of George Washington's hair, prehistoric sandals, and a collection of Israeli antiquities. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. Monday through Saturday, March 11-16, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 17, from 1 to 7.)

New York, City of Authors—An exhibit of *books, portraits, and memorabilia of such* literary figures as Washington Irving, Edgar Allen Poe, William Cullen Bryant, and James Fenimore Cooper; through July 31. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, March 8, at 2, and Saturday, March 9, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century American cabinetwork, including a Philadelphia Chippendale walnut highboy by William Savery and a Duncan Phyfe double-lyre sofa; paintings and drawings; Baccarat, Clichy, and other glass paperweights; and American *primitive wood sculptures. From* several collectors, among them the late Irving H. Vogel.... ¶ Wednesday, March 13, at 8: Paintings and drawings by Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Constable, Turner, and other artists, belonging to Mrs. William Woodward, Sr., and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 9.



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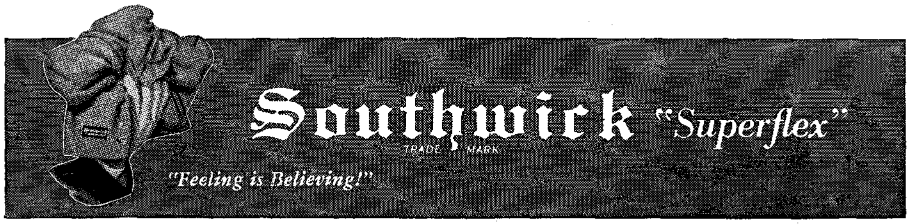

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Gorgeous
TECHNICOLOR

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne and written by S. J. Perelman, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Baby Doll—Tennessee Williams' droll study of some benighted denizens of the Very Deep South. Directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has a fine cast headed by Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, and Eli Wallach. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through March 10.)

The Gold of Naples—The metaphorical metal in the title role is the resilient ability of Neapolitans to bounce back after spells of adversity, and it is displayed to great advantage in this Italian film, based on the stories of Giuseppe Marotta and directed by Vittorio De Sica. The movie consists of four episodes, ranging in style from broad slapstick to poignant drama, and the cast, a laudable one in all respects, includes Sophia Loren, Totò, Silvana Mangano, Paolo Stoppa, Pasquale Cennamo, and Mr. De Sica himself. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Great Man—In this sardonic exploration of the past of a defunct broadcasting hero, José Ferrer is at the top of an estimable cast that includes Ed Wynn, Keenan Wynn, and Dean Jagger. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Lust for Life—A superb account of Vincent van Gogh's career, in which excellent use is made of the Master's paintings. Kirk Douglas is highly persuasive as van Gogh, and Anthony Quinn is a creditable Gauguin. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Rainmaker—Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster in a rural romp concerned with a homely girl who is convinced by a fast-talking confidence man that she is really quite a belle. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through March 9.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 9, tentative.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 8-10.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting March 13.)

The Silent World—An absorbing French documentary that describes, in full color, assorted marvels encountered by Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau in his underwater explorations. With an English narration. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 13, tentative.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—Judy Holliday at her funny best in an adaptation of the George Kaufman-Howard Teichmann play about a lady who, although she owns only a few shares in a business enterprise, manages to take charge of it by getting the other stockholders to rally around her. With Paul Douglas, Hiram Sherman, Fred Clark, and John Williams. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 13, tentative.)

The Spirit of St. Louis—How Charles Lindbergh made his aerial way from Roosevelt Field to Le Bourget, in Paris. A superficial examination of the feat, but fairly stirring for all that. Perhaps James Stewart doesn't look as young as Lindbergh was, but in his middle-aged fashion he is furiously boyish. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

La Strada—An Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, that tells the strange tale of a carnival strong man, a girl whom he has purchased from her mother to serve as his slavey, and a philosophic clown. Overlong but interesting. Anthony Quinn plays the strong man, Giulietta Masina the girl, and Richard Basehart the clown. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Tempest in the Flesh—Ostensibly a clinical look at the problem of nymphomania, but actually more successful as a melodrama. The cast, in which Françoise Arnoul and Raymond Pellegrin are prominent, cannot be faulted. In French. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Ten Commandments—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, as you might expect, which goes on for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays a Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays, at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

We Are All Murderers—A ruthless, exciting attack on the institution of capital punishment, incorporated into a French film directed by André Cayatte. Though somewhat diffuse, the picture gets down to hard cases when it describes life in the condemned cells of a French prison. The meritorious cast includes Marcel Mouloudji, Raymond Pellegrin, Antoine Balpetre, and Julien Verdier. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 12, tentative.)

Wee Geordie—How a ninety-seven-pound weakling becomes one of the strongest men in Scotland and the best hammer thrower on earth. A pleasant British film in which Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young perform happily against some beautiful Scottish scenery. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; March 7.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting March 13, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Cinderella (1950)—Disney's view of the fairy tale. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Life of Emile Zola (1937)—Paul Muni and the Dreyfus case. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 12-13.)

Orpheus (1950)—Cocteau's modern-dress interpretation of the Greek legend. In French, with Jean Marais. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 8-11.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 12-13.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; March 7, tentative.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle on the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through March 10.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; starting March 8, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through March 9, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Fährmann Maria" (1936), a German film, with Sybille Schmitz; no English titles.... ¶ March 10-13, showings at 3: "Beau Geste" (1926), with Ronald Colman and Noah Beery. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Full of Life," Judy Holliday, Richard Conte.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Battle Hymn," Rock Hudson, Martha Hyer.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Incredible Shrinking Man," Grant Williams, Randy Stuart.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Mister Cory," Tony Curtis, Martha Hyer.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Big Land," Alan Ladd, Edmond O'Brien.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

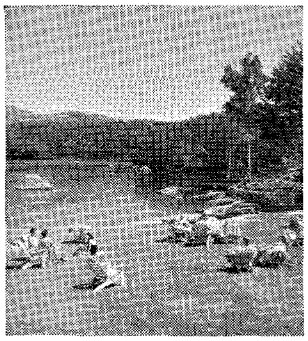
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Oh, Men! Oh, Women!," Dan Dailey, Ginger Rogers.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Edge of the City," John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through March 10: **BABY DOLL.**
From March 11: "The Lost Continent," an Italian documentary film on Indonesia and Malaya, with an English narration; and "The Red Balloon," a French film without dialogue.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
TEMPEST IN THE FLESH (in French).



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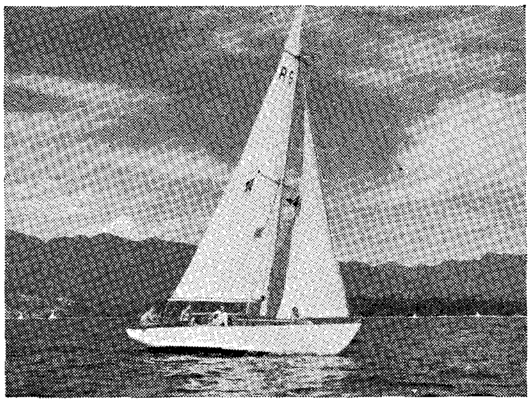

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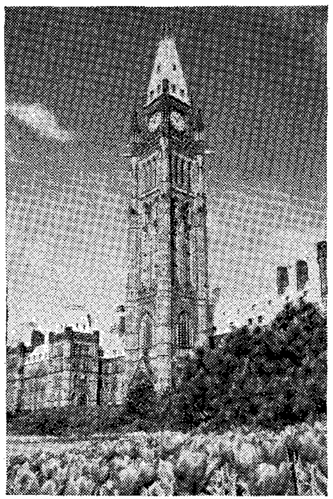

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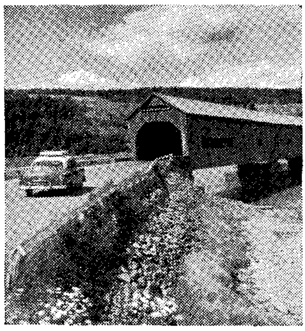

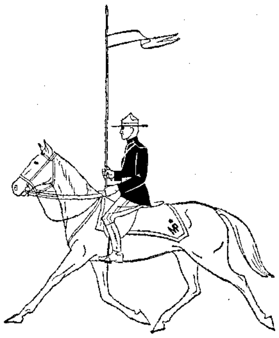

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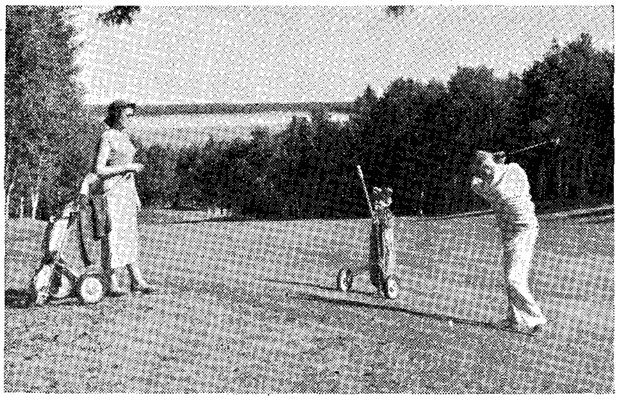

Great golf—on glorious courses that test the "pro" and please the scrambling duffer. You'll enjoy all sports more in scenic Canada.

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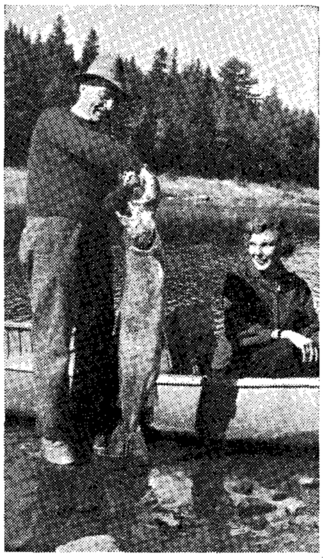

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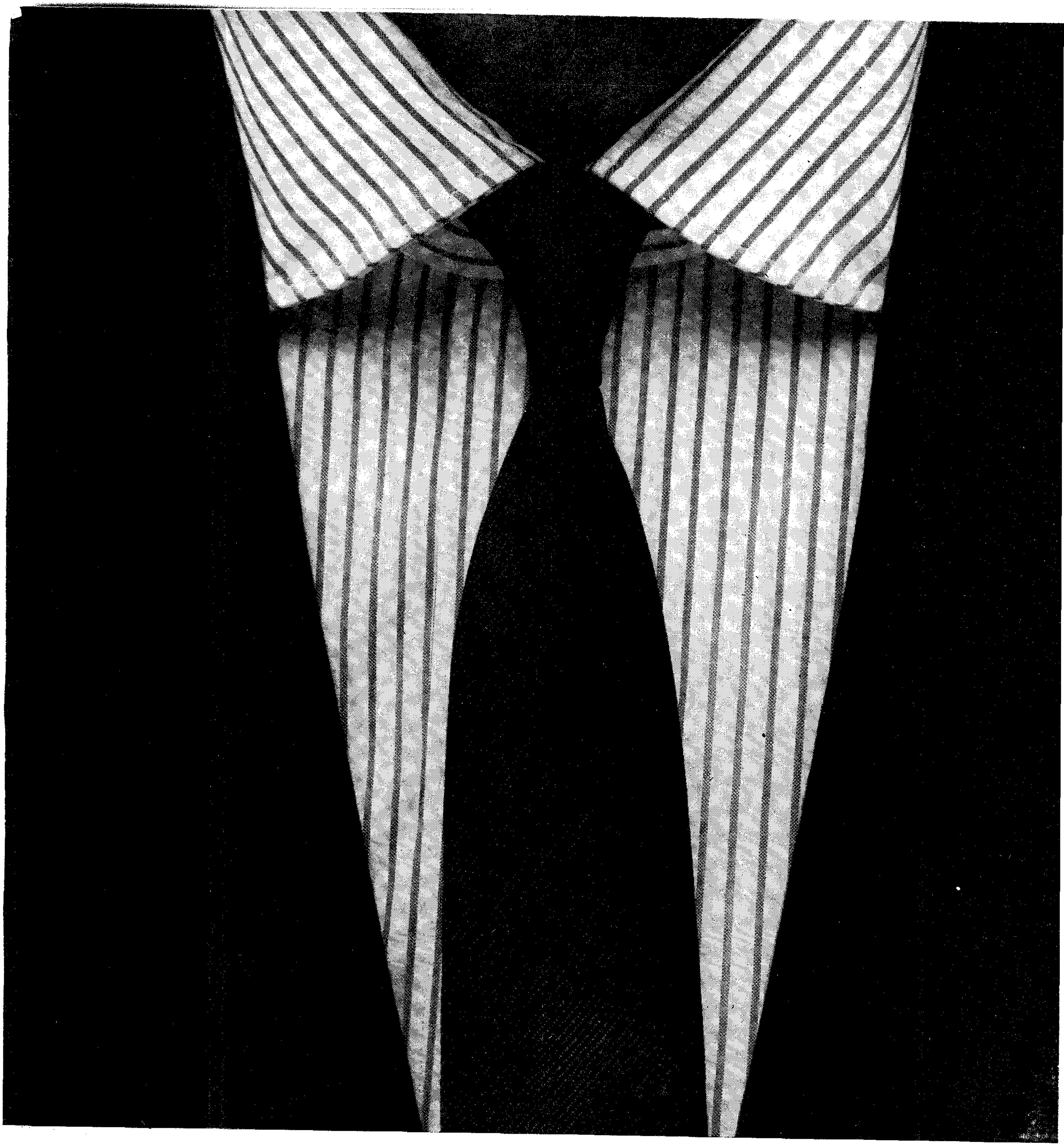

Hathaway announces a new collar—with a curved front

The Curved-Front collar was recently created in London by Washington Tremlett of Conduit Street.

This Mr. Tremlett is perhaps the greatest designer of shirts outside Waterville, Maine. His customers are the best-dressed men in Europe, and presumably the richest.

Unfortunately for Mr. Tremlett, Hathaway's G-2 spotted the Curved Front at once, and sent it back to Maine.

This is the first completely new collar since ruffles and flounces disappeared so tragically after the Civil War. Sure, there have been minor improvements in collar design, but no change of such cataclysmic proportions as the Curved-Front.

Collars have been shorter or longer, higher or lower. Fronts have been close together or wider spread. But nobody, until now, attempted a collar with a *curved front.*

Our photograph doesn't begin to suggest the debonair effect this Curved-Front will have on your neck. Ineffably *graceful.* Exuberant. You'll look twenty years younger.

Hathaway Shirts with this new Curved-Front collar start at $6.95. The one illustrated costs $10.95.

For the name of your nearest store, telegraph Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. In New York, telephone OX 7-5566.

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gourmet dining on turkey and truffles
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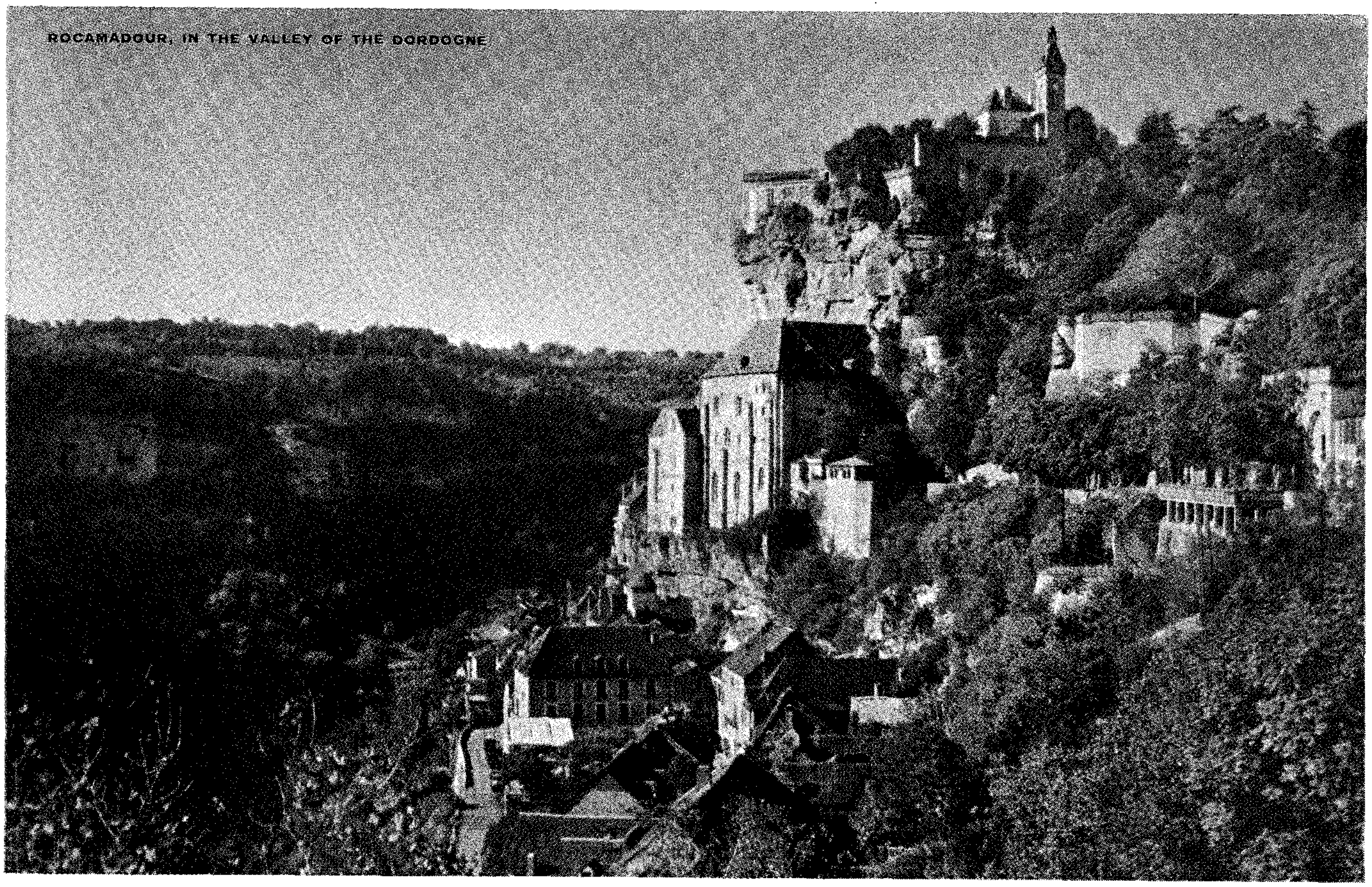
romance, surprise!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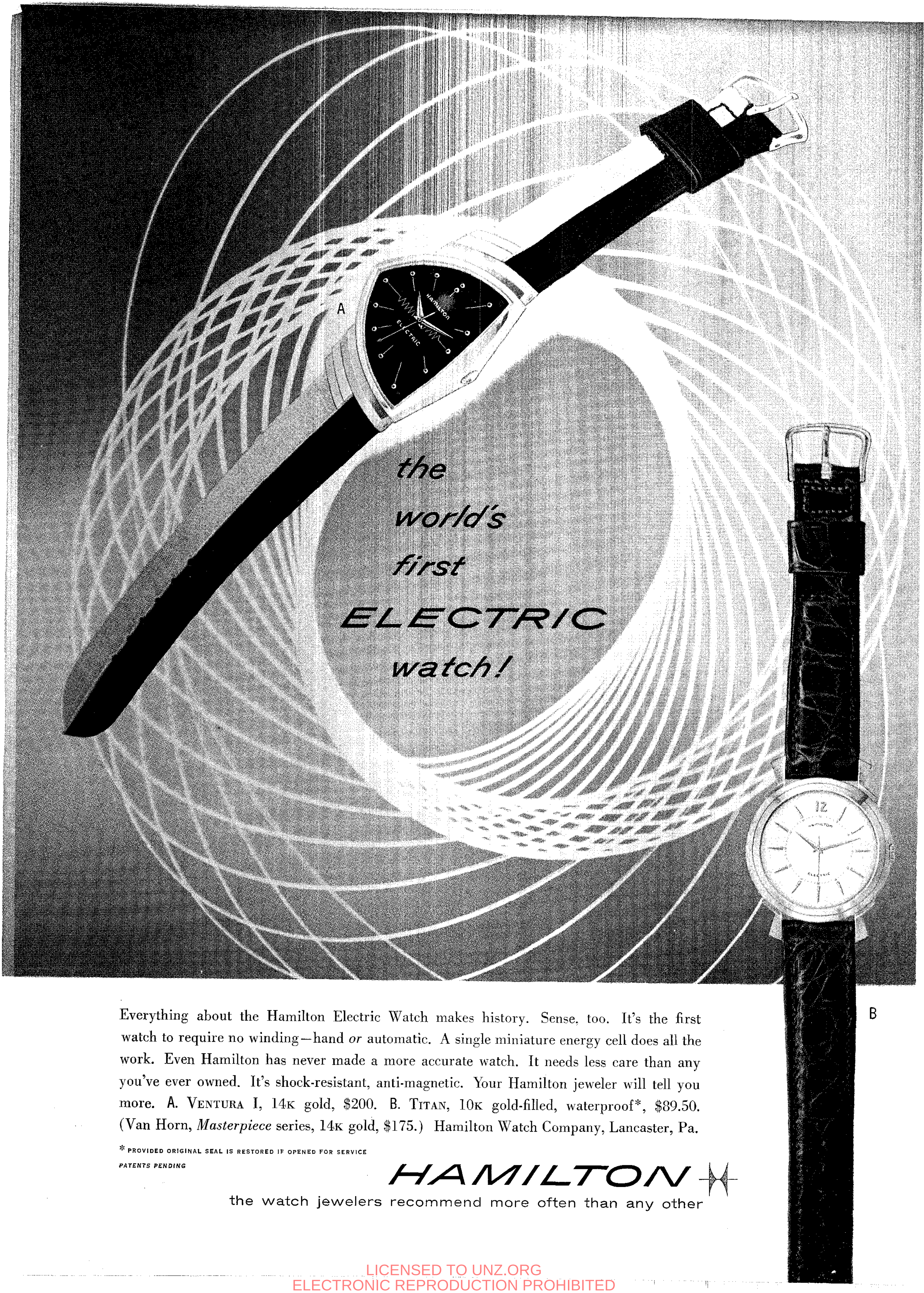
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Everything about the Hamilton Electric Watch makes history. Sense, too. It's the first watch to require no winding—hand *or* automatic. A single miniature energy cell does all the work. Even Hamilton has never made a more accurate watch. It needs less care than any you've ever owned. It's shock-resistant, anti-magnetic. Your Hamilton jeweler will tell you more. A. VENTURA I, 14K gold, $200. B. TITAN, 10K gold-filled, waterproof*, $89.50. (Van Horn, *Masterpiece* series, 14K gold, $175.) Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pa.

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HAMILTON

the watch jewelers recommend more often than any other

President of Proctor Electric reveals the facts about his new plant in Puerto Rico

Mr. Walter M. Schwartz, Jr.

Over 500 U. S. manufacturers have opened new plants in Puerto Rico in the past six years. The Proctor Manufacturing Corporation is one of them. Here is a report from Mr. Schwartz, President of the Proctor organization, on the progress his subsidiary plant has made.

The story of the Proctor Corporation's new venture is typical of scores of U. S. firms which have expanded their operations to Puerto Rico. Note the facts well. Then make your own deductions.

Q. Mr. Schwartz, what does your Puerto Rican plant make?

A. Electric irons. Our plant in Puerto Rico produces all our irons, and production is now at capacity. However, Proctor irons are so well accepted by consumers in the U. S., we can't keep up with orders.

Q. When did you set up shop in Puerto Rico?

A. About three years ago. But since then we have more or less doubled the size of our operation. We now have at least 200 workers and we plan to expand even more.

Q. What do you think of Puerto Ricans as employees?

A. The facts speak for themselves. Many key positions next to Mr. Robert Ransone, top executive of our Puerto Rico plant, are filled by Puerto Ricans—for example, the production manager, the quality control engineer and the traffic manager. Among the employees who have been with the company for two years, only *three* have left. Absenteeism is below 3%.

Q. Did you have any difficulty training Puerto Ricans?

A. Mr. Ransone reports no trouble at all. Over 80% of our personnel are high-school graduates and bilingual. Maybe their training did take a little longer than the average in Philadelphia. But Bob Ransone puts that down to unfamiliarity. We have always ended up with good, reliable workers.

Q. Has your Puerto Rican plant been profitable?

A. Definitely. Our figures are not spectacular, since we stopped production several times for re-tooling. But in spite of this, we made a fair profit in 1956. We didn't have to pay *any taxes* on this profit and we regard the result as satisfactory. We should do even better this year. Our irons are selling like hot cakes and we are already working two shifts.

Q. Why did your company choose Puerto Rico as a plant site?

A. Four major things influenced our decision. One—the availability of willing and intelligent labor. Two—the tax exemption program. Three—the help given by the Commonwealth in providing a suitable building in a good location. Four—the Government assistance in training and staffing the whole operation. But, now we are all set up, the thing we appreciate most is the wonderful business atmosphere of Puerto Rico.

Q. How does Mr. Ransone like living in Puerto Rico?

A. Bob Ransone loves the place. He would like to stay there for good. However, I think he's a bit biased. You see, he suffered terribly from arthritis. And now he says it has disappeared completely. What's more his wife and family like Puerto Rico, too. Mrs. Ransone is delighted with the schools and says the open-air life is doing her children a world of good. All in all, I would say we have a very happy family there.

NOTE: For further information on the advantages of Puerto Rico as a plant site—and for details of the remarkable 100% tax exemption program—mail coupon below, or call the nearest office of the Economic Development Administration (Commonwealth of Puerto Rico).

New York . . MU 8-2960 . . 579 Fifth Ave.
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New 75-page illustrated booklet—free to manufacturers

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Economic Development Adm'n,
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Please mail me your booklet "Facts for the Manufacturer"—with information about my particular industry.

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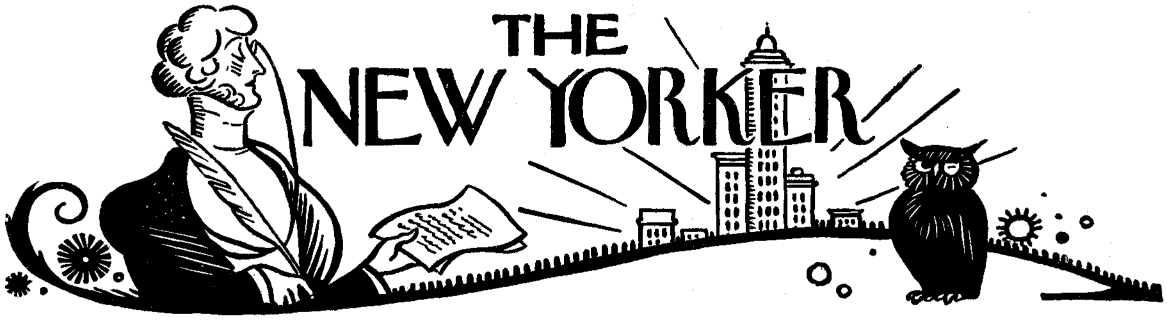
This is news!

Pastel lipsticks for a daytime make-up.

TWO NEW SHADES FOR THOSE WHO WANT A SOFTER, MORE LUMINOUS LIP MAKE-UP DURING THE DAY, ROMANCE PINK, A SOFT LIGHT CORAL SHADE, AND PASTEL ROSÉ, MOST DELICATE OF LIGHT PINKS.

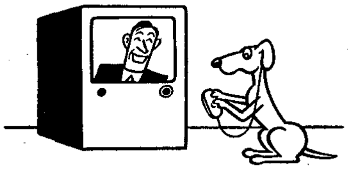
Germaine Monteil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE ides of March are just ahead, and the intimations of trouble stir us deeply. Everyone suffers from tired blood. The populace is exhausted by the heavy task of answering the hard questions in the lonely booths, carrying off the heavy sums of money, creeping away in the ignominy of a Cadillac. Little children know the answers, and their blood is tired. Their sad faces peer from the booths; in their eyes is the imploring look of refugees. Dogs have learned to talk, and the word "waw-waw" is on every dog's tongue as he yearns for the West Indian wild yam. A dog on Long Island wears a hearing aid and is learning to adjust the volume so he can catch Will Rogers. Ad-libbing is the great national art. Even the President ad-libbed the oath of office, adding four words he thought up himself. Last week a gift arrived on our desk from a pencil-maker in Amsterdam, New York—a pencil containing a small quantity of uranium ore just below the eraser, the company having received License No. C-3569 from the Atomic Energy Commission, permitting pencil-makers to use uranium. Telephones are now equipped with amplifiers if you wish; when you speak over your phone, you may be addressing a whole roomful of people. Fifth Avenue buses will soon carry a Tex-and-Jinx recording assuring the passenger that he is riding in perfect comfort. The Pope has come out against pain but has never ridden a Fifth Avenue bus. Arthur Godfrey is on safari over short wave; General Curtis LeMay is his gunbearer. On television the other night, a girl told us, "With full house-power you can live better electrically." A mass of cold air is coming down from Canada, as it has so many times before. Without these movements of cold air from Canada, many pretty American girls who broadcast weather would starve to death. In another week, Charles Van Doren will be able to say "waw-waw" and a dog wearing a hearing aid will be placed in charge of the new electronic ticket-selling booth in Penn Station. President Eisenhower told the nation that we can't apply sanctions to large, atheistic nations but we *can* apply them to weak, God-fearing nations. Obviously the thing to be, if you're going to be a nation, is large and atheistic. Prime Minister Nehru told some Indians that United Nations troops would never be allowed on Kashmir soil, because they were "foreigners." Bill Rigney has denied beer to his players, the memory of Don Larsen's perfect game having faded in a few short months. Voices that didn't use to speak the commercial now speak it. Soon dogs will be able to give the commercial, for other dogs (wearing hearing aids) to hear. In another couple of years, everything that is for sale will have been sold; there will be only the voices, crying in the wilderness. Ed Sullivan is dropping Met stars from his show, because they haven't got what it takes and he can prove it. Herbert Hoover, at long last, has warned of a coming depression. Sylvia F. Porter, however, says that the spring weeks will be pivotal, and we believe her. So far nobody has been seen selling waw-waws on the streets, and the city with the largest number of refugees sleeping on cots is Miami. A dog who tried to say "all right" the other morning slipped and instead named six Vice-Presidents who were later elected to the Presidency. Every one of them had tired blood.



Full Circle

THE impending opening, early in June, of the New York Zoological Society's splendid new marine Aquarium, at Coney Island, spurred us on to a talk with the Society's president, Fairfield Osborn. Scarcely six months ever go by without our having a meal or a drink or a chat—or all three—with Mr. Osborn, who is generally flanked by his fish, bird, reptile, orangutan, duckbill-platypus, or small-mammals curator, and/or by a fellow-member of the Conservation Foundation, the Save the Redwoods League, the Audubon Society, the Boone and Crockett Club, the American Committee for International Wild Life Protection, or the International Committee for Bird Preservation. This time, we persuaded him to meet us alone, in a midtown taproom. He showed up, slim, trim, and far from grim, looking twenty years younger than his age, an implausible seventy, and wearing in his lapel a rectangular green device inlaid with a cream-colored mermaid and dolphin and the strange legend "Calypso." "I've just been made an honorary crew member of the Calypso, Jacques Cousteau's boat, from which, or under which, he took the pictures for his deep-sea-diving movie 'The Silent World,' " he said. "He's about to go back to Monaco, where he's the director of the Oceanographic Museum; it was started by Prince Albert, Prince Rainier's great-grandfather. He's going to send our Aquarium some Mediterranean fish, and we've given him a couple of king crabs he wanted. I believe in the *quid pro quo*. The director of our Aquarium, Christopher Coates, is taking the crabs out to him at Idlewild this minute. Rainier was up to the Zoo for a long visit—most of the day—December before last, when he was courting Grace. I reminded him that his great-grandfather was made an honorary member of the Zoological Society in 1910, and

he said, ‘I hope we can keep our mutualities. Call on me for Mediterranean fish whenever you need them.’ He has a deep fondness for animals. I could barely get him out of the Reptile House in time for lunch.”

Mr. Osborn, whose father, the late Henry Fairfield Osborn, was associated with the Museum of Natural History for forty-four years and served as its president or honorary president for twenty-seven, has a deep fondness for animals himself. “I was born with a tremendously potent interest in animal life,” he said. “When I was four, my family moved from Princeton, where my father had been professor of comparative anatomy, to New York, where he joined the Columbia faculty and, subsequently, the Museum of Natural History. I was lucky enough to be born of quite a well-to-do family, which let me do as I liked as far as animals went. We had a big, roomy brownstone house on Madison Avenue and Seventieth Street, where I had a room, my own little realm, in which I gave vent to these very great inner longings to be surrounded by animals. When I was nine, I had an aquarium; a vivarium full of beautiful black salamanders with gorgeous yellow spots; five ringdoves; an alligator, obviously called Al; and a pet flying squirrel that travelled with me in the daytime to the Browning School. It was nocturnal, and slept in my pocket. The alligator slept in my little flannel nightie at night. My father was naturally enthusiastic about my interests, and my mother was sympathetic, though once, when I brought home a hognose snake three and a half feet long, she made me return it to the pet shop. Hognose snakes are harmless, but they puff up and hiss and look absolutely deadly, and my mother was afraid that the zoologists were wrong. It was an awful, crushing disappointment for a boy of nine.”

Mr. Osborn retroactively consoled himself with a sip of whiskey, and, at our urging, forged ahead autobiographically. “I was whisked away to boarding school at eleven,” he said. “The rigid empire of Groton, which, in the valid interests of conformity, permitted no young boy to follow any special line of interest, dealt me a psychological blow. Believe me, no animals. Oh, boy! Luckily, I had an outlet in athletics—I was captain of the track and gym teams and on the baseball team, and I got my letter in football. I had something else to pitch into, hard—a great psychological break.”

At Princeton, from which Mr. Osborn graduated in 1909, he played right halfback on the freshman football team, but in the summer of his freshman year, on the Fourth of July, he maimed his right hand with a firecracker, and his football career was over. Trinity College, Cambridge, followed Princeton, and then a year and a half pushing freight into boxcars in the San Francisco freight yards, at fifty-eight dollars and fifty cents a month. “I got married a year or two later, had three daughters to support and educate, and for twenty years was in business, in Wall Street—treasurer of a firm of consulting mining engineers, treasurer of a label factory, treasurer of an oil company,” he said. “But my passion for animals persisted. In 1923, I became a trustee, and member of the executive committee, of the Zoo, which my father had helped found in 1895. I joined it full time, as its secretary, in 1935, giving up business forever, and became its president in 1940. I don’t regret those twenty-odd years. The Zoo is big business—our annual cash in and out is two million dollars—and the accounting and bookkeeping I learned were a great help. Besides, I don’t think any experience a person has needs to be thought of as wasted. When kids who want to go into conservation work come to me for advice, I tell them not to worry about what they do right away; they think if they can’t plan their lives when they’re twenty-three, they’re failures, but I didn’t get my real job until I was *fifty*-three. Boy, was I pleased when I got it! I’d come around full circle, after all that intermediate stuff. I’d kept feeding this appetite all those years.”

Mr. Osborn fed himself a chicken sandwich and said that the gestating Aquarium is the apotheosis of the Zoological Society. “We’ve brought up a lot of specimens from Florida, and are expecting others from Bermuda, Ceylon, and Hawaii, as well as Monaco,” he said. “We intend to swap horseshoe crabs all over the world for things we want; horseshoe crabs are found only on the East Coast and in the Orient, and are always good currency. We hope to send a man to Alaska this summer after a beluga whale—really a large white dolphin—and some walruses. We now plan to extend the Aquarium to include a big outdoor pool. The city—thanks to Bob Moses—has agreed to meet half of the additional cost. That’s pretty good stuff. That’s a true partnership. I’m not foolin’! You know, a marine aquarium has this extraordinary element of mystery—what goes on in the oceans is even more mysterious than the stars. The old Aquarium—that hatbox in the Battery, which we took over in 1902 and which in forty years had eighty-four million visitors—was one of the wonders of New York, along with the Statue of Liberty, the Flatiron Building, Grant’s Tomb, and the Brooklyn Bridge, and we’re going to make the new one a far greater wonder.”

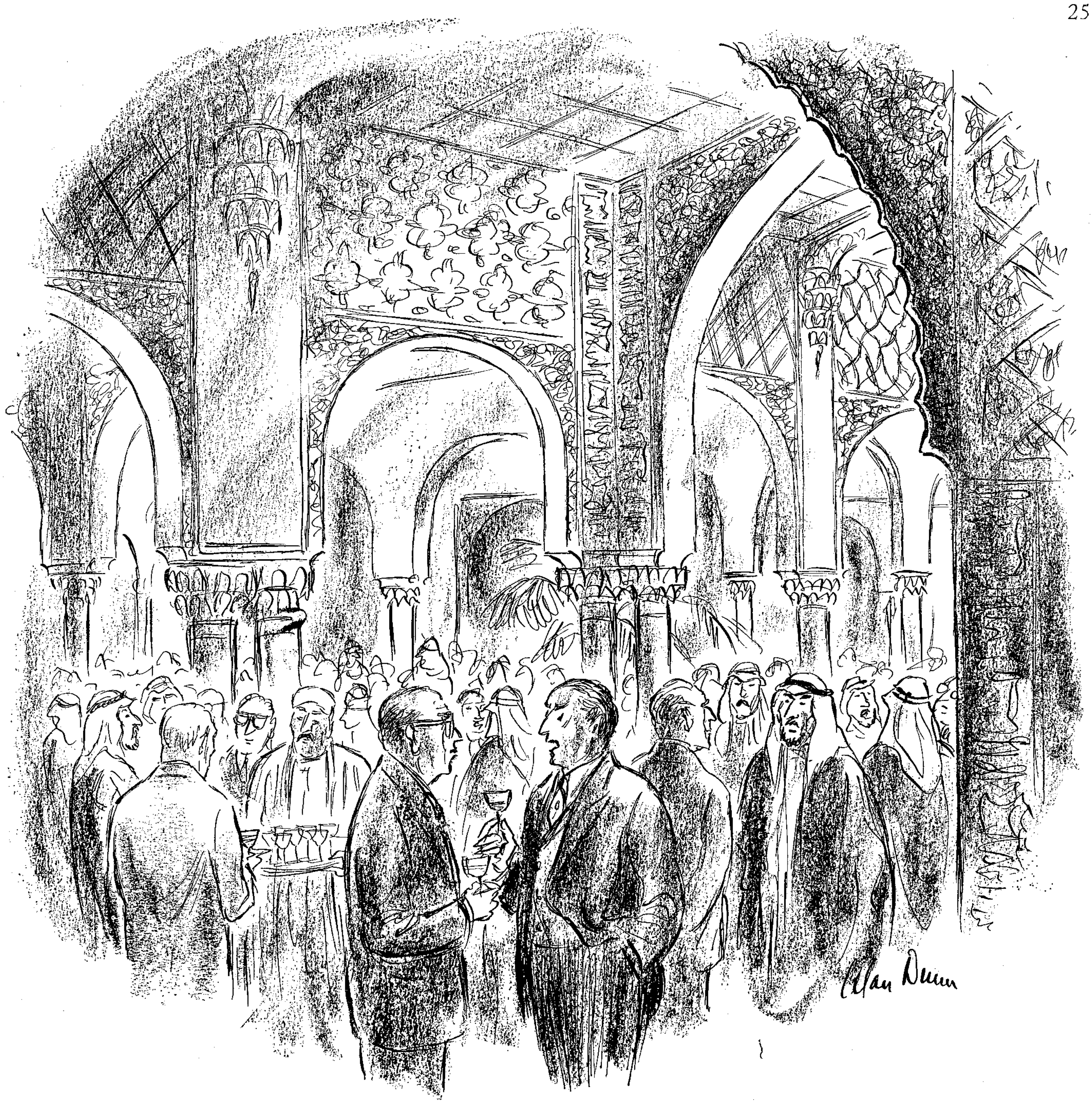
◆

Incidental Intelligence: A sign in a bookshop in Oberlin, Ohio, reads, “Current Religious Thought Upstairs.”

Workshop

MEMBERS of the cast and orchestra of “My Fair Lady” have been leading a remarkable double life for the past several months, under the guidance of Franz Allers, the musical director of the show. Mr. Allers recently permitted us to observe the secret carryings-on of his musical charges; the place was a studio around the corner from the Mark Hellinger Theatre and the hour was shortly before curtain time for “My Fair Lady.” As we entered the studio, our eyes and ears were caught by a group of six young men on a seedy bandstand. They were singing with gusto a rousing Italian air, of which we caught only the words “*qui sonar d’amore*.” Accompanying them on a rather battered-looking piano was Mr. Allers, whose right hand kept leaving the keyboard to urge them on to a faster and still faster tempo. A gray-haired man of fifty-odd, wearing dark-rimmed glasses and a baggy tweed suit, Mr. Allers was bright-eyed and pink-cheeked with exertion. When the singers finished the air, he leaped to his feet and exclaimed, “Bravo, kids, bravo!”

The singers seated themselves along the edge of the bandstand for further study of their scores, and Mr. Allers turned to us. “We’re rehearsing Verdi’s ‘Masked Ball,’ ” he said. “The kids are terrific, aren’t they? We started work on this back before Christmas, then interrupted it to tackle Handel’s ‘Messiah.’ Stanley Holloway was one of our soloists in that. He hadn’t sung it since his choirboy days in East London. We gave the ‘Messiah,’ with piano accompaniment only, on the stage of the theatre on Christmas Eve, before the regular performance of the show. Our audience consisted of a dozen friends and relatives. They say we did it very well. I know *we* liked it. We’re working away at all these things for a single reason—because we find them exhilarating. We started with



"Vodka Martinis! I think they're working both sides of the street."

• •

'Così Fan Tutte,' and it turned out to be one of the happiest experiences of my whole musical career. The way these kids conquered Mozart and he them! They'd never sung him before, and they simply opened their hearts and voices to him. To sing not for money, not for reviews, but for the beautiful thing in itself—isn't that what always makes the difference?"

Mr. Allers said that "My Fair Lady" is his fourth Lerner-Loewe show. Born in Carlsbad and trained as a conductor in Berlin, he came to America as a refugee in 1938 and got a job conducting the orchestra of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. He toured this country seven times and South America once, married a Chicago girl, settled down in New York, and signed on as conductor of the second Lerner-Loewe show, "The Day Before Spring," in 1945. He conducted "Brigadoon" the next year and, in 1951, "Paint Your Wagon." "I guess I'm what's known as a long-hair, but I don't believe there really *is* any such thing," he said. "There's only good music and bad music, good musicians and bad musicians. This informal musical workshop we're running here got its start in something I did ten years ago, while I was conducting 'Brigadoon.' I asked the boys in the orchestra if they'd like to play some concert music in their spare time. They were very enthusiastic. Word spread to other musical-comedy orchestras around town, and pretty soon we had a first-rate orchestra consisting of players from half a dozen shows. This time, it was the singers who asked me to start a workshop. The four men who make up the Cockney quartet in 'My Fair Lady' said they'd like some operatic training. They're exquisite singers, and I'm glad to teach them anything I can. The fact is there are more good singers in America right now than anywhere else on earth, and you know why? For the same reason that we have wonderful athletes—nutrition. The glow of American athletes and singers! I was auditioning singers the other day, and I swear I heard enough good baritones in one morning to furnish four European stages for years. When I asked the boys in the orchestra of 'My Fair Lady' if they wanted to join the singers in putting on private performances, every last one of them said yes. A show with the artistic integrity that we believe 'My Fair Lady' has is the sum of its parts, like a mosaic in some great Byzantine church. It can't be a perfect experience unless every little bit of it is perfect. We think singing 'A Masked Ball' in private makes us sing 'My Fair Lady' better in public." He clapped his hands and returned to the piano. "O.K., kids!" he called out. "There's just enough time to try the trio. Let's go!"

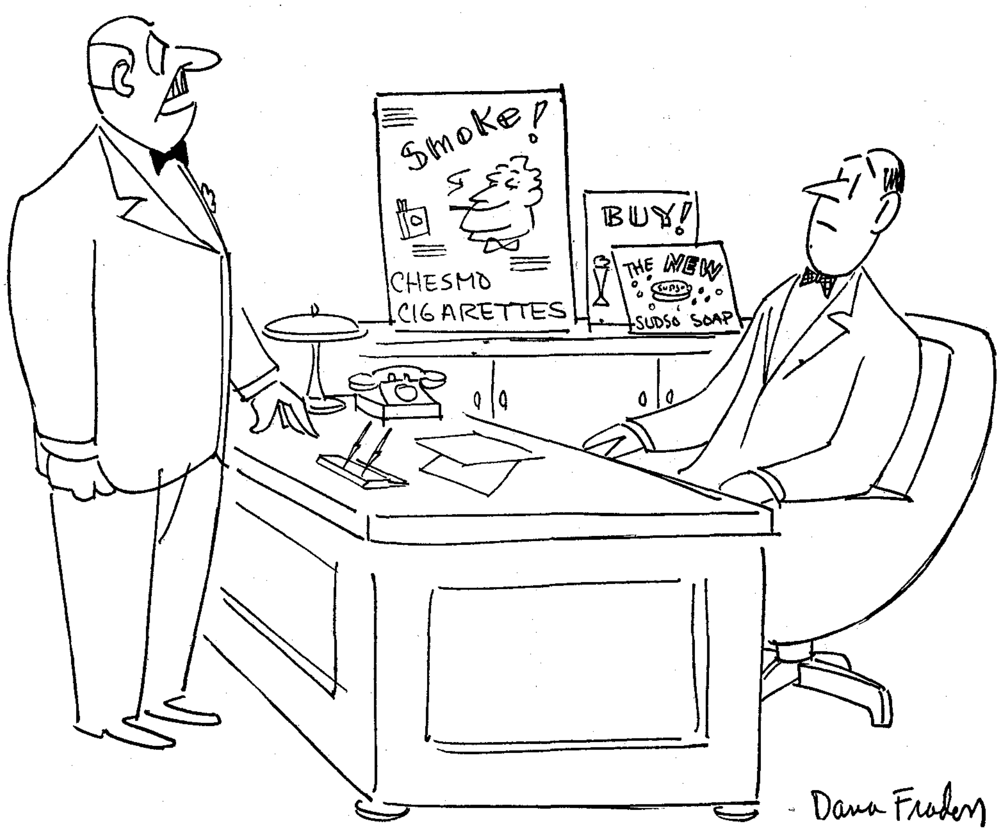
Solution

A MOTHER who wondered how to keep snow from blowing into her small son's eyes when she took him sledding found the answer by looking out the window. There she saw another mother and another small son, on a sled, each sporting a large plastic space helmet.

Ambassador Lodge

ONE day last week, when the Middle East situation was as precarious as could be, we made our way, through channels, to Henry Cabot Lodge, who, as permanent representative of the United States to the United Nations, with the rank of Ambassador Extraordinary *and* Plenipotentiary, and as chairman of the United States delegation to the Eleventh General Assembly, United States representative in the Security Council, and a member of President Eisenhower's Cabinet, might properly be called the spearhead, or front man, of the country in all matters involving the U.N. We found him in his Secretariat office, which overlooks the East River. He was wearing a dark pin-striped suit, a gray tie, gray socks, and black shoes. As befitted a man who was also wearing so many official hats at a time of so many crises, he besought us not to quote him directly, pleading the delicacy of his position and the ticklishness of dealing, morning, noon, and night, with delegates from a variety of countries. The request was a novel experience for us, accustomed as we are to buttonholing garrulous folk who air their views from the treetops and the throwaways of their press agents, but we made a rapid adjustment and are in a position to state, without attribution, that Mr. Lodge's contact with the White House is very close, that he can be sure-footed about what he has to say to his U.N. colleagues and his Washington seniors, that he is up to his ears (which are approximately six feet above ground) in negotiations having to do with the Suez Canal dispute, the United States-Egypt-Israel dispute, the Pakistan-India dispute, the French trouble in Algeria, and the British trouble in Cyprus, and that, as the fellow who sits behind the sign of the United States of America, he has little time for standing in front of the drugstore, watching all the girls go by. Because he works in a world forum to mobilize world opinion, quick decisions in debate are the order of his day. To shut up or to talk, that is the question, and he feels that it is not always a good idea to keep quiet. Since the U.N. is a center for harmonizing things as well as for thrashing things out in public, much of his work goes on discreetly behind closed doors, but with, as far as possible, an open mind. Many problems, he believes, don't lend themselves to public treatment; in fact, public treatment tends to worsen them. He is a first-rate talker, and ordinarily, as a spokesman in America for public support of the U.N., he mounts many a rostrum to sing the virtues of what he regards as far more than a nostrum, but since last October, when troubles and disputes began to pile up at an exceptional clip, he has scarcely had time to make a speech even in the Waldorf, where, in Apartment 42-A of the Towers, he occupies, with his wife, the only United States Embassy in the United States. He is a grandfather five times over, the fifth time only a couple of weeks ago.

Mr. Lodge has a staff of more than a hundred; he thrives on complicated wrangles; he attends official receptions briefly and sips only ceremonially; he sleeps well; his exercise is walking. He has probably covered New York, as a pedestrian, more thoroughly than anyone since the late John H. Finley or the late J. Otis Swift, the Yosian. The-Waldorf-to-the-U.N.-and-back is a regular beat of his, and the day before we saw him, he had loped a hundred blocks up and down Park Avenue. He often zigzags along the side streets, for variety in window-shopping and architecture-gazing; Greenwich Village and the sections of town occupied by the foreign-born are familiar to his tread. As a television personality of commanding mien, he is widely recognized and greeted by passersby, just like Bennett Cerf. "That's Lodge" is an aside he often gratefully catch-



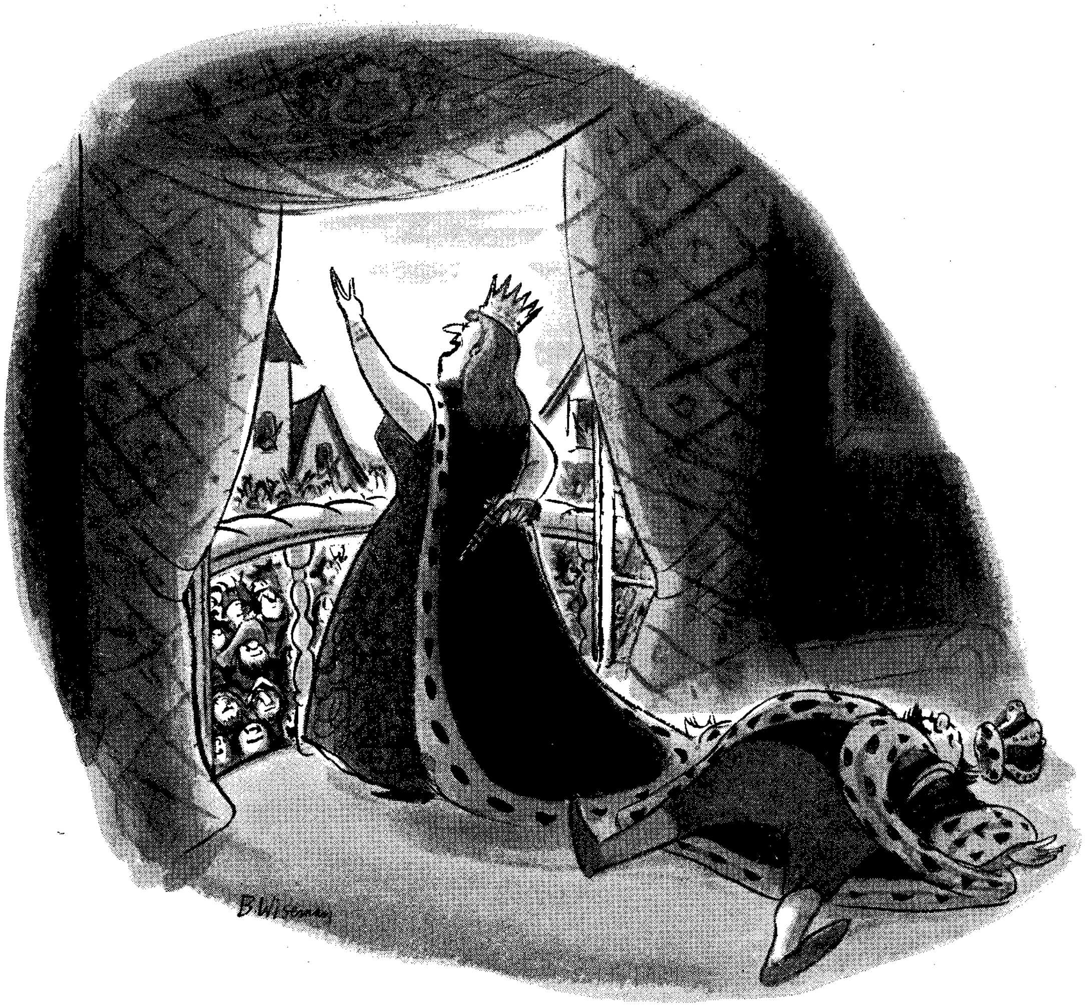
"Nesbitt, don't you ever again tell a client his product is good enough to sell itself."

es, and recently, whipping up his circulation on a street in the Fifties, he passed a policeman who looked up from his chore of tagging illegally parked cars and said, "I pray for you every night for the good work you do." (Quote sanctioned.)

"There's an interesting contrast in the Ambassador's techniques," a Lodge assistant said to us as we left his principal. "On the one hand, he does a very mature, subtle, diplomatic job of negotiation, and has held the support of more than two-thirds of the United Nations members by a course of moderation; on the other hand, as one of his colleagues has put it, he's a polished, literate saloon fighter. He's a counter-puncher, not a dirty puncher. He knows the tricks when no holds are barred."

"May we quote you?" we asked.

The assistant smiled a subtle diplomatic smile, and we took this as unspoken assent.



"*The King is dead! Long live the Queen!*"

• •

Germinal

SPRING, a trifle prematurely, took hold of Third Avenue one soft and hazy day last week, our correspondent in the area reports, and nudged the regulars at the bars into an almost uniform mood of lyricism. "Three or four belts and they were singing and reciting all over the place," our man informs us. "On a patrol up the avenue from Forty-fourth Street, I could hear 'The Rose of Tralee' being given a ragged workout in at least five saloons, but it wasn't until I dropped into the Shamrock, up around Fifty-seventh Street, that I heard anyone really get down to seasonable cases. In the Shamrock, I found a stout, bald man who had piled his hat, muffler, overcoat, and sweater on a stool beside him and was busily intoning, against the racket of a shuffleboard game:

'Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed.'

"The stout man beamed at the bartender, and said, 'I've got a memory for beauty like an elephant.' 'That you have,' said the bartender. 'On a day like this, the poetry wells up in me like suds on a good beer,' the stout man went on. 'Draw me one and I'll tell you about Thomas Moore and Bobby Burns.' 'I was thinking that with the way they're shooting things into the sky and all, it won't be long till they've twisted the seasons so you won't know one from the other,' the barman said. 'And how the hell can a poet talk about the beauty of the far moon and the like of that when they're trying to make it, with all their spaceships, as easy to get to as Rockaway Beach?' 'They'll never do it,' said the stout man firmly. 'And now I'll tell you about Moore and Burns, and the reason I think of it is that it happened on a nice day like this. It seems Burns was sweeping his sidewalk when along came Moore, just a lad at the time, and Moore said, "You Scottish loon, lay down your broom and let a man pass by." And Burns came back with "You Irish ass, there's room to pass, betwixt the wall and I."' 'If I were you, I wouldn't spout that one when March 17th comes around,' the bartender said. We were joined by a seedy-looking little man, who reached in his coat pocket and pulled out a wrinkled clipping from a newspaper. 'Here's a real poem,' he said, 'and I'll just read you a few lines of it to show you how splendid it is.' He blew his nose, cleared his throat, and recited:

'Some fine day my ship will anchor,
In a place for which I hanker,
And I'll walk with pace unsteady
To her little vine-clad home,
And with mother's tears aflowing,
I unmanly feeling showing,
Will make mother glad on saying,
That no more her boy will roam!'

"The little man sniffled, the bartender looked bemused, and the stout man demanded indignantly, 'Who wrote *that*?' 'Nick Kenny,' the little man said reverently. The stout man put on his sweater, overcoat, muffler, and hat. 'I shall arise and go now, and bedamned to the lot of you,' he observed. 'Particularly,' he added, eying the little man, 'you.' 'He can dish it out,' the bartender said when the stout man had gone, 'but he can't take it.'"

HOW TO WRITE ABOUT MONEY

OR, THE DAY THE TABOO STOPPED

IT is perfectly O.K. for contemporary American novelists to write in considerable detail about sex, but, with one pioneering exception, they are still leery of writing about money—whether because they feel the subject is non-U or because they don't know enough about it, I haven't any idea. The exception is Mr. Brendan Gill, and the vehicle of his distinction is "The Day the Money Stopped," which I have just read. Stimulated by the financial candor—nay, abandon—of this novel, I have been boning up on the subject of money as reflected in works of fiction about the rich. My suspicion that writers, other than the authors of the *First National City Bank Monthly Letter* and the *Business Bulletin* of the Cleveland Trust Company, don't know much about money has been given impetus by the example of the late Theodore Dreiser, who, perhaps more conscientiously than any other domestic novelist pre-Gill, *tried* to write about it, notably in his trilogy consisting of "The Financier," "The Titan," and "The Stoic."

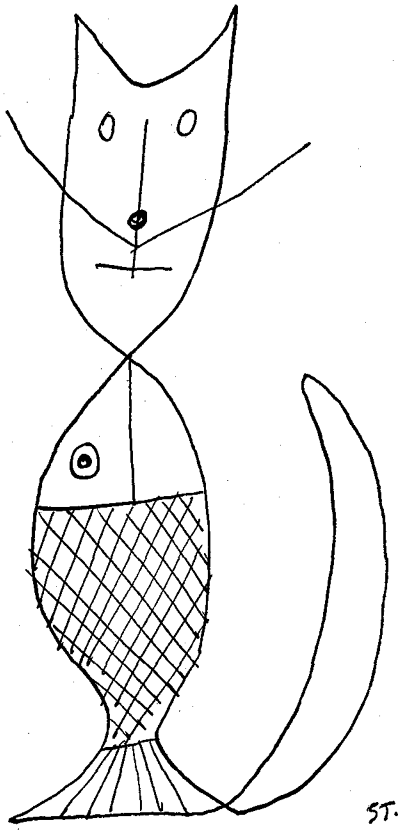
"To the world in general," Dreiser wrote as he approached the finale of this monumental effort, "the main subject of interest in connection with the death of Frank Algernon Cowperwood was his fortune: its size, who would inherit it, how much they would each receive." And he went on:

> The Inheritance Tax Appraiser pronounced a total value of the estate, four years after the death of Cowperwood, at $11,467,370.65. . . . Day [Mrs. Cowperwood's lawyer] claimed the appraisal was too high. . . . Action was postponed indefinitely to give attorneys for both sides opportunity to reach an agreement.
> More delay! Delay! Delay!
> Corporations! Corporations! Corporations!
> Decisions! Decisions! Decisions!
> Courts! Courts! Courts!

Hysterics! Hysterics! Hysterics! Dreiser has a reverent attitude toward money, as his beatific capitalization of the tax appraiser indicates, but here the taboo has got him. He is not on top of his subject. He has, in fact, clearly gone out of his head.

I do not believe in half measures, and I have not confined my research to this country. I have travelled far and wide, down the centuries and on both sides of the Atlantic, and I propose to pass my findings along. Surprises abound. Jane Austen, for example, who eschews sex, is more explicit about money than Scott Fitzgerald, John P. Marquand, or John O'Hara. "It is a dangerous thing to bother about the rich," Mr. O'Hara, who has taken this chance repeatedly, writes in his introduction to "The Portable F. Scott Fitzgerald," published in 1945. "A writer who does it in this country . . . will find himself regarded as a toy. . . . In this country the rich don't write; there are really so few of them, and they can't write anyway. Americans who write . . . have very little contact with the rich or none at all."

Although O'Hara goes on to give Fitzgerald high marks for the way he handles this splinter group, the fact is that Fitzgerald usually boggles at the ultimate financial realities. What are we told, fiscally, about Tom Buchanan, the rich man in "The Great Gatsby"? "His family were enormously wealthy." Is Buchanan worth ten million dollars, like a rich Lewisohn, or twenty, like a poor du Pont, or a hundred, like a run-of-the-mill Whitney, or two hundred, like an exceptional Ryan? Does he own his fortune outright, like Elvis Presley; in trust, like your aunt; or in a combination of both, like the late Marshall Field III between the time of his grandfather's death, when he was thirteen, and his fiftieth birthday? What are Buchanan's expectations from relatives? No way of telling. And Gatsby himself is left even more up in the air financially. The only figure pinned onto him is twenty-five thousand dollars, bequeathed to him by a friend of his youth, and even this isn't pinned very securely; he has already lost it in a legal battle over the will. I would say that Gatsby has a large earned income, like Ben Sonnenberg, and no capital to speak of, unlike Sonnenberg, but this is a guess, and not a very informed guess at that.



How about Nicole, the rich Chicago girl in "Tender Is the Night"? She tells her suitor, Dick Diver, "Sister says we're very rich. . . . Since Grandmother is dead," but she doesn't say how rich, and she doesn't go into her grandmother's will. "Just how much money has she got?" Diver asks Sister, but Sister doesn't give. Probably these girls don't know the answer themselves. "A well-bred man intensely dislikes the mention of money and never speaks of it (out of business hours) if he can avoid it," Emily Post observed in "Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage" in 1922, and she has maintained this ban in the latest (1955) edition. Nicole's father, who was well-bred, would scarcely have discussed stocks and bonds with his womenfolk in 1934, but in spite of Mrs. Post, I believe that money has to some extent been liberated as a topic of genteel conversation. Nevertheless, there's a time lag, and at a dinner party it's still safer to ask the heiress at your right about her personal life than to inquire as to her net worth.

The most forthright financial reference I recall in Fitzgerald (I have just checked it) occurs in "The Rich Boy." It runs, "Anson was the eldest of six children who would some day divide a fortune of fifteen million dollars." But even this flat figure is relatively meaningless. Fortunes fluctuate over a period of years; the tax bite, or swallow, varies with the date of the testator's death and the geographical distribution of his assets; real property and non-liquid securities often have to be sacrificed to meet inheritance taxes; and, again, there's the question of life interest in income vs. outright principal, which is not cleared up in the above over-simplification. A far cry from "Pride and Prejudice," in which, bang at the beginning, Miss Austen writes:

> "What is his name?"
> "Bingley."
> "Is he married or single?"
> "Oh single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

And, later on, of the participants in this dialogue:

> Mr. Bennet's property consisted almost entirely in an estate of two thousand a

> year, which, unfortunately for his daughters, was entailed, in default of heirs-male, on a distant relation; and their mother's fortune, though ample for her situation in life, could but ill supply the deficiency of his. Her father had been an attorney in Meryton, and had left her four thousand pounds.

NOW let us backtrack from Fitzgerald, forge ahead from Austen, and take a sharp look at Henry James, whose "The American" contains the following passage. Christopher Newman has just solicited Mme. de Bellegarde's aid in his suit for her daughter, Mme. de Cintré:

> "You don't know what you ask. I'm a very proud and meddlesome old person."
>
> "Well, I'm very rich," he returned with a world of desperate intention.
>
> She fixed her eyes on the floor.... But at last looking up, "How rich?" she simply articulated.
>
> He gave her, at this, the figure of his income—gave it in a round number which had the magnificent sound that large aggregations of dollars put on when translated into francs. He added to the enunciation of mere brute quantity certain financial particulars which completed a sufficiently striking presentment of his resources.

James's man is more candid, financially, than Fitzgerald's girls, but the reader is left equally in the dark. James is, in fact, a terrible tease not only about money but about the *sources* of the fortunes of his rich people. In "The American," again, in a colloquy between Newman and his friend Tristram, James writes:

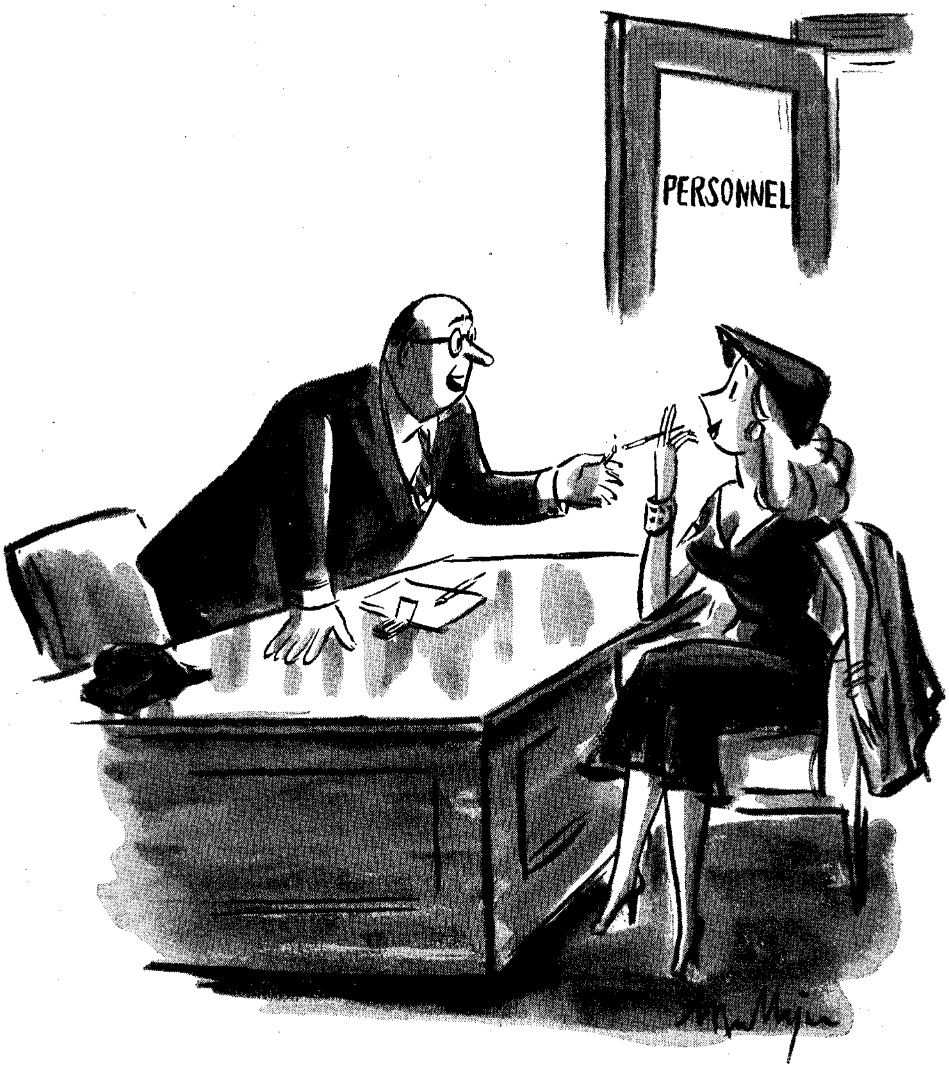
> "You've made a pile of money, hey?"
>
> "I've made about enough."
>
> "Happy the man who can say that! But enough for what?"
>
> "Enough to let up a while, to forget the whole question, to look about me, to see the world, to have a good time, to improve my mind and, if my hour strikes, to marry a wife."...
>
> "Jupiter, there's an order!" cried Mr. Tristram.... "And what's the story? How have you done it?"
>
> ..."Well, I haven't done it by sitting round this way."
>
> ..."What have you been in?"
>
> "Oh, in more things than I care to remember."

Jupiter! Jupiter! Jupiter!

Maddening! Maddening! Maddening!

FORWARD march, now, to Mr. Marquand, who hit his stride in writing about the rich with "The Late George Apley," in 1937. Apley's father writes, when George's wife is pregnant, "Dear George: I have today established a trust fund for the new Apley whom I trust will be with us before long, the income of which when compounded and suitably re-invested should much more than equal the principal at the end of twenty years." Nothing as to the trust's amount. When Apley *grand-père* dies, we learn that "The bequests in Thomas Apley's will hint eloquently at the size of the remainder: To Harvard University, one million dollars . . . two hundred thousand dollars for the schools at Apley Falls; one million dollars to the city of Boston," but this eloquent hint is all we get.

In "H. M. Pulham, Esquire," written four years after "Apley," we are treated to another will, but the taboo persists: "Mary and I," Pulham says, "were each left a hundred thousand dollars outright, and after other bequests to the servants and to charities, the bulk of the estate was left to my mother for her lifetime, to be invested by the trustee."



"It's a pity you're not an engineer, Miss Everly. We have all sorts of openings for engineers."

• •

This will is strikingly similar to one in Mr. O'Hara's "Ten North Frederick":

> The will of Joseph B. Chapin contained no surprises.... Certain sums were to be paid to servants and charities, and those sums were specified in dollars, but the bulk of the estate was in stocks, bonds, and mortgages, identified by name or location. The sum of $100,000 was to be paid to the son, Joseph Benjamin Chapin Junior, and a like sum to the daughter, Ann Chapin. The remainder was to be used to create a trust fund for the widow, Edith Chapin. Upon her death the fund was to be divided equally between the son and the daughter....
>
> Edith Chapin, as she had always been, was a woman in comfortable circumstances. Now, in fact, in 1945, she was in more than comfortable circumstances. She was rich.

In each of the three aforementioned instruments, the residuary estate's the thing, but it remains unsung.

I don't want to flog a dead horse, but take a look at two more passages from recent novels about the rich—one from O'Hara's "A Rage to Live," the other from Edward Newhouse's "The Hollow of the Wave." In the first, the author takes a long stride toward his own emancipation by crediting Sidney Tate with an inheritance of "about $800,000," but then he goes and spoils it all by saying of the family of Sidney's wife, who is represented as being far richer than her husband:

> The Caldwells were acknowledged to be among the richest people in Nesquehela County and among the richest in the Commonwealth outside Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, but it had been a long time since an accurate estimate had been put on their wealth, with the result that some people said the Caldwells were worth five million, some said they were worth fifty million, and some said they couldn't pay their bills.

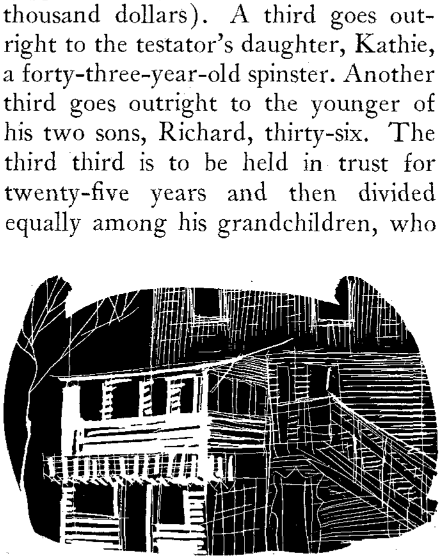
Mr. Newhouse is similarly evasive about his rich man, Larry Holland:

> He was a Communist, I had been assured, six-feet-five, and he had twelve million dollars. He was six-feet-eight in his socks, a New Dealer, and he had twenty-one million dollars. He was an anarchist, a single-taxer, a vegetarian, a disciple of Gandhi whom he visited each year, and his Press would soon fold because he had spent all his money on a Velásquez. He really had never had much money of his own, but his father had given him five hundred thousand dollars to prove that a person with no business experience will lose every dime of it. He was six-feet-eleven.

A far cry—or two far cries—from Trollope, who in "The Eustace Diamonds" advises us that Lady Eustace has inherited a ten-thousand-pound diamond necklace and revenues of four thousand pounds a year, and from Balzac, who states precisely what Eugénie Grandet is worth: seventeen million francs. Boy, have I been boning up!

VERY well. This scholarly windup is by way of preparing a suitable frame of reference for the appreciation of Mr. Gill, a man whose masterly clinical attitude toward finance stamps him as a pioneer in American letters and, conceivably, the literary bounder of all time. To say that money is the backbone of "The Day the Money Stopped" would be an understatement; it is the rib case, heart, and guts. Mr. Gill's is the straight Price, Waterhouse approach.

Charles Morrow, a lawyer, whose death is the book's point of departure, leaves an estate, "after taxes and the usual expenses," of approximately a million three hundred thousand dollars. He makes an outright bequest of ten thousand dollars and two life-interest bequests of sixty thousand and seventy thousand. The first of the life-interest bequests reverts to the residuary legatees upon the death of the beneficiary. The second reverts to the residuary legatees in the event of the death of the beneficiary (a childless woman on the verge of divorce and remarriage) without issue. Now for the residuary estate, which, in this will, has been specified (approximately a million two hundred thousand dollars). A third goes outright to the testator's daughter, Kathie, a forty-three-year-old spinster. Another third goes outright to the younger of his two sons, Richard, thirty-six. The third third is to be held in trust for twenty-five years and then divided equally among his grandchildren, who at the time of his death consist of Richard's three children. Charles, the testator's elder son, a forty-year-old ne'er-do-well and charmer, and the hero of the book, is cut off, to his astonishment and chagrin, with a library appraised at twelve thousand five hundred, a few Piranesi prints, the remnants of a wine cellar, and a gold watch worth "easily" a hundred dollars. Mr. Gill does not tell us what the wine and prints are worth, but he does document in considerable detail the gifts the testator has made to his wastrel namesake over a period of twenty-odd years—stocks, bonds, and cash. "If you'd hung on to everything," Richard tells his brother, "you'd have well over half a million right this minute." Charles, who has hung on to nothing, is in debt to the tune of some twelve or thirteen thousand dollars, and Mr. Gill is specific about his debts. He is even specific about the cash Charles has on hand—two dollars, which I regret to state he tears up. I believe this is a federal offense.



"The Day the Money Stopped" is made up of a morning's conversation almost entirely about Mr. Morrow's will,

THE ETERNAL RETURN

Along how many Main Streets have I walked,
Greeting my friends, commenting on the weather,
Carrying bundles, wondering as I talked
If the brown paper bags would hold together—

At Christmastime with white breath blowing thin,
In spring when garden tidings are exchanged,
In autumn with the darkness closing in
And all the winter's work to be arranged.

Wherever I have lived—and many places
Have briefly seemed my permanent abode—
The shops on Main Street and the passing faces,
Beyond all history and change of mode,

Remain the same. And if, while on a walk,
I should encounter people who belong
In Main Streets of my past, I'd stop to talk
Without suspecting anything was wrong.

Even if I met someone who was dead,
I would discount the fact as in a dream.
Here things that lie behind are still ahead,
And calendars less final than they seem.

External accidents of time and space
Become, on Main Street, but illusory errors,
As all my incarnations, face to face,
Repeat themselves like people in two mirrors.

I greet acquaintances unchanged as I,
Stop for a moment, comment on the weather,
And at the corner, as I say goodbye,
Pray God my paper bundles hold together.

—ROBERT HILLYER

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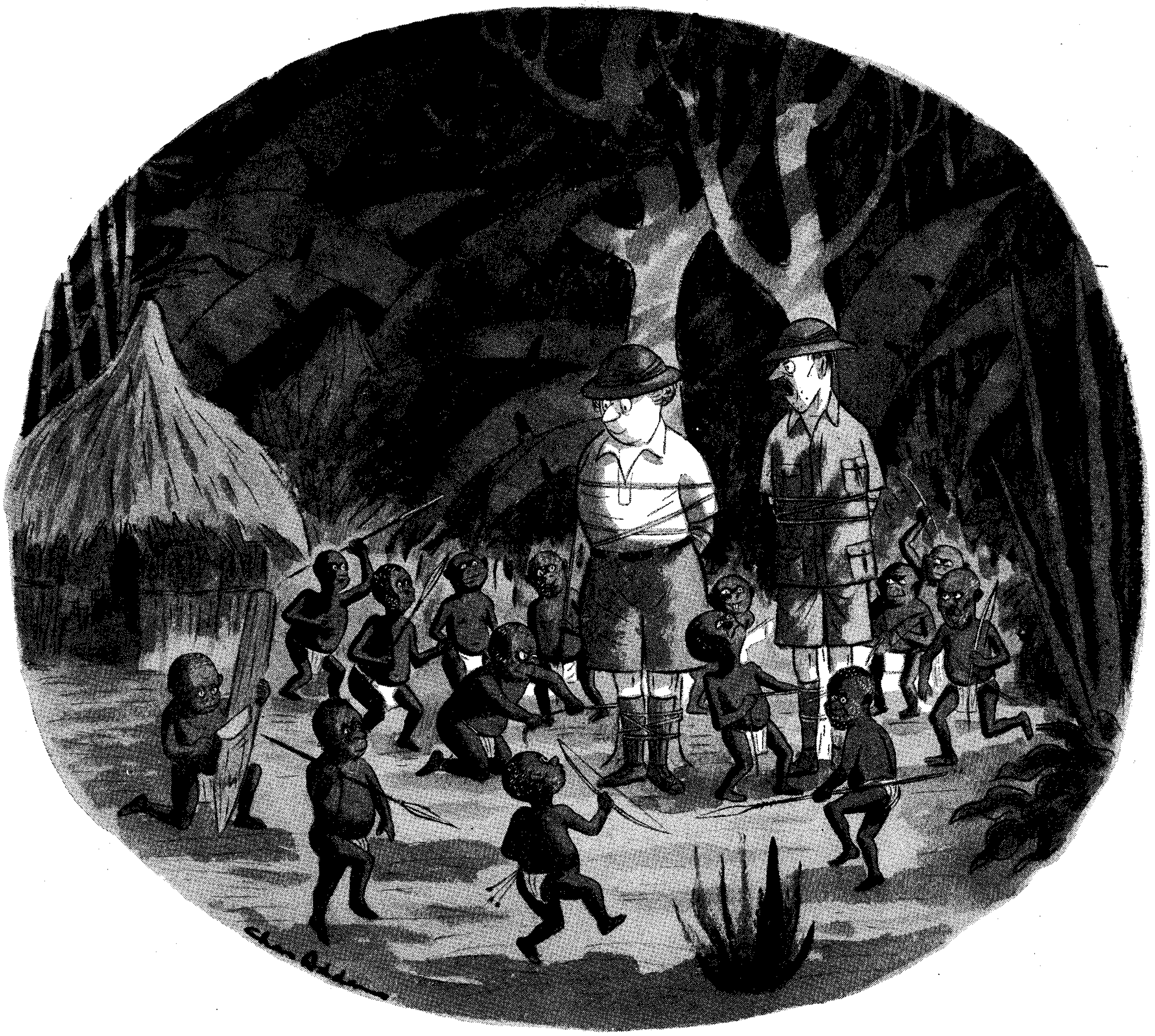

"Does it occur to you, Agatha, that this is hardly the occasion to use an expression like 'knee-high to a grasshopper'?"

• •

in the course of which the history of the family is set forth. Again, surprises abound. I have only two financial bones to pick with the author. Richard, in listing some of the securities the senior Morrow gave to Charles, mentions General Electric, du Pont, A.T. & T., and Walker Drilling. ("It was selling at fifty when Dad gave it to you. Now it's up in the hundreds.") I mean no offense to the Walker Drill Grinding Corporation, of 342 West Fortieth Street, but there is no such company as Walker Drilling—at least not one that should be mentioned in the same breath as G.E., du Pont, and Tel & Tel without some sort of explanation. And since Mr. Gill computes Mr. Morrow's gifts to Charles on the basis of the appreciation of the stocks among them over a period of years, should he not have taken a shot at the valuation of the grandchildren's individual shares at the end of the twenty-five-year incubation period, instead of leaving them, as he does, at a mere four hundred thousand? We are growing with the country; my guess is three million two hundred thousand.

Four characters—Charles, Richard, Kathie, and a stenographer—talking in an office for three or four hours. No changes of costume. No changes of scene. What a cinch for Broadway! An investment of seventy-five thousand dollars, an operating nut of fifteen thousand dollars a week, and—after full houses for eight weeks—the backers reimbursed, and twenty-six hundred dollars a week for Mr. Gill, before taxes! —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

Tommy Chen, owner of the Singapore Restaurant, has spent 10 years weighing the idea of installing a floor show to supplement the moo goo guy pan. Now that he's decided to take the plunge, he's having a frightful time trying to find enough Oriental acts. Harold Stassen is slated to be given a new assignment before Easter. —*Dorothy Kilgallen in the Detroit Times.*

There goes *that* act.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY

THE discovery of where babies came from filled my life with excitement and interest. Not in the way it is generally supposed to do it, of course. Oh, no. I never seem to have done anything like a small boy in a standard textbook. I merely discovered history. Up to this, I had lived in a world without history, accepting my parents' marriage as an event ordained from the creation, but now, considering it in this new, scientific way, I began to see it as only one of the turning points of history—one of those apparently trivial events that are little more than accidents but have the effect of changing the destiny of humanity. I had not heard of Pascal, but I would have approved his remark about what would have happened if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter. Peering back through the mists, I could see that there had been moments when history tottered in the balance and ran the danger of not producing me.

This immediately changed my way of looking at my parents. Until then they had been prototypes, not characters; they had been like a chain of mountains guarding a green horizon. Suddenly a little shaft of light emerging from behind a cloud struck them and the whole mass broke up into peaks, valleys, and foothills; you could even see whitewashed houses and fields where people worked in the evening light—a whole world of interior perspective.

Mother's character was the richer area for exploration. It was extraordinary the variety of people and settings that woman had in her background. Before she married my father and set up housekeeping in Barrackton, on the outskirts of Cork, and had a son, who turned out to be me, she had been an orphan, a housemaid, a paid companion, a traveller; and had been proposed to by a plasterer's apprentice, by a French chef, who had taught her to make superb coffee, and by a rich and elderly shopkeeper in Sunday's Well. I liked the idea of the Frenchman, but the shopkeeper was an even more vivid figure in my imagination, because he had married someone else and died within a matter of months—of disappointment, I had no doubt—leaving a large fortune. The fortune was to me what Cleopatra's nose was to Pascal—the ultimate proof that things might have been different.

"How much was Mr. Riordan's fortune, Mummy?" I asked thoughtfully.

"Ah, they said he left eleven thousand," Mother replied hesitantly. "But you can't believe half of what people say."

Couldn't I, indeed? I who if history had taken a different course would have inherited it!

"And weren't you ever sorry for poor Mr. Riordan?" I asked severely.

"Ah, why would I be sorry, child?" she asked with a shrug. "Sure, what use would money be where there was no liking?"

That, of course, was not what I meant at all. My heart was full of pity for poor Mr. Riordan, but even on the low level at which Mother discussed it, money would have been of great use. I was not so fond of my father as to think he was well bought at such a rate. Mother—it was one of the discoveries I was making at the time—was not only rather hardhearted; she was impractical as well.

But Father was the real shock. He was a brooding, worried man who seemed to have no proper affection for me, and was always wanting me to go out and play, or go upstairs and read, but the historical approach changed him like a sort of magic formula. "Now let's talk about the ladies Daddy nearly married," I would say, and he would stop whatever he was doing. "Oh, ho, ho!" he would crow, slapping his knee and looking slyly at Mother. "You could write a book about them." Even his face changed at such moments. Suddenly he would look young and extraordinarily mischievous.

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Mother, on the other hand, grew black. "You could," she would say, looking into the fire. "Daisies!"

"The handsomest man that walks Cork—that's what one of them called me," Father would say with a wink at me.

"Yes," said Mother, scowling. "May Cadogan."

"The very girl!" Father would cry in astonishment. "How did I forget her name? A beautiful girl! 'Pon my word, a most remarkable girl! And still is, I hear."

"Yes, with her six children!"

"Oh, now, she'd be the one that could look after them. A fine head that girl had."

"She had. Tying them to a lamppost while she went in for drink and gossip!"

That was one of the peculiar things about history. Father and Mother both loved talking about it, but while Mother did not like talking about it in front of Father, he loved talking about it in front of her, and it made her mad. Particularly when he mentioned May Cadogan. And Father knew that, and would wink at me and make me laugh outright at her, though I had no idea why I laughed, and anyway my sympathy was all with Mother.

"But, Daddy," I would say, making bold on his high spirits, "if you liked Miss Cadogan so much, why didn't you marry her?"

At this point Father always let on to be filled with doubt and distress. He put his hands in his trousers pockets and strode to the hall door. "Well, now," he would reply, "that was a delicate matter. You see, I had to think of your poor mother."

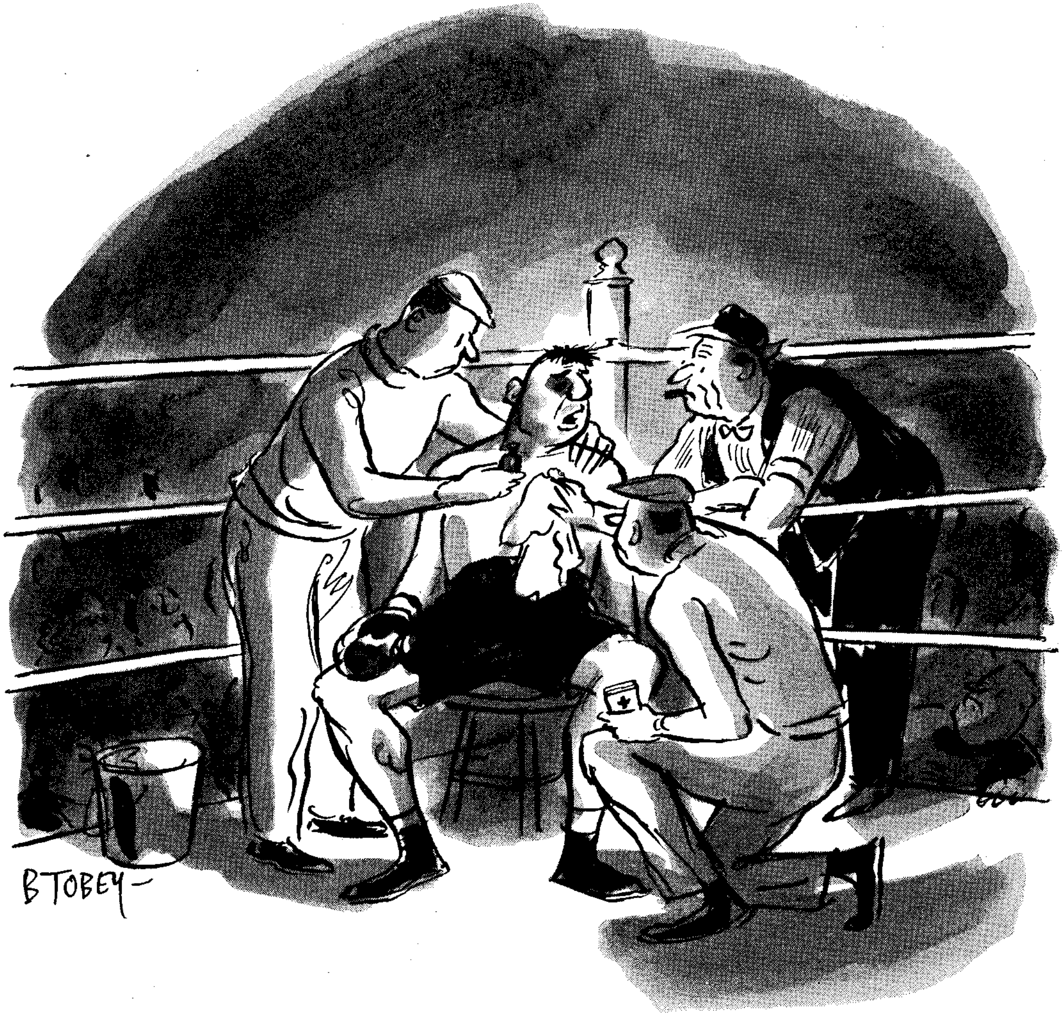
"I was a great trouble to you," Mother would say, in a blaze.

"Poor May said it to me herself," he went on, ignoring Mother, "and the tears pouring down her cheeks. 'Mick,' says she, 'that girl with the brown hair will bring me to an untimely grave.' "

"She could talk of hair!" cried Mother. "With her carroty mop!"

"Never did I suffer the way I suffered then, between the two of them," Father said emotionally, returning to his chair by the window.

"Oh, 'tis a pity about ye," Mother would say in an exasperated tone, and suddenly get up and go into the front room with her book, to escape his teasing. Every word that man said she took literally. Father would give a guffaw of delight, his hands on his knees and his eyes raised to the ceiling, and wink at me again. I laughed, too, of course, and then grew wretched because I hated Mother's sitting alone in the front room. I would go in and find her in her wicker chair by the window in the dusk, with the book open on her knees, looking out at the Square. She would always have regained her composure by the time she spoke to me, but always I would have an uncanny feeling of unrest in her, and I would stroke her and talk to her soothingly, as if she were the child and I the grownup.



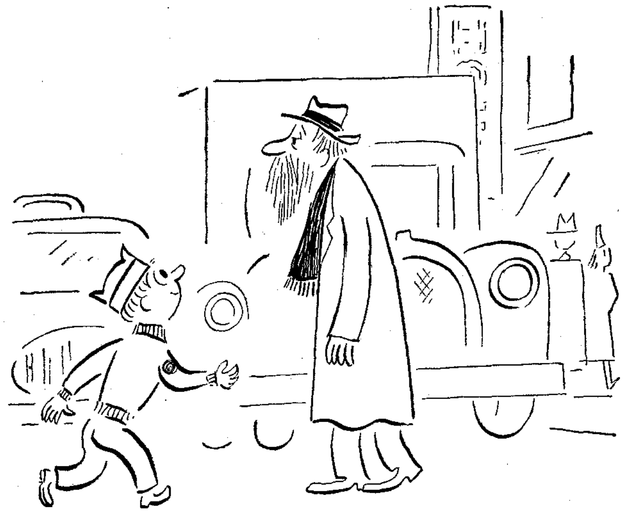
"I think I'm catching a cold."

• •

BUT if I was excited about what history meant to them, I was even more excited about what it meant to me. Their potentialities were considerable, but nothing compared to mine. Through Mother I might have been a Frenchman named Armady, or a rich boy from Sunday's Well named Riordan—Laurence Riordan sounded to me a quite good name. Through Father, while still remaining a Delaney, I might have been one of the six children of the mysterious Miss Cadogan. I was fascinated by the problem of who I would have been if I hadn't been me, and, even more, by the problem of whether or not I would have known that I wasn't me. As the imaginary boy Laurence Riordan, would I have felt about Larry Delaney, who was not imaginary, the way that as Larry Delaney I felt about Laurence Riordan?

One afternoon after school, I remember, I walked all the way up to Sunday's Well by myself. I stood for some time at the garden gate of the house in which Mother had been working when she was proposed to by the shopkeeper, and then I went and studied the shop itself. Obviously it had seen better days. It looked neglected, and the cartons and advertisements in the window were dirty and sagging. It was not like one of the big stores in Patrick Street, but at the same time, in size and fitments, it was well above the level of a village shop. I regretted that Mr. Riordan's name was no longer above the door. I was even sorry that he was dead. I would like to have seen him for myself, instead of relying upon Mother's impressions, which seemed to me unreliable. I imagined him behind the counter, lending him the countenance and manner of an old gentleman who always spoke to me on the road, and I felt I could have been really attached to him as a father. Mother, of course, would be in the parlor off the shop, reading and waiting for me to come home to Sunday's Well in a cap and blazer and with an expensive leather satchel, instead of the old cloth schoolbag I carried over my shoulder. I could see myself walking slowly and with a certain distinction, lingering at gateways and looking down at the river below. And later I would go out to tea in one of those big houses, with their long gardens sloping to the water, and perhaps row a boat on the river, along with a girl in a pink frock. I would perhaps never be even aware of my own possible extension, the National School boy with the cloth schoolbag, who would linger about the shop looking for traces of me. It was a queer, rather lonesome feeling that all but reduced me to tears. I knew that under similar circumstances—if I were the shopkeeper's son and that Riordan boy came to our house looking for me—I should behave differently. I should somehow be aware of him, and be considerate, even generous, with him.

But the place that had the greatest attraction for me was the Douglas



Road, where I knew Father's friend Miss Cadogan lived—only, now she wasn't Miss Cadogan but Mrs. O'Brien. Mrs. O'Brien was not as attractive to my imagination as the French chef and the elderly shopkeeper, but she had a physical reality which they lacked. As I went regularly to the Library by Parnell Bridge, I frequently found myself wandering up the road in the direction of Douglas, past a long row of houses, in one of which I knew she lived. In the evening, the sunlight always fell brightly onto the house fronts till they looked like a screen. One evening as I watched a gang of boys playing ball in the street, curiosity overcame me. I spoke to one of them. "I wonder if you could tell me which house Mrs. O'Brien lives in, please?" I asked. (I was always a child of solemn and unnatural politeness.)

"Hi, Gussie!" he yelled to another boy. "This fellow wants to know where your old one lives."

A thin, good-looking boy of about my own age detached himself from the gang and came up to me suspiciously, his fists clenched at his sides. Though I was feeling distinctly panicky, I studied him closely. He was, after all, the boy I might have been.

"What do you want to know for?" he asked.

"My father was a great friend of your mother," I explained. I might have been talking a foreign language, so far as he was concerned. It was quite clear that Gussie O'Brien had no sense of history.

"What's that you said?" he asked incredulously.

At this point we were interrupted by a small, untidy woman I had noticed earlier. She was standing by her front door, with a pram beside her, and talking to another woman across the railing between their two gardens. Occasionally she rocked the pram in an absent-minded way as she talked, as though the memory of it only came to her in brief flashes.

"What is it, Gussie?" she cried, raising herself on tiptoe to see us better.

"I don't really want to disturb your mother, thank you," I said in alarm, but he was already pointing me out to her.

"That fellow wants you," he bawled.

"I don't really," I murmured, feeling that now I was in for it.

There was a high flight of steps from the door to the gate, and she skipped down them with a laughing, puzzled air, her eyes in slits, her right hand arranging her hair at the back. It was not carroty, as Mother described it, but it had red lights in it.

"What is it, little boy?" she asked coaxingly, bending forward.

"I didn't really want anything, thank you," I said in terror. "It was just that Daddy said you lived up here, and as I was changing my book at the Library, I thought I'd inquire. You see," I said, "I've only just got out this book."

"But who is your daddy?" she asked, her gray eyes still in long, laughing slits. "What's your name?"

"My name is Delaney," I said. "Larry Delaney."

"Not *Mike* Delaney's boy?" she exclaimed wonderingly. "Well, for God's sake! Sure, I should have known it from that big head of yours." She passed her hand gently down the back of my head and laughed. "If you'd had your hair cut I wouldn't be long recognizing you. You wouldn't think I'd know the feel of your old fellow's head, would you?" she asked roguishly.

"No, Mrs. O'Brien," I replied.

"Why, then, indeed I do," she said in the same tone. "And more along with it"—a remark that left me baffled. "Ah, come in and give us a good look at you. That's my eldest, Gussie, you were talking to," she added as she took my hand. Gussie trailed behind us, for a purpose I only recognized later.

"Ma-a-a-a, who's dat fella with you?" yelled a fat little girl who had been playing hopscotch on the pavement.

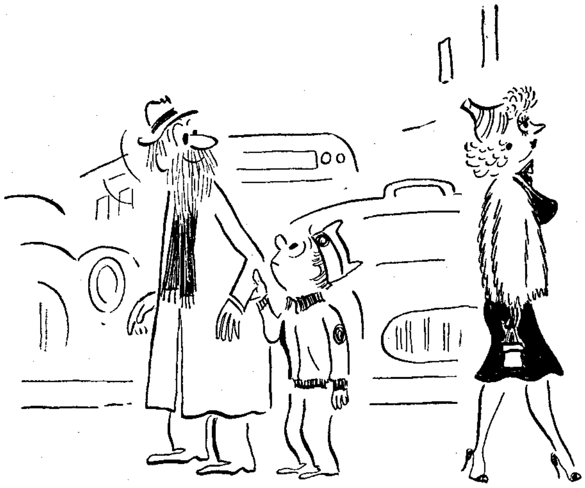
"Larry Delaney is his name," her mother sang out over her shoulder. I don't know what it was about that woman, but she had the peculiar effect of making herself and me resemble a public procession. Compared with Mother, whose modesty was almost painful, she seemed to move to the strains of an invisible band. "Mick Delaney's son from Barrackton. I nearly married his old fellow once. Did he ever tell you that, Larry?" she added slyly.

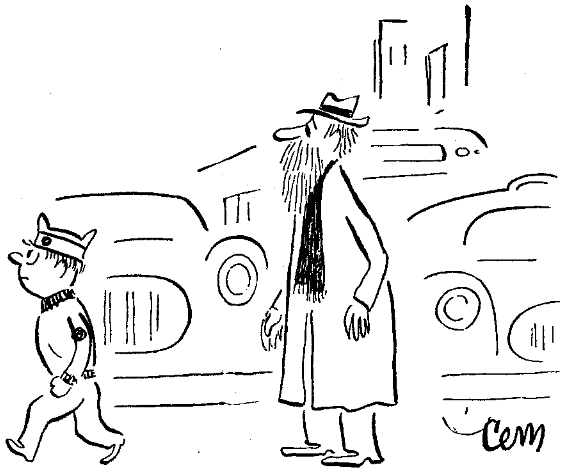
"Yes, Mrs. O'Brien, he did," I replied, and she went off into a delighted laugh, tossing her glowing head.

"Ah, look at that, now! How well the old scoundrel didn't forget me! You can tell him I didn't forget him, either. And if I'd married him, I'd be your mother now. Wouldn't that be a queer old three-and-fourpence? How would you like me for your mother, Larry?"

"Very well, thank you," I said complacently.

"Ah, go on with you, you would not!" she exclaimed, but she was pleased all the same. She struck me as the sort of woman it would be easy enough to please. "Your old fellow always said it: your mother was a *most* superior woman. And you're a most superior child. Ah, I'm not too bad myself, either," she added with another laugh, wrinkling up her little merry face.





In the kitchen she cut me a slice of bread, smothered it in jam, and gave me a big mug of milk. "Will you have some, Gussie?" she asked in a sharp voice. "Aideen?" she added to the horrible little girl, who had come into the house, too. "Aren't you fat and ugly enough, without making a pig of yourself? . . . Murder-the-Loaf, we call her," she added, by way of explanation to me. "You're a polite little boy, Larry, but you wouldn't be long polite with them. Is the book for your mother?"

"No, Mrs. O'Brien," I said. "It's for me."

"You mean you can read a big book like that?" she asked incredulously, taking it from my hands.

"Oh, yes, I can."

"I don't believe it. Go on and read us a bit."

There was nothing I asked better. I never felt I got my due as a performer. I stood in the middle of the kitchen, cleared my throat, and began, with great feeling, to enunciate one of those incredibly involved opening paragraphs that flourished in children's books in those days: "On a fine evening in Spring as the sun was beginning to gild the peaks, a rider, recognizable as a student by certain niceties of attire, was making his way slowly . . ." It was the sort of opening sentence I loved.

"I declare to God!" Mrs. O'Brien interrupted. "And that fellow there is only one age with you and he can't spell 'house'! How well you wouldn't be down at the Library, you ignorant cauboge! . . . That's enough, now, Larry," she said hastily as I was getting ready for another exhibition.

"Who wants to read that old stuff!" Gussie said contemptuously.

Later, he took me upstairs to show me his air rifle and his model airplanes. Apart from the fact that the air rifle was broken and the model airplanes wouldn't fly, they seemed all right to me. But every detail of the room is still clear to me: the view into the back garden, with its jungle of wild plants and Gussie's tent pitched within them (no place for a tent, as I explained to him, because of the danger of wild beasts); the three cots still unmade; the scribbles on the walls; and Mrs. O'Brien's voice from the kitchen calling to Aideen to see what was wrong with the baby, who was screaming its head off in the pram outside the front door. Gussie in particular still fascinated me. He was spoiled, clever, casual, good-looking, with his mother's small, clean features, and very gay and calculating. I saw that when I left and his mother gave me sixpence. I refused politely, but she thrust it into my trousers pocket, while Gussie pulled at her, demanding something for himself.

"If you give him a tanner, you ought to give me a tanner!" he yelled.

"I'll tan you," she said, laughing.

"Well, give us a lop, anyway," he begged, and she did give him a penny to keep him quiet, whereupon he followed me out and suggested we should go to the shop and get sweets. I told him I couldn't buy sweets without Mother's permission, at which he gave me up altogether.

IN the twilight I went back slowly over the bridges, a little regretful for that fast, colorful household but also with a new appreciation of my own home. It had been an exhausting afternoon but a very instructive one. When I went in, the lamp was lit over the fireplace and Father was at his tea.

"Wisha, what kept you, child?" Mother asked with an anxious air.

I suddenly felt slightly guilty, and I played it as I usually did whenever I was at fault—in a loud, demonstrative way. I stood in the middle of the kitchen with my cap in my hand and pointed it first at one, then at the other.

"You wouldn't believe who I met!" I said dramatically.

"Wisha, who, child?" asked Mother.

"Miss Cadogan," I said, putting my cap firmly on a chair and turning on them both again. "Miss May Cadogan. Mrs. O'Brien, as she is now."

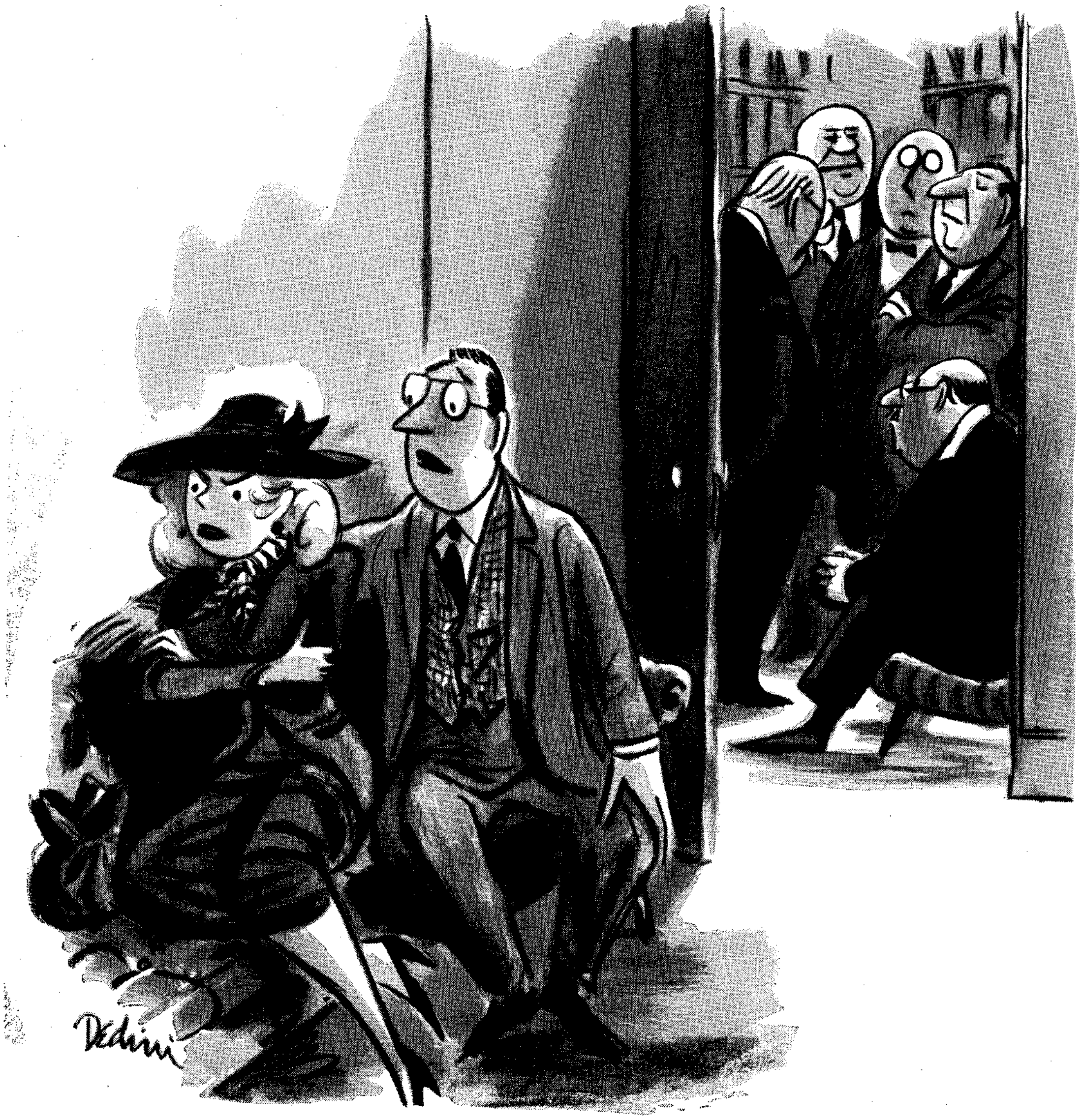
"Mrs. O'Brien?" Father exclaimed, putting down his cup. "But where did you meet Mrs. O'Brien?"

"I said you wouldn't believe it. It was near the Library. I was talking to some fellows, and what do you think but one of them was Gussie O'Brien, Mrs. O'Brien's son. And I went back home with him, and she gave me bread and jam, and she gave me *this*." I produced the sixpence with a flourish.

"Well, I'm blowed!" Father said, and looked at Mother and burst into a loud guffaw.

"And she said to tell you she remembers you, too, and that she sent her love."

"Oh, by the jumping bell of Athlone!" cried Father, and clapped his hands on his knees. I could see that he believed the story as I had told it, and was delighted with it. I could also see that Mother did not really believe a word I had said, and that she was not delighted. That was always the trouble with Mother; she did not understand the responsibilities of an intellectual child and his need for investigation and experiment. She never opened her mouth while Father questioned me about detail after detail, shaking his head in wonder and storing it all up to tell to the men in the factory. What pleased him most was Mrs. O'Brien's remembering the shape of his head, and I caught him later, while Mother was out



"Darling, the entire firm of Howlston, Martin, Webb, Penner & Connolly are trying to save our marriage. Are we going to let them down?"

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of the kitchen, looking in the mirror and stroking the back of his head.

But I knew, too, that for the first time I had managed to produce in Mother the unrest that Father could produce, and I felt wretched and guilty, and didn't know why. It was an aspect of history that I only studied later.

THAT night I was able to indulge to the full my passion for thinking about who I might have been if I hadn't been me. At last I had the material to go on. I was Gussie O'Brien, standing in the back room, looking down at the tent in the garden, and Aideen was my sister, and Mrs. O'Brien was my mother. I remembered Mrs. O'Brien's laughter, her scolding, and the way she had stroked my head. I knew she was kind—casually kind—and hot-tempered, and that in dealing with her I must somehow be a different sort of person. Reading was not enough. She would almost compel you to be as Gussie was—flattering, impertinent, and exacting. Though I could not have expressed it in those terms, she would compel you to flirt with her.

When I had had enough of thinking about what it was like to have Mrs. O'Brien for a mother, I deliberately soothed myself. It was what I did whenever I had scared myself by imagining that there was a burglar in the room or a wild beast trying to get in the attic window. I crossed my hands on my chest, looked up at the window, and thought, No, it's not like that. I'm me, Larry Delaney, not Gussie O'Brien, and my mother is Mary Delaney, and I live in 7 Wellington Cottages. Tomorrow I'll go to school at St. James, and first there will be prayers, and then arithmetic, and after that composition.... But for the first time the charm did not work. I had ceased to be Gussie, but somehow I had not yet become myself again. It was as though I had managed to creep out of my own identity and could not get back, because it was now too narrow and cramped to accommodate me—as if I were in danger of being divorced forever from Mother and home and everything permanent and familiar. I did everything I knew to reassure myself. I tried to play a counting game; then I tried to pray. But the prayer itself seemed to be distorted, as though it no longer came from me. I was away in the middle of empty space, like the soul of an unborn child. And suddenly in my anguish I found myself sobbing. The door opened and Mother came in in her nightdress, shivering, her hair about her face.

"You're not sleeping, child," she said in a wan and sleepy voice.

I snivelled, and she put her hand on my forehead.

"You're hot," she said. "What ails you?"

But I could not tell her of the nightmare in which I was lost. Instead, I took her hand and squeezed it, and gradually the terror retreated, and I became myself again, shrank into my little skin of identity. I knew I was falling asleep. "I never want anybody but you," I said.

—FRANK O'CONNOR

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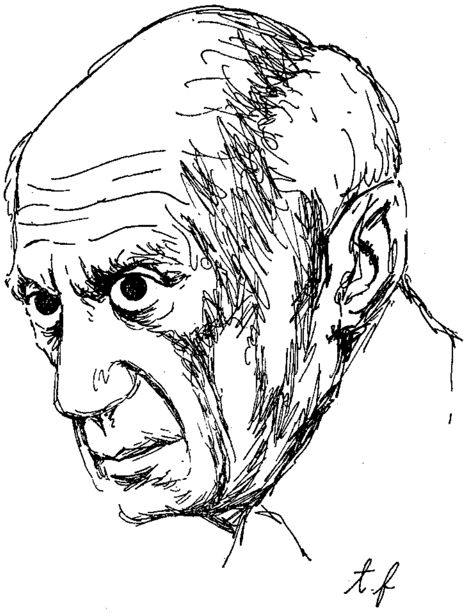
If the Class ever decides to pick the member most like Henry David Thoreau, *Ray Dykema* should be a top contender.

When Ray began selling Detroit manufacturers the products of Rotary Electric Steel Co., back in April 1955, he had to cast about for new lodgings. He finally found his Walden 40 miles from downtown Detroit: a deserted puddle named Lake Graham. The beauty of the place is that it's up against the edge of a 2,500-acre state recreation area; pheasant and rabbits nibble in the yard, and the lake has a stock of small-mouth bass.—*Princeton Alumni Weekly.*

To which he plays the saxophone on summer nights?

PROFILES

THE SURPRISE OF THE CENTURY—I



Pablo Ruiz Picasso

Pablo Ruiz Picasso began being an artist at the age of prodigy—at about seven—and at seventy-five he remains the complete phenomenon he has been throughout the intervening years. The excesses of his artistic endowment, of his will, of his life-appetites, and of his character appear to have been idiosyncratic from earliest childhood, so that becoming prodigious and phenomenal has been, for him, the only form of being natural. Even the opening report on him comes from an unusual source—his own vivid memory of how he learned to walk. More than sixty years after the event, while watching a child of his own try his first steps, he suddenly said in reminiscent satisfaction to his most intimate Spanish friend, "I remember that I learned to walk by pushing a big tin box of sweet biscuits in front of me, because I knew what was inside." What must have early distinguished him as beyond normal was his unconventionally high state of consciousness. He apparently started his life by being already intact—by being precociously ready and functioning to begin with—rather than by proceeding classically through the tentative, qualifying stages of development customary to the average very young human being. He began drawing as soon as his fingers could grasp a pencil. At school in his birthplace of Málaga, he generally had with him a pigeon from his father's pigeon cote, which he put on his desk and drew pictures of during class, as a protest against authority and against being taught anything at all. He later swore that he had not even learned to read and write at school but had taught himself. His juvenile instinct against authority has matured unchanged, and his Iberian spirit of anarchy is still one of his few traditional elements.

During his childhood, he was, naturally, not comparable to normal little boys, but he was also nothing like the other great artists of today when they were small; if one can judge from what is known, reported, and recorded of them, they were reliably ordinary children who merely grew up into astonishing men. From the first, even among artistic geniuses, Picasso was clearly the white blackbird, the *rara avis.* The precocity of his gift for drawing was so manifest that while he was still at a tender age, his father, José Ruiz, a teacher in the local School of Arts and Crafts, began giving him highly competent academic art instruction. Señor Ruiz had been a gay-spirited Andalusian wit and artist, had married late, and, by the time his son was born, had become an acrimonious, ill-paid art teacher, with his wife, his mother-in-law, two sisters-in-law, and his own growing family to support. (Pablo was followed by Dolores, three years younger than he, and eventually by another sister, Concepción, who died early.) Now and then, Señor Ruiz sold a painting of pigeons or lilacs, his specialties for bourgeois Málaga dining rooms, but as a regular thing the household was pinched for money. Young Pablo's specialty was drawing domestic animals—donkeys, cocks, and dogs—for Dolores and for his cousins Concha and María, who, to vary the monotony of his proficiency, would demand that he begin his picture at some unusual point—for instance, with the donkey's tail or the dog's hind legs—and, indeed, he could start a picture anywhere without unbalancing the likeness or the logic of the total composition. An informative new French documentary film, "Le Mystère Picasso," which was exhibited in Paris in the summer of 1956, shows the growth of several paintings and drawings under his creative hand, and it shows him beginning intricate compositions at inconsequential points of attack. In one painting, of an al-fresco female figure, he starts with her foot, then jumps his brush to sketch in part of a surrounding marine scene, then supplies her with her head—the effective irrationality of his procedure being founded on his supreme sureness (which, in a simplified way, he perfectly demonstrated as a little boy) about the exact position of the parts of his picture he has not yet visibly supplied.

When Pablo was still very small, his father patriotically took him to the Sunday bullfights. The cruel and animated pictorial qualities of tauromachy seem to have left more than the usual aesthetic and psychological impressions on his violent little sensibilities, being later summed up in the suffering horses and the handsome and monstrous traumatic bulls who charged through his canvases, caparisoned with so many varying symbols and transferred meanings that both animals ultimately became part of his private mythology. In teaching him, his pedantic father redundantly urged him to work hard; working at art seemed to the boy a natural frenzy. He dominated the family as if he were an outsider. At about the age of eleven, he held his first public art exhibition—in the doorway of an umbrella shop in Corunna, a Galician town ill-famed for its rain, where his wretched father, who liked sunshine, had a temporary teaching post. When Pablo was thirteen, his father, as a sign of artistic resignation, handed over his paints and brushes and never painted his flowers or fowl again. Pablo painted sufficiently for both of them. At fourteen, he was doing portraits of his family in an adult, masculine, Spanish style. He painted an excellent, still extant profile of his mother, who was handsome and loving and his favorite, and a tortured, psychologically brilliant full-face portrait, also still preserved, of his bearded, middle-aged father, who is holding his head in his hand and frowning, without focus, in worry and disappointment. In 1895, Señor Ruiz was promoted to teach at the Provincial School of Fine Arts in Barcelona, and Pablo, because of his father's position, was exceptionally permitted to take the school's competitive entrance examinations the next year, when he was only fifteen. The elaborate examinations were ordinarily spread over a month (they included drawing a male nude from a life-class model), but he completed them in one day and, furthermore, won first place over all the adult competitors. Once admitted to the school, he paid very little attention to its classes. Instead, he worked in a poor, cold studio—one of the first of a series—that his father had rented for him around the corner from the Calle del Aviñó, or Avignon Street, where there happened to be a brazen night-life establishment of considerably more warmth and color. Eleven years later, in 1907, he painted the dynamic canvas that was finally known as "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" and that marked an epoch in European art. Though he rarely gives names to his pictures unless he is forced to by his art merchant (and then, he says, he titles them with "the first thing that comes into my head"), he did have a working title for this revolutionary painting—"Le Bordel d'Avignon." The euphemistic substitute title was later suggested by a young art-critic friend.

In 1897, a year after he made the acquaintance of the ladies of the Calle del Aviñó, he repeated his examination prodigies at the San Fernando Royal Academy of Fine Arts, in Madrid, where a doctor uncle, his father's most prosperous brother, had kindly sent him to study—though, unfortunately, with only a pittance to live on. In Madrid, as in Barcelona, he immediately deserted the classes as if they were cemeteries. For him, academic art was dead; he was alive. (A few years afterward, in Paris, when Leo Stein, the famous Miss Gertrude Stein's less famous brother, told him almost in reproof that he already drew as well as Rubens, he said, "If you think I draw that well like somebody else, why shouldn't I draw only like me? I would rather imitate my paintings than another painter's." Though extrovert, he could learn from himself alone.) Later in 1897, an important formative event occurred. He fell ill of scarlatina and was sent for eight months' convalescence to a village called Horta de San Juan, in Catalonia—a region that was even then agitating for autonomy. He afterward said that he learned there "everything I know." His statements have always tended to be extravagant, as if too full either of imagination or of truth. What he learned in Catalonia, living among the peasants, was the totality of their poverty. He himself, of course, had come from the penurious semi-intellectual bourgeoisie, and he had roamed the picturesque poor quarters of Barcelona and Madrid with his penniless art-student friends, but this ugly, barren poverty on the Spanish land was his first view of some men's helpless fate. His recollection of it, reinforced by the misery he himself knew in his early days in Paris (where he had to burn his drawings to keep warm), produced the pathetic, socially conscious pictures of his brief Blue Period, such as the portraits of "The Mistletoe Vender" and "Woman Ironing," and the etching of the bitter-faced, semi-starved couple in "The Frugal Repast." (Together with the pictures of the brightly dressed social outcasts of his Rose Period—the circus harlequins, saltimbanques, and scarlet-clad jugglers—they are still the general public's emotional favorites.) The Catalan experience was also the basic background for his ultimate joining of the French Communist Party.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

Woken, I lay in the arms of my own warmth and listened
To a storm enjoying its storminess in the winter dark
Till my ear, as it can when half asleep or half sober,
Set to work to unscramble that interjectory uproar,
Construing its airy vowels and watery consonants
Into a love speech indicative of a proper name.

Scarcely the tongue I should have chosen, yet, as well
As harshness and clumsiness would allow, it spoke in your praise,
Kenning you a godchild of the Moon and the West Wind,
With power to tame both real and imaginary monsters,
Likening your poise of being to an upland county,
Here green on purpose, there pure blue for luck.

Loud though it was, alone as it certainly found me,
It reconstructed a day of peculiar silence
When a sneeze could be heard a mile off, and had me walking
On a headland of lava beside you, the occasion as ageless
As the stare of any rose, your presence exactly
So once, so valuable, so very new.

This, moreover, at an hour when only too often
A smirking devil annoys me in beautiful English,
Predicting a world where every sacred location
Is a sand-buried site all cultured Texans "do,"
Misinformed and thoroughly fleeced by their guides,
And gentle hearts are extinct like Hegelian bishops.

Grateful, I slept till a morning that would not say
How much it believed of what I said the storm had said
But quietly drew my attention to what had been done—
So many cubic metres the more in my cistern
Against a leonine summer—putting first things first:
Thousands have lived without love, not one without water.

—W. H. Auden

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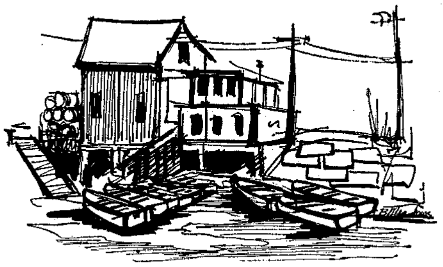
Toward the end of 1898, when Pablo had just turned seventeen, he suddenly ceased signing his pictures "P. Ruiz Picasso," dropped his father's patronymic, and started using only his mother's family name. By Spanish custom, a child's legal surname is dual, being that of both parents combined, with the mother's maiden name coming last but the father's family name being what the child is called by. That the young painter should have dropped the paternal surname was irregular—and also inconsiderate, for at his birth he had been particularly welcome in the family circle as the sole perpetuator in sight of the family name of Ruiz, despite his father's having been one of eleven Ruiz children. The sire of the clan, Señor Diego Ruiz de Almoguera, a Málaga glove manufacturer, had disappointingly fathered seven daughters, and of José's three brothers, brother Diego, though married, was childless; brother Salvador, the doctor, was a widower with only two girls; and brother Pablo, recently deceased, for whom the newcomer was named, had been a priest, risen to become a canon of the Málaga cathedral. José's welcomed male infant was born at a quarter past eleven on the night of October 25, 1881, and a fortnight later was baptized



"Miss! Oh, Miss! For God's sake, stop!"

* * *

Pablo Diego José Francisco de Paula Juan Nepomuceno María de los Remedios Cipriano de la Santísima Trinidad Ruiz Picasso, the compound fourth name being for his grandfather Francisco de Paula Picasso, the compound fifth name being for his godfather Juan Nepomuceno Blasco y Barroso, a lawyer who was his father's cousin, and the rest being conventional pious Catholic additions. In the recent solemn research dedicated to turning up every conceivable fact about the ultra-famous Picasso, it has come to light that Picasso's father's family can be traced back, through José Ruiz's grandmother, to include a distinguished holy brother, the Venerable Almoguera, who died in an odor of sanctity in 1676 as Archbishop and Viceroy of Lima, Peru, in a monastery he had founded. Disappointingly enough, the Picasso side, which Pablo chose to feature, yields nothing farther back than a photograph of his

"It's a green Pontiac with genuine leather upholstery."

• •

great-grandmother. "Picasso" was an unusual and little-known name in Málaga, and reportedly of Italian origin (which the artist himself denies). Pablo's grandfather Francisco de Paula Picasso had been educated in England, for some reason, and afterward—Cuba being still under Spanish rule—had ventured out to Havana as the head of the local customs service. He died there of yellow fever, or perhaps in mysterious circumstances—the family was never sure. Possibly because Pablo was more strongly attached to his mother than to his father, possibly because her name was the prettier, and certainly the rarer, of the two, or possibly because he himself was already violently drawn toward the arbitrary and unprecedented, the young rebel, to the chagrin of the Ruiz clan, who were thus lost to posterity (as well as to future world fame), chose to be known and to paint from then on as a Picasso.

The young Picasso made four assaults upon Paris, that alluring European art citadel, before he was able to enter and remain. The first was a visit of only two months, in 1900, at the age of nineteen, with the permission and assistance of his parents, who, with difficulty, paid his railway fare. ("I later discovered," he once told a friend bitterly, "that this left them with only a few pesetas to live on for the rest of the month.") The second was the next year, when he spent from June to December in the city and then was defeated by a combination of poverty, hunger, and French cold. A third sally followed in 1902, and finally, in 1904, he slipped in permanently, like an unrecognized explosive foreign body. He came to rest in the battered old Montmartre tenement called the Bateau-Lavoir (because it looked like one of the Seine laundry boats), and there he stayed maturing for five years, rapidly growing into his first period of importance in France.

MORE is known about Picasso and his career than has been discovered and recorded about any other painter of our time—indeed, of any time. "Probably no painter in history has been so written about—attacked and defended, explained and obscured, slandered and honored by so many writers with so many words—at least in his lifetime," declared one of the most internationally admired writers on Picasso, Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr., of the New York Museum of Modern Art, in his book "Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art." Published in 1946, it even then listed five hundred and twenty-two substantial works on the painter. No doubt more art lovers today know that he was discovered in his early Paris period by Miss Gertrude Stein and her brother Leo Stein, and that they paid the equivalent of thirty dollars for their first Picasso, "Girl with Basket of Flowers," than know or care that King François I of France paid Leonardo da Vinci four thousand gold florins for the "Mona Lisa." For the better part of half a century, Picasso has been the dominating art personality of Europe and the Western world—a small, intense man who, like a magnet, has attracted intellectual interest and public curiosity and, like a furnace, has heated and fused them into a gigantic core of influence, adulation, admiration, disapproval, and some hatred, inside which he has lived and worked. Today, at seventy-five, he still functions in periodic concentrations of his remorseless energy. The black mane of his youth, with that celebrated lock of hair that fell over one eye—cutting his forehead "like a scar," as an early friend remarked—has long since disappeared. His large head is now an impressive almost bare cranium, from which his bright, jet-black eyes, rather like the bold eyes of a bull, peer out with unabated attention. His strong, short, muscular body hardly looks middle-aged in its flesh and proportions (recently made publicly visible in the "Mystère Picasso" film, where he wore only shorts and sandals).

Excessive in himself, he has always inspired hyperbole in others as the only logical method of dealing with his special case. The single humble book written on Picasso, containing uniquely intimate human observations made of him, off and on, for nearly fifty years, usually from such close range as the other side of the room, is that by his compatriot and secretary, the poet Jaime Sabartés, who has known him for fifty-seven

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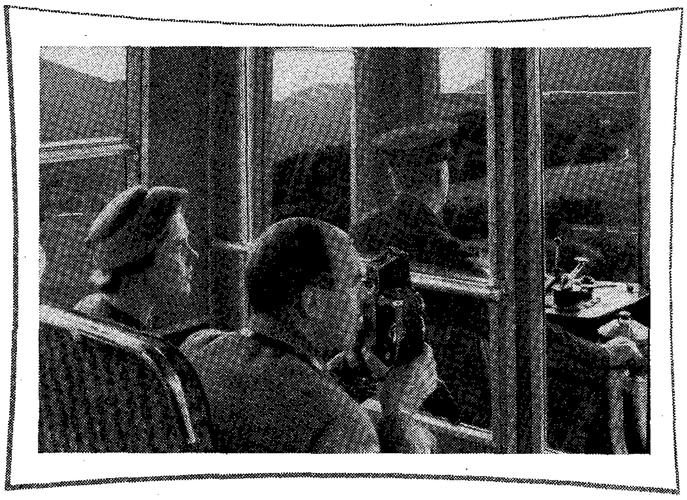

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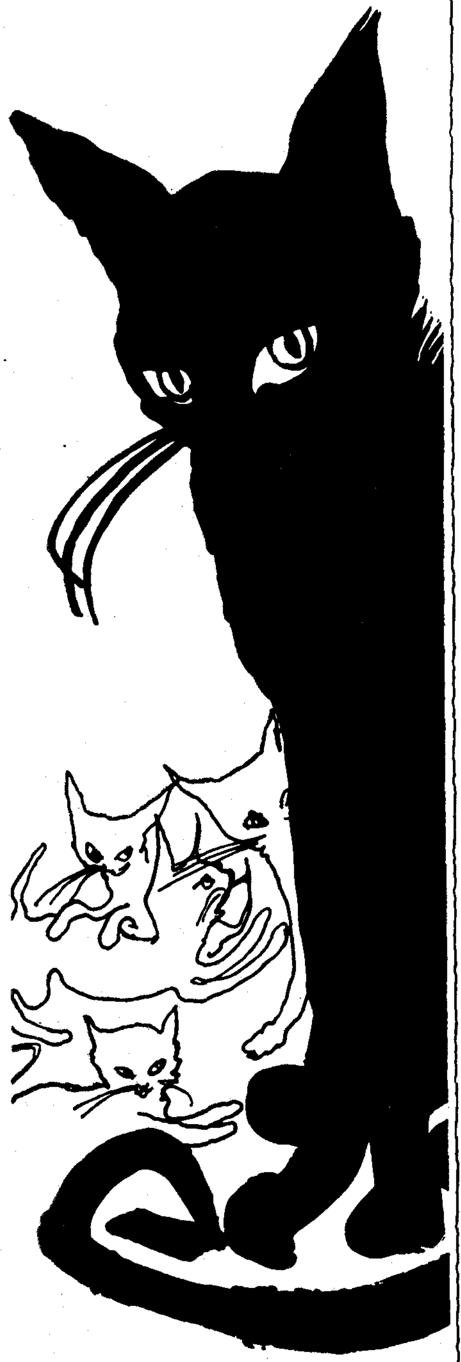

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years and has lived with him for many of them. Called "Picasso: Portraits et Souvenirs," and published just after the Second World War, it was begun as a private production, to fill in empty hours. Only afterward was it modestly offered as "a guide for whoever seeks forgotten or unknown details" about the painter. It does not pretend to vie with the other books on Picasso (to most of which it is in many ways superior as an analysis) but merely presents "what I know of his life when mine followed the same course—a sort of chronicle, but only of the periods I directly observed, when I was in close touch and continually saw him, listened to him, watched him." Sabartés first knew Picasso in 1899, in the artist cafés of Barcelona, and early called on him in a poor studio room he had rented from a family who used the rest of the apartment for their trade of making corsets. In 1901, Picasso painted a Blue Period, romanticized portrait of Sabartés (long-haired, handsomer, and without his spectacles), and in 1939, after the war had broken out and they were in the fishing village of Royan, on the Atlantic coast of southern France, he painted several more portraits of him, the most notable depicting him as a medieval Spanish intellectual, in a white ruff and plumed hat, with his modern horn-rimmed glasses perched upside down across his cheek. In his book, Sabartés furnishes the backdrop of Picasso's youth as the artist recalled it in adult reminiscences, and in a second volume, "Picasso: Documents Iconographiques," published in 1954, he provides more than two hundred documentary photographs—of Picasso's birth certificate, of his birthplace, of almost all the places where he has lived in France, of his family, and so on. The particular quality of Sabartés' information, which alternates in its intimacy between the uninteresting humdrum events in the life of a genius and the exceptional psychological peaks that marked out the course of his art, is that it deftly audits Picasso's character ingredients, as well as the private movements of his mind when brooding, chatting, and painting.

Sabartés recently described Picasso as having a brain like *un incendie cérébral*—a molten mind comparable to a volcano in constant eruption, an intelligence in a perpetual state of susceptibility. With Picasso, Sabartés noted, "thought and action are paired." Then, launching into an assessment as consecutive as a household inventory, he went on to say that Picasso is a stranger to premeditation, his whole entity being

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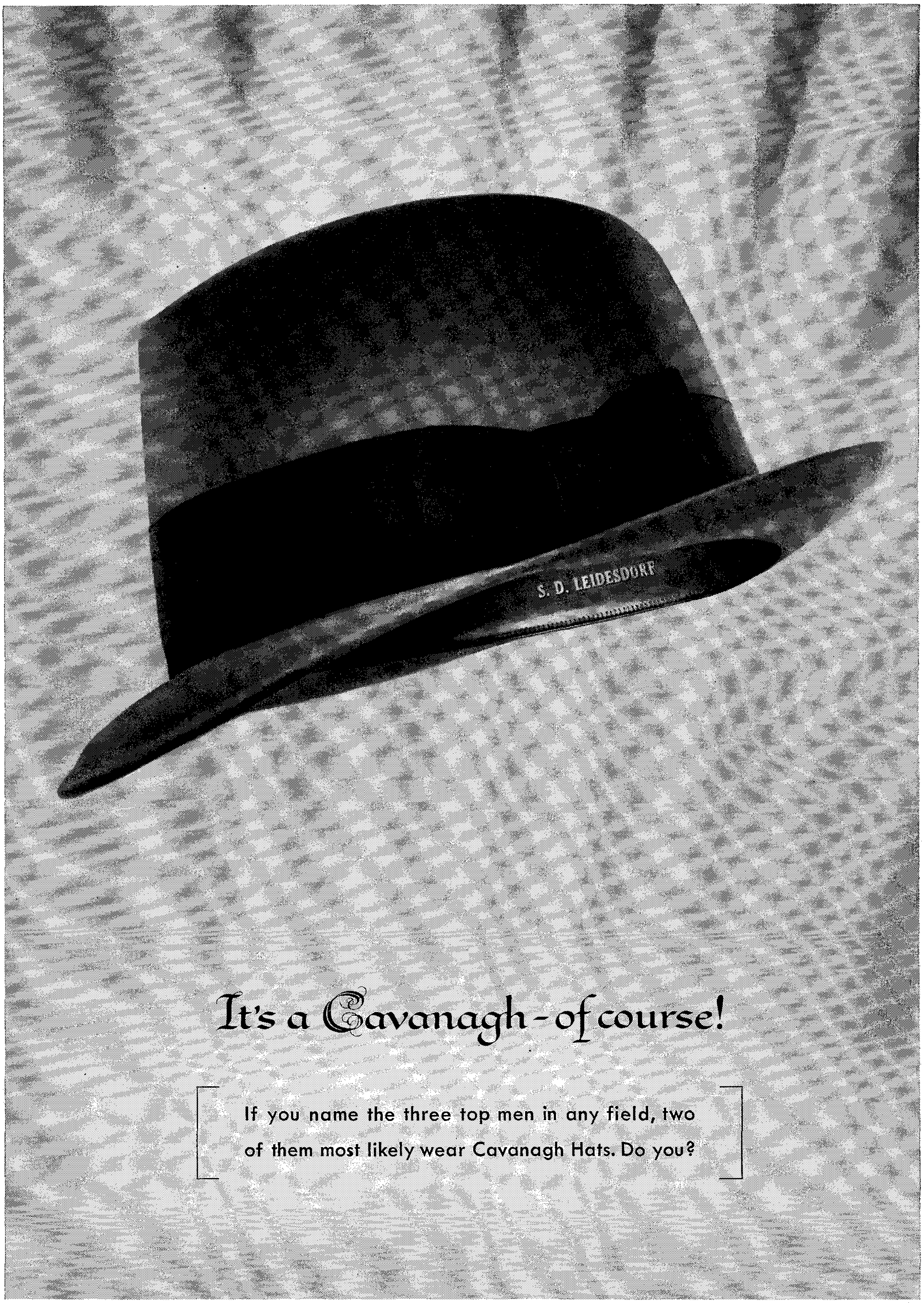
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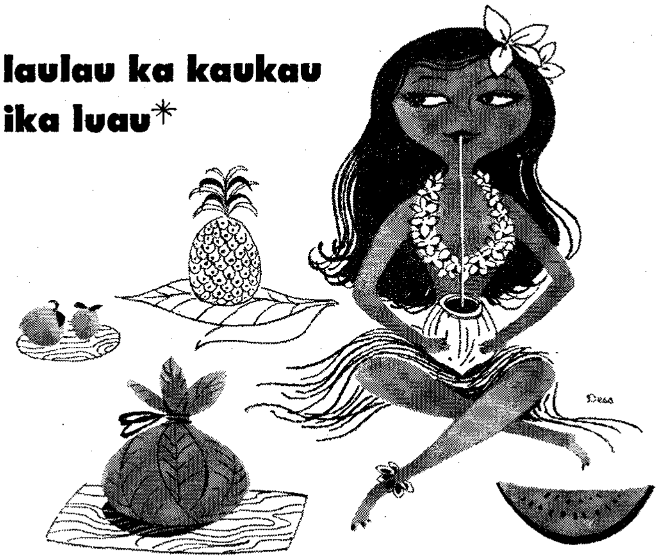

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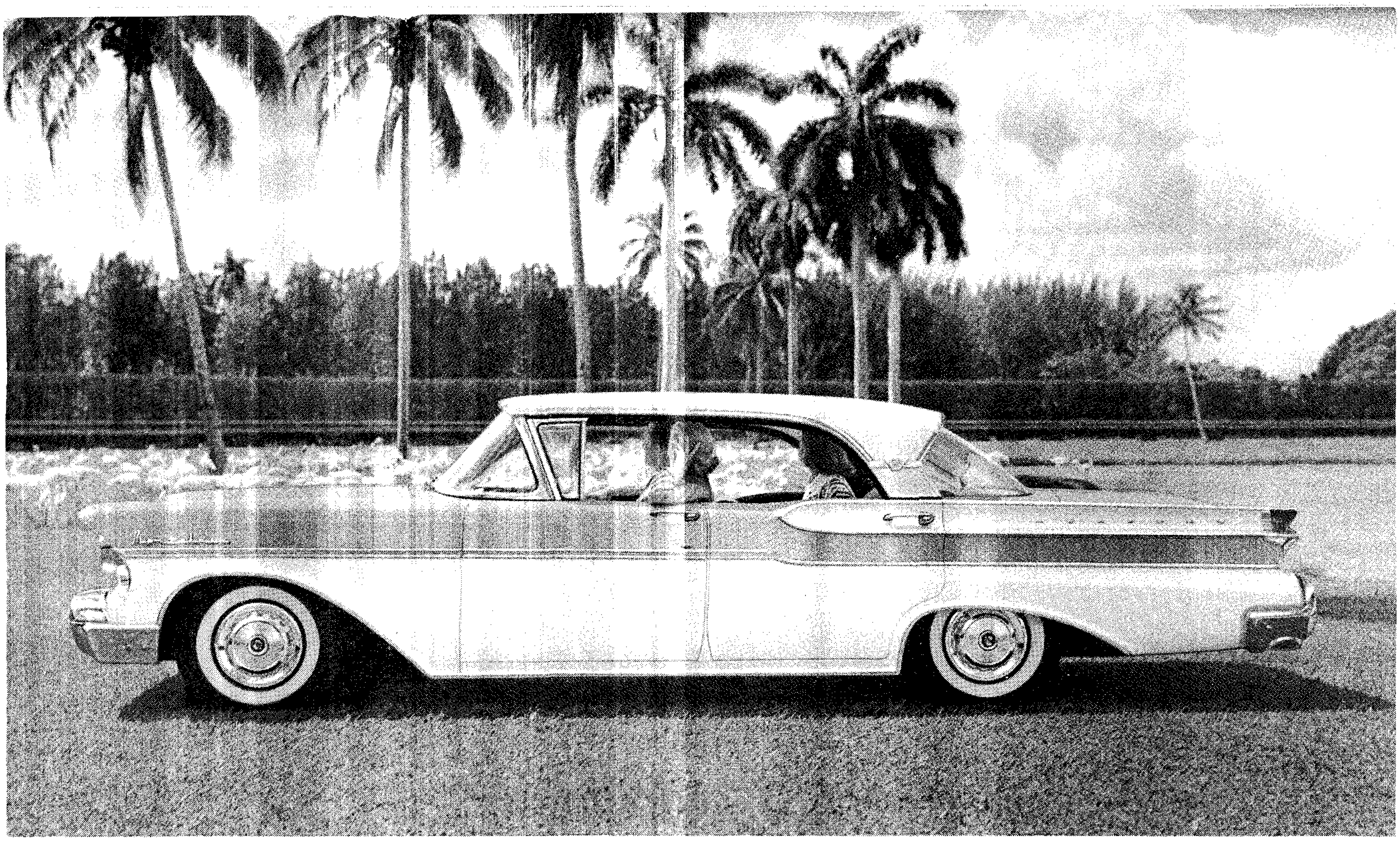
Physically, Picasso has always been abnormally alert. His eyes are inordinately quick at seizing and noting details, and he likes to pamper his extraordinarily acute sense of smell. In his early, impoverished Montmartre days, whenever (as rarely happened) he had a hundred francs to invest in pleasure, he would buy a big bottle of eau de cologne for Fernande Olivier, the first and most historic of his many public Paris attachments. His reaction to music, however, has always been nil, aside from a fondness for Spanish-gypsy guitar playing and songs. One night at a gathering in his studio, Braque started singing the major themes of one of Beethoven's symphonies; Picasso was the only person present who could not fall in, even stumblingly. To a musician friend he once said, "I know nothing about music. I don't even understand enough to enjoy it without the risk of being wrong."

His gestation of an idea for a picture is so rapid that its very brevity keeps it from exhausting him. When he starts to work, nothing distracts him and everything disturbs him. Without looking or listening, he sees and hears all that is going on around him—"and guesses the rest," Sabartés says. When working, he is hyperconscious of what, when not working, he refuses to pay any attention to, such as a ringing doorbell or telephone, or messages being



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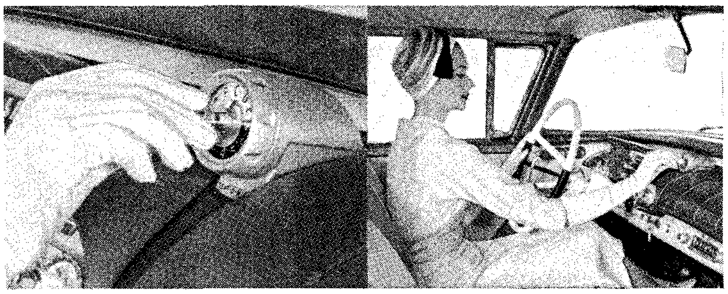

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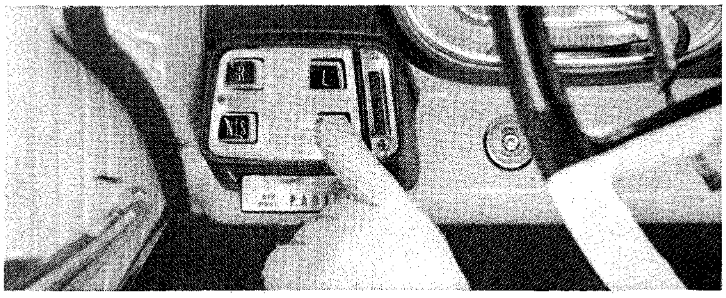

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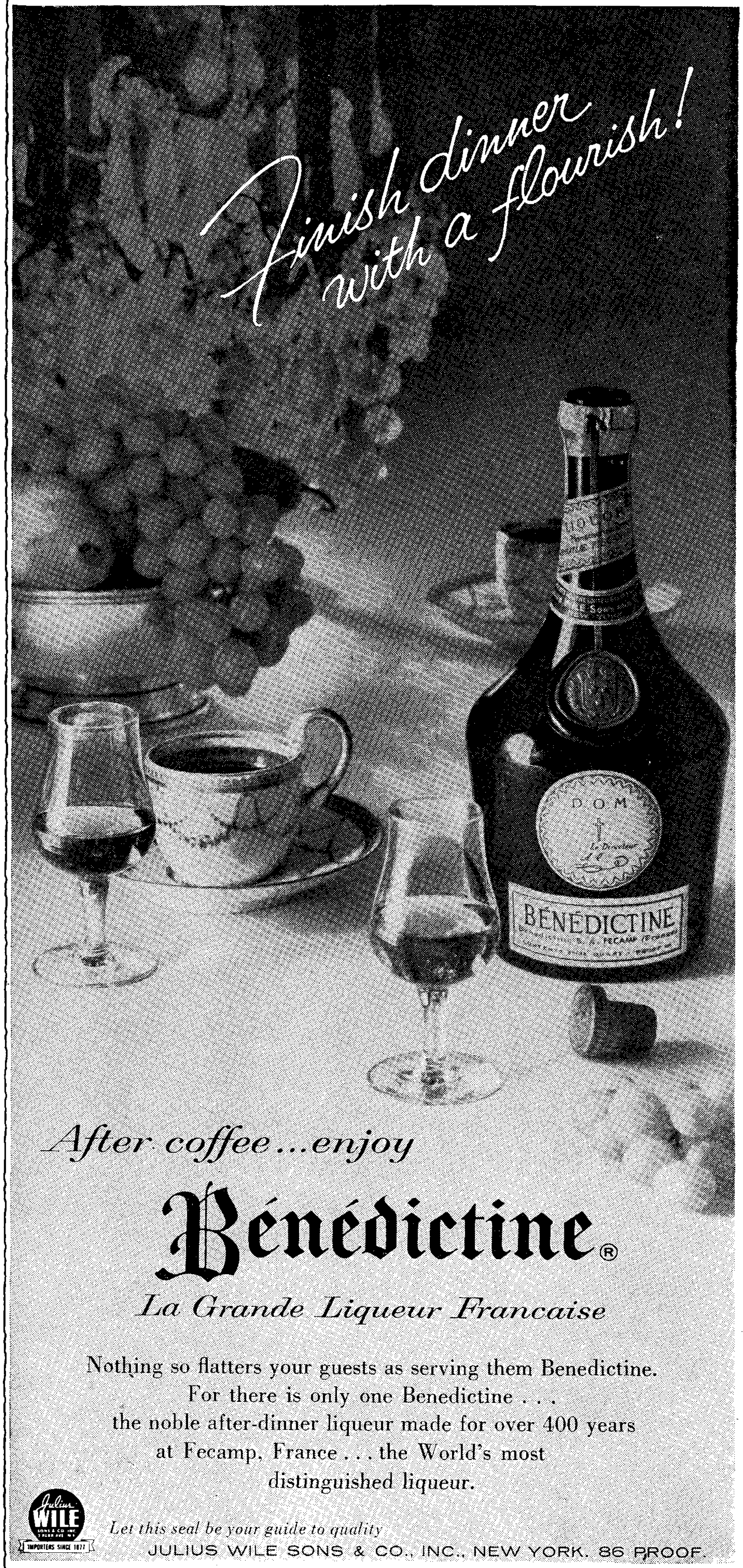
delivered for him, or quiet questions being asked in the hall. As a palette for his colors he is liable to use the wall, or a newspaper lying on his studio table, or the seat of a kitchen chair (he once bought several such chairs at a junk shop for just this purpose), and he has been known to mix his colors on the windowpane, to gauge their translucence. He paints sitting down, bent almost double before the canvas, which he pegs at the lowest level of his easel. According to an artist friend, when he begins a new picture "his eyes widen, his nostrils flare, he frowns, he attacks the canvas like a picador sticking a bull." This seems a reasonable simile, to judge by "Le Mystère Picasso," which shows half a dozen of his paintings being created, from the first brush stroke on to completion, and developing with such rapid thrust and violence, with such acrobatics of imaginative defense and maneuver, that the major compositions seem to proceed by torture to their final shape.

OF the trio of modern master painters—Matisse, Braque, and Picasso—only Picasso is referred to by people who have known all three as what they call "a presence," apparently meaning a ruling personality, intact in its force and its manifestations, that establishes a sense of distance and of difference from all that encircles him. They regard him as a unique man of his time. "He is the surprise of the century," one has said. Most of his friends believe that his genius projects far beyond the limits of art; they measure him less as an artist than as an inventor, whose paintings are only illustrations of what he has been unable to formulate in any other way. (Several friends, for instance, think that Matisse was a better painter, and that Braque has never shown the compositional weaknesses that Picasso has restlessly demonstrated.) Picasso has created his own universe, they point out, with his own race of human beings and his own forms of beasts, myths, and nature, and he has consciously imagined time and space in terms of his own compositions. In their opinion, Picasso is unique and a phenomenon because of what Sabartés has oddly described in his psychological inventory as his *déclic créateur*, or his creative lever—a supreme mechanism, apparently built into him at birth, by which he functionally invents and makes the new that for him takes the place of visual reality. Some years ago, standing in a young friend's kitchen, he picked up a small trivet from



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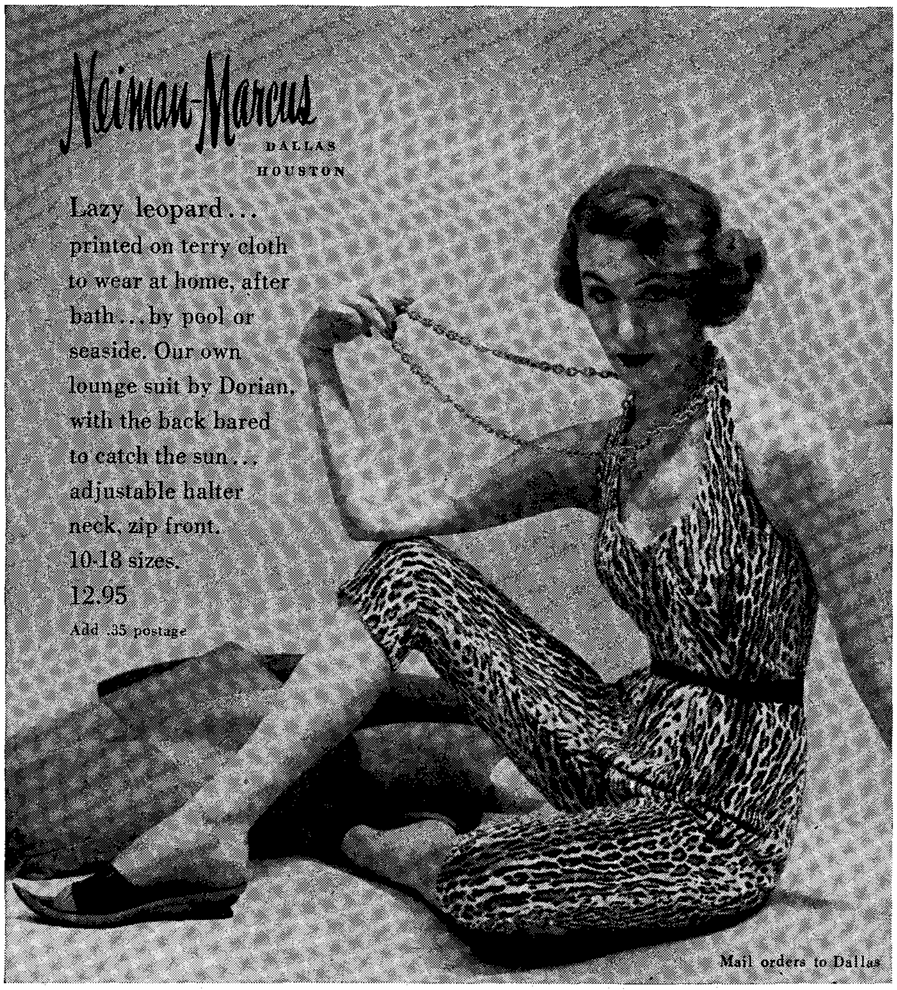
the top of the gas stove and said, "This is first-class Negro art"—which, after he said it, it certainly resembled. His wit and his profound interest in the repetition of forms, beginning with the magic similarities created by nature itself, have led him to an almost literary appreciation of the humor implied by the resemblance of one thing to another—like a pun visibly performed by objects.

Disguise, too, has always fascinated him. In one of his earliest self-portraits, painted at the age of fifteen, he portrayed himself in a white wig and the costume of the eighteenth century; a few years later he elaborately sketched himself as a Barcelona swell, in a top hat, a white silk scarf, and a chesterfield—none of which he possessed, of course. One of his first sketches of himself in Paris showed him in front of the Moulin Rouge dressed in bicycle breeches, though he had no bicycle, either; another showed him in a toga, lying on a beach, palette in hand. He has painted himself wearing a Pharaoh's crown, and in various other forms of headgear—a student's cap, a workingman's cap, a *vie de bohème* large black hat, and a sombrero. In 1905, he painted a beautiful portrait of himself dressed as a harlequin. In September, 1914, at his request, Braque took a photograph of him wearing Braque's French Army uniform. The past few summers, at Vallauris, where he had a villa until recently (it is not far from his present villa, above Cannes), Picasso has staged a bullfight—in the French way, with a real bull but no final death stroke—which has allowed him to indulge in a flurry of the costuming he so violently enjoys. When "Le Mystère Picasso" was lately shown at the Film Festival in Cannes—where he has long been famous for his negligee dress of shorts, sandals, and fisherman's striped shirt—he surprisingly turned up at the première formally dressed (for the first time in twenty-five years, or so he afterward said) in an old bowler hat and a dinner jacket. In his studio, he is still inclined to astonish friends by suddenly appearing "in the most unexpected getups," as an Englishman among them recently put it. A Paris art magazine a few months ago printed a snapshot of him, taken in 1955, in which he looked very unexpected indeed, for he was wearing a white yachting cap, and false whiskers and a false nose, like a circus clown of his old Montmartre days.

In one way, at least, Picasso fulfills the popular notion of the conventional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artist, who is always supposed to work in a studio cluttered by disorder. (The notion is mostly untrue today among eminent painters; Matisse's studio, for instance, was as tidy as a rich doctor's waiting room, and the dandified Braque keeps his workrooms as well tended and polished as the shoes on his feet.) Once given a chance to accumulate, the clutter in Picasso's successive studios and apartments has never varied since his days in the Bateau-Lavoir. He has lived and painted on the Boulevard de Clichy, in Montmartre; on the Boulevard Raspail, in Montparnasse; on the Rue Schoelcher, near the Montparnasse Cemetery; on the Rue Victor Hugo, in the Paris suburb of Montrouge; and then, for twenty-one years, starting in 1918, in a studio-flat on the Rue La Boétie. In 1930, he bought, near Gisors, the handsome Louis XV château of Boisgeloup, with its splendid classic façade of red brick and white stone, and then, because it was too far away except for weekends, rented a house at Le Tremblay-sur-Mauldre from Ambroise Vollard, his one-time picture merchant, for midweek evasions of Paris. In every case, he has taken root where he lived. When he finally broke connections with the Rue La Boétie, a woman friend said that the process was like pulling up a mandrake, which is supposed to scream at being uprooted. Though he moved out of the flat in 1939, he held on to the place, largely as a storage depot for his thousands of pictures, until 1951, and would not have quit it even then if he had not been forced to do so by a postwar housing-shortage law that prohibited anyone from possessing manifold dwellings in Paris. His situation, as usual, was complicated. It seems that in 1938 he had taken a studio on the Rue des Grands-Augustins for more room, but he continued to live and work on the Rue La Boétie. Then, in the summer of 1940, on his return from Royan to Nazi Paris, he began living in his new studio. It takes up the two top floors of a shabby but distinguished edifice that until the Revolution formed part of the Hôtel de Savoie-Carignan, an elegant private dwelling. The stone carvings around his handsomely proportioned studio windows are its finest relics today. Since 1955, however, he has lived—in his comfortable, impoverished manner—in his costly mansion in the hills above Cannes. Called the Villa Californie, it is a large, tastelessly built Edwardian house, with big salons, which are perfect for studios. It sits in a neglected garden, now ornamented with gigantic

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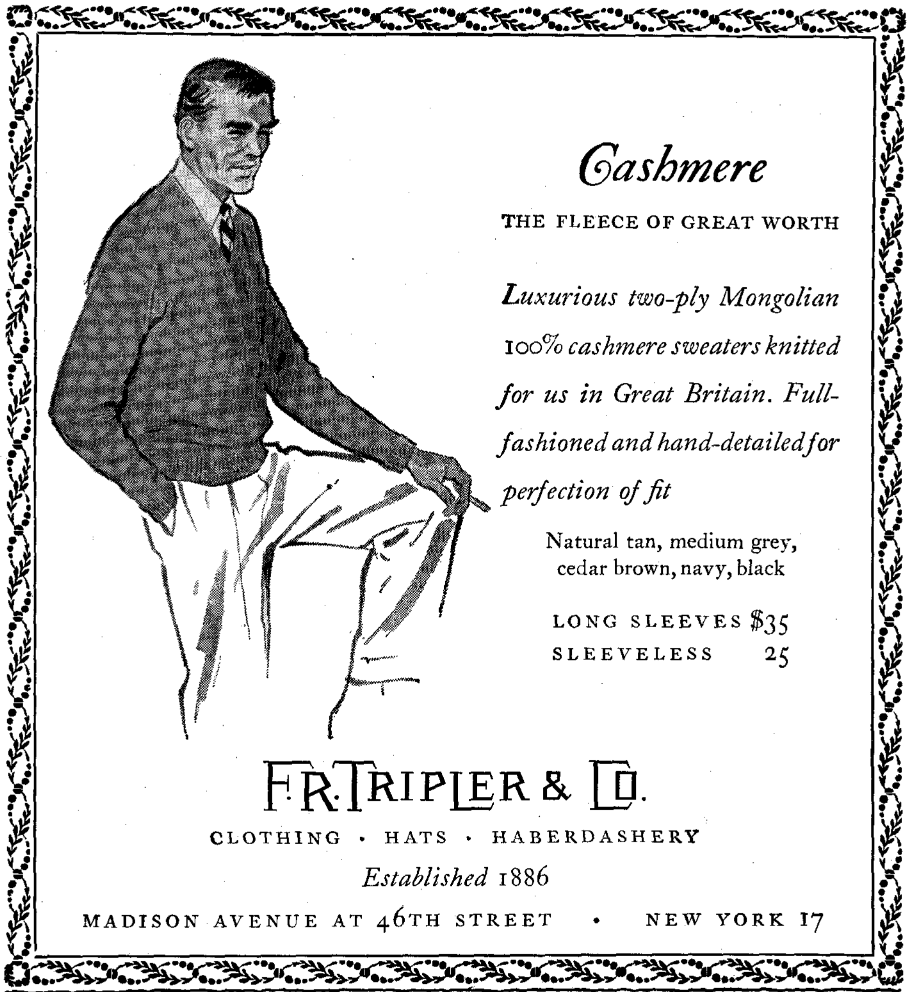
ceramic figures that he has made. Scattered about the salons are crates of his belongings, still unpacked after their extensive odyssey from his apartment on the Rue La Boétie. His friends use them as chairs and tables. The scarce real furniture is dilapidated by use, by having frequently been moved from house to house, and by his indifference. He inherited some good Spanish cabinets from his parents, but they have failed to survive. Around his studios, there has always been a mixture of Negro sculpture, bronze statues, pottery, broken-stringed musical instruments, and paintings—like the unsorted overflow of a provincial museum. Besides his own canvases, he has some valuable paintings by other modern artists. He owns half a dozen Cézannes, including a "View of L'Estaque;" two Renoirs, one of which is a fine female figure; and several canvases by the Douanier Rousseau, whom he knew well and who he believed—as nearly no other painter did at that time—"represented perfection in a certain category of French thought." Among Picasso's Rousseaus is the Douanier's double portrait of himself and Mme. Rousseau with a lamp. He has half a dozen canvases by Matisse, including a "Still-Life with Oranges," which he particularly admires, and a fine 1913 *papier-collé* given him by Braque. As a rule, these pictures—as well as most of his own—are posed carefully in corners, faces to the wall.

The disorder in which Picasso lives is psychologically very informative—a special, static, organized disorder, mystifying to visitors, touching to his friends. It consists of a confusing, dusty, heteroclite accretion of objects—many of them valueless, or ephemeral and kept beyond their time—behind which he seems to immure himself in order to feel at ease and resident. It is a disarray that he studiously protects—nobody is permitted to tidy up and destroy it—and that both stimulates and comforts him. He saves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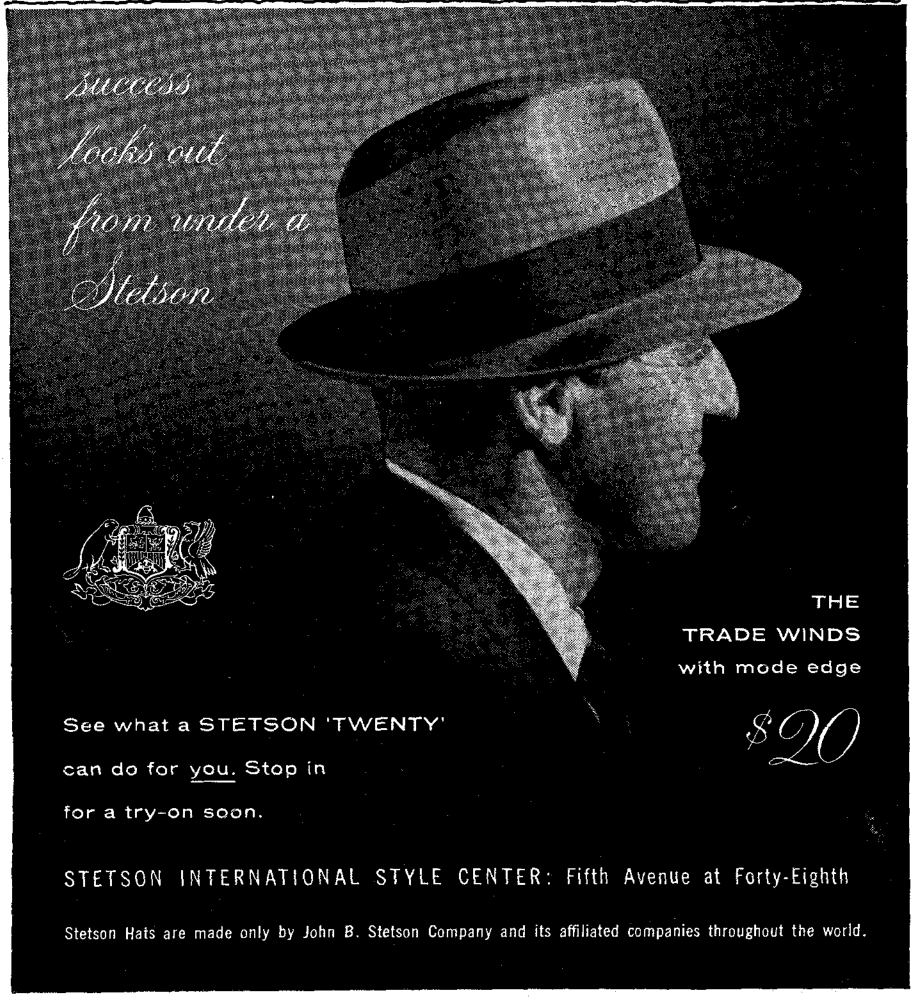
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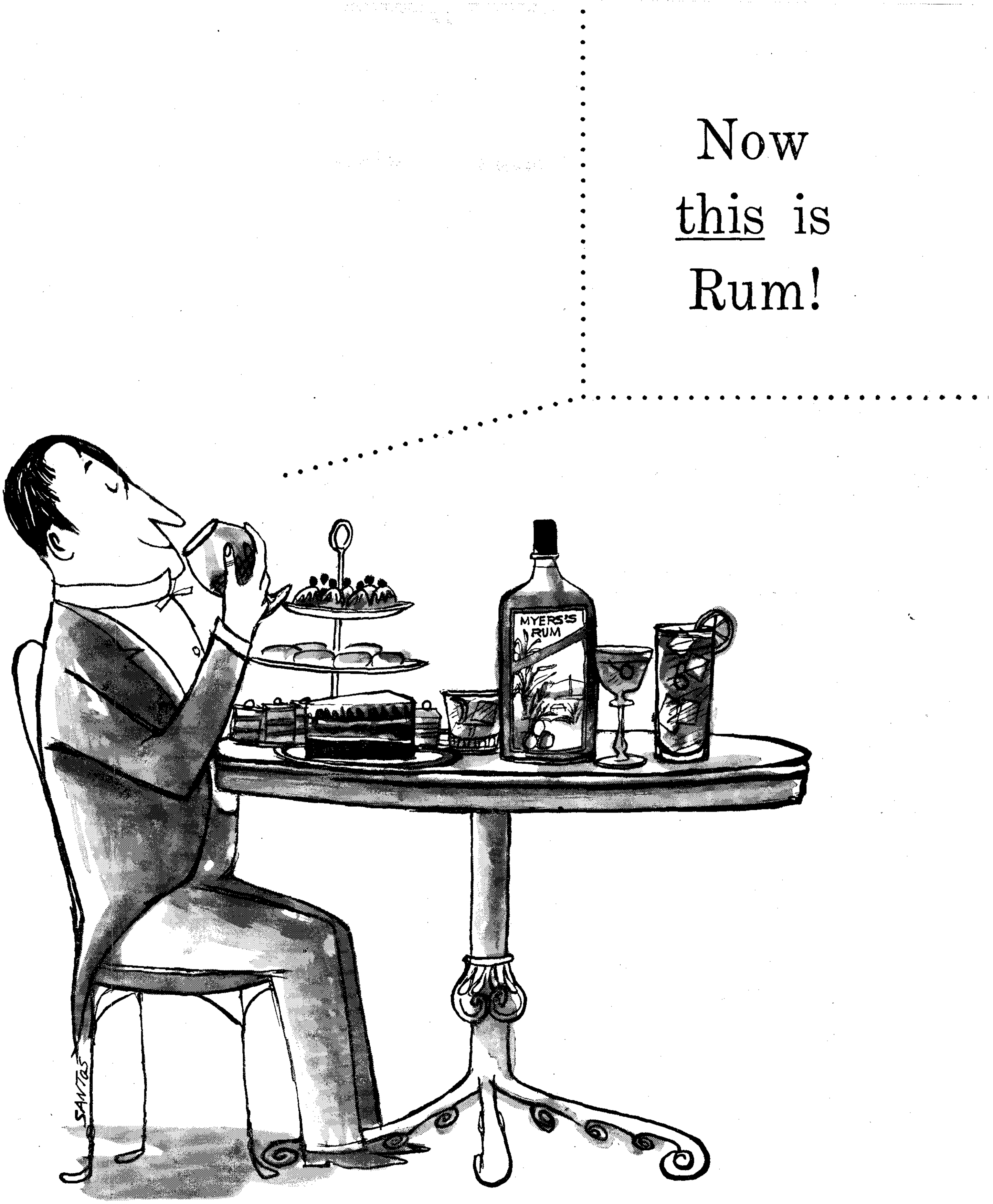
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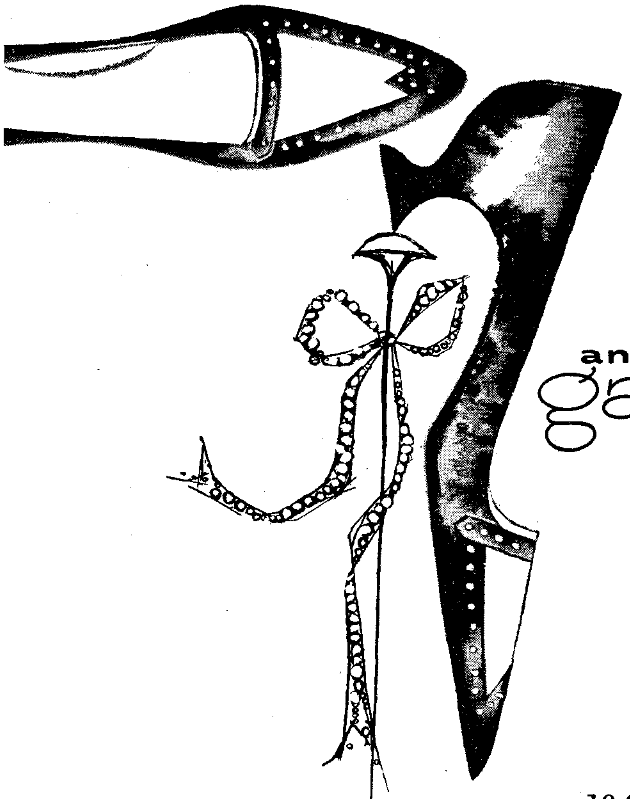

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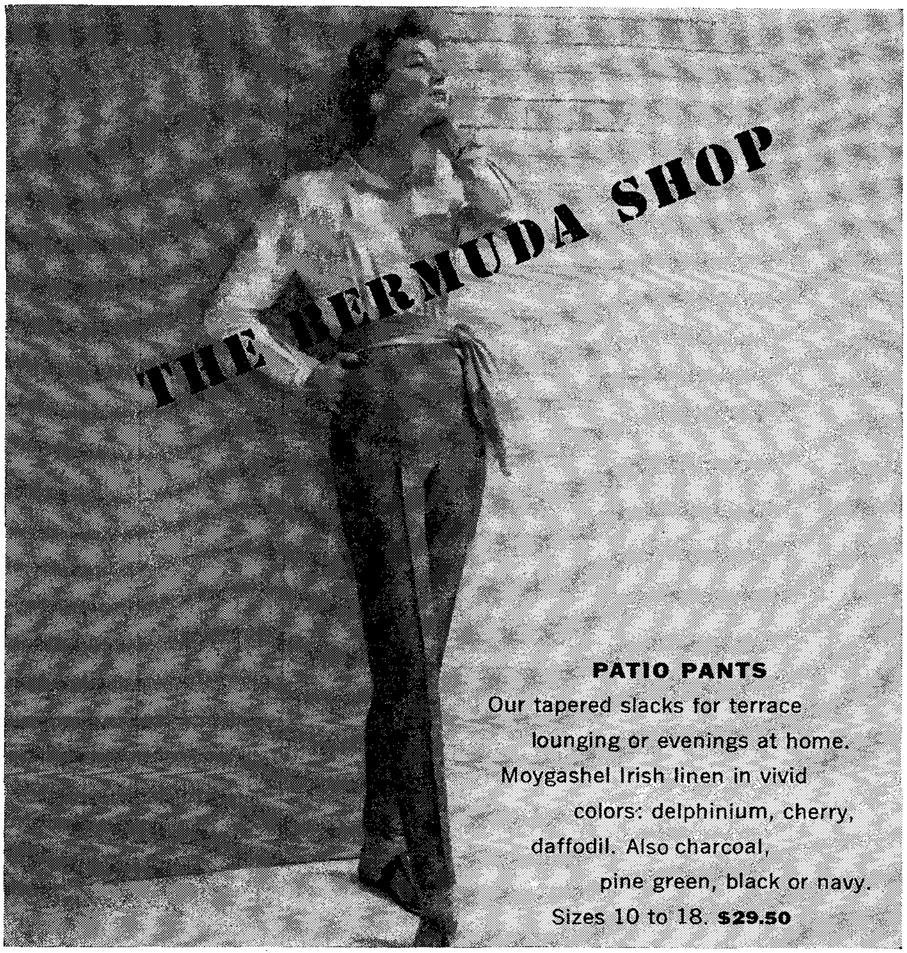

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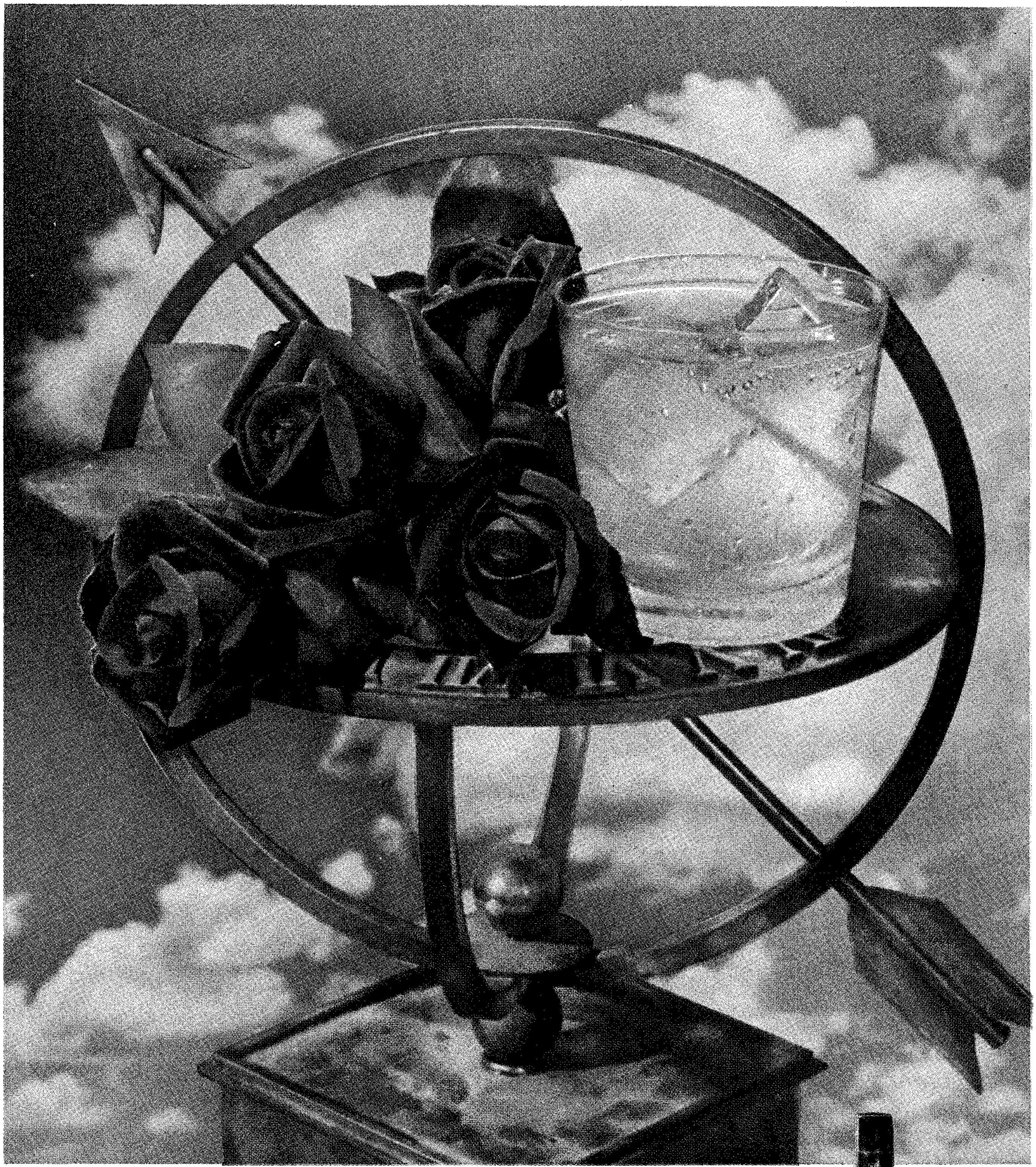
everything—half-empty boxes of Spanish matches, half-filled boxes of desiccated Spanish cigars. For years, he kept an old hatbox full of superannuated neckties. In his Rue des Grands-Augustins flat, the telephone serves as a paperweight, holding down telephone bills, invitations to art exhibitions long since past, calling cards, addresses, and stray papers inscribed with special information—all impounded together so they will be handy if he ever chooses to look at them. The mantelpiece overflows with postcards, letters, snapshots, calendars, art-sale catalogues, maybe a box of chocolates, new writing paper, and press clippings, ranged in confused, mixed piles. There are more piles of things on the tables and chairs. Because of his theory that anything not in sight is irretrievably lost, things merely go permanently astray. The pockets of his jackets are frayed by what he picks up in his peregrinations: pebbles of unlikely shapes, shells, bits of promising bone, pieces of deformed wood, sections of metal—discarded fragments that no longer look like whatever they were at first and so are free to look like something new, different, and stimulating to him. Everything is always privileged to lie where he puts it down or where chance happens to place it, to mature *in situ*, so that his glance can come to rest on the immobility of these surroundings he has brought to pass. It is a collection caused by nothing being thrown away. In the estimation of Picasso's friends, it acts like a memorandum for him, with things recalling himself at other times, recalling other people, recalling events, or perhaps recalling nothing at all except that these objects have become familiar penates, with a patina of dust. Change and organization he restricts to his art, in which he has spent his career ceaselessly reinventing, distorting, and altering the nature and appearance of life while immersed in the proved, commonplace reality of his surroundings. Before the war, when he was more in the city than he is now, Picasso was for years respectfully stared at by tourists in the Saint-Germain-des-Prés quarter as the most famously revolutionary artist of Paris. On the other hand, he was known to certain café waiters and neighborhood habitués as the notable with the most immovable and conventionally regular habits, who invariably repeated the same routine whenever he appeared in the quarter—lunch at Lipp's, and a small bottle of mineral water at the Café de Flore in the evening. If he walked by night, he usually took the same streets



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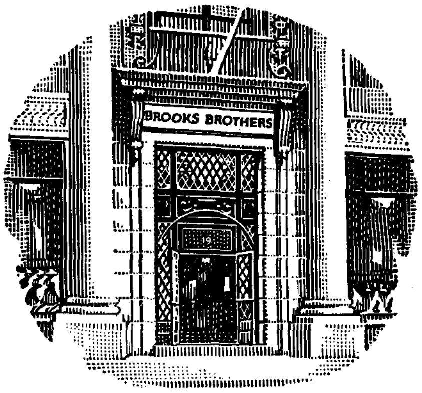
he had taken the night before, and the night before that.

Picasso has always delighted in having people about him, like courtiers. He invites them in numbers, and often lets them wait in his untidy salon until they have grown into a small crowd. Then, instead of talking to several of them at once, he may select one person for a confidence, leading him to one side, or even taking him into an adjoining room, as a mark of favor. Most of his life, he has worked at night, to assure himself of no human interruption at all, and this has led to his habit of rising late in the morning. In the days when he lived mostly in Paris, his rising—matutinal coffee around noon, the morning papers, his first half-dozen cigarettes, the gossip and news from choice assembled intimates, the air of his presence combined with that of the visitors' proximity to greatness—was a celebrated, informal event, enviously discussed in lesser art circles. "It was something like the morning levees of Louis XIV, only more disorderly and intelligent," a friend commented not long ago.

Picasso's power of magnetism, his energy, and his concentration have, on the whole, not lessened with age. His use of his eyes, with their quality of searching attention, is still striking; when he comes into an unfamiliar room, his rapid black-eyed glance seems to register everything in a sudden exclusive exposure, like a photographer's lens taking a group picture. Once, when he was looking at some Rembrandt etchings, the owner said he thought Picasso's staring, intense gaze would burn Rembrandt's lines off the paper, the way the sun's heat dries up the pattern of dark moisture on an old leaf. Picasso is a heavy cigarette smoker who does not inhale. He eats simply and without fine taste, possesses incomparably preserved good health, has always been a hypochrondriac (who once had a bit of liver trouble and an attack of sciatica), is still proud of his small hands and feet, hates old age, and has a horror of death. He is always reported as shutting off his past behind him—as having no nostalgias, and living, with almost cruel determination, only in the perpetual present, on which he has seemed to construct his life. Yet the old friends from his youth who are still alive are, in a literal manner, daily in his thoughts. To an English friend of the younger generation he lately confided that he has the habit of repeating to himself the names of these old friends every morning. When Maurice Raynal—the noted



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art critic, who was for some time a member of the Montmartre group during the impoverished, euphoric Bateau-Lavoir days—died recently, Picasso felt great remorse, he told his English friend. Raynal had died on the very day Picasso forgot to mention his name in the morning.

PICASSO is ranked as the wittiest artist and best conversationalist since Whistler, if very different. He has become famous for his talk and what could be called his carnivorous wit, since it usually eats other people alive. Even his friends speak, with almost helpless appreciation, of how his "malicious eyes" scintillate as he, like his listeners, enjoys his malefic tongue. He does not converse but talks solo—creatively, decisively, and fascinatingly, with wit, ideas, and odd images, his ever-present Spanish accent seasoning his phrases, which emerge in bursts. The only attention he pays to anything that may be said in comment or reply is to change it so much, on dealing with it, as to make it unrecognizable to whoever has just said it; moreover, Picasso then holds the speaker responsible for what he has not said. As a woman friend of his once remarked, "If he has been in the wrong about something, he always forgives you." He is wittiest when he attacks; if he is attacked and taken by surprise, his answer is neither quick nor apt nor ready. When he has nothing to say, his silence is so profound, moody, Iberian, and oppressive that nobody else has anything to say, either. His humor is sardonic, frequently cruel, always deft, never clumsy or brutal, and is usually composed of oversharpened truth, penetrating and painful when it strikes. He rarely misses. The oldest, most quoted of his sayings was a characterization of the late Cubist painter Marcoussis, whom Picasso accused of copying his paintings as a way of picking his brains. "The louse that lives on my head," he called him. He described his friend Braque as "one of those incomprehensible men easy to understand." In reference to the démodé paintings of his friend Derain, he said, "He is Corot's illegitimate son." To his art merchant Paul Rosenberg he announced one morning, "I have just made a fortune—I sold my rights to paint guitars," meaning that half the modern artists of Paris at that time were freely imitating his guitar motif. Another morning, he said to the long-suffering Rosenberg, from whom he exacted very high prices indeed for his pictures, and whom he had kept waiting a month for a new one,

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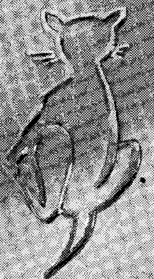

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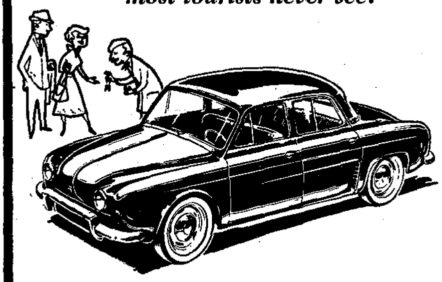

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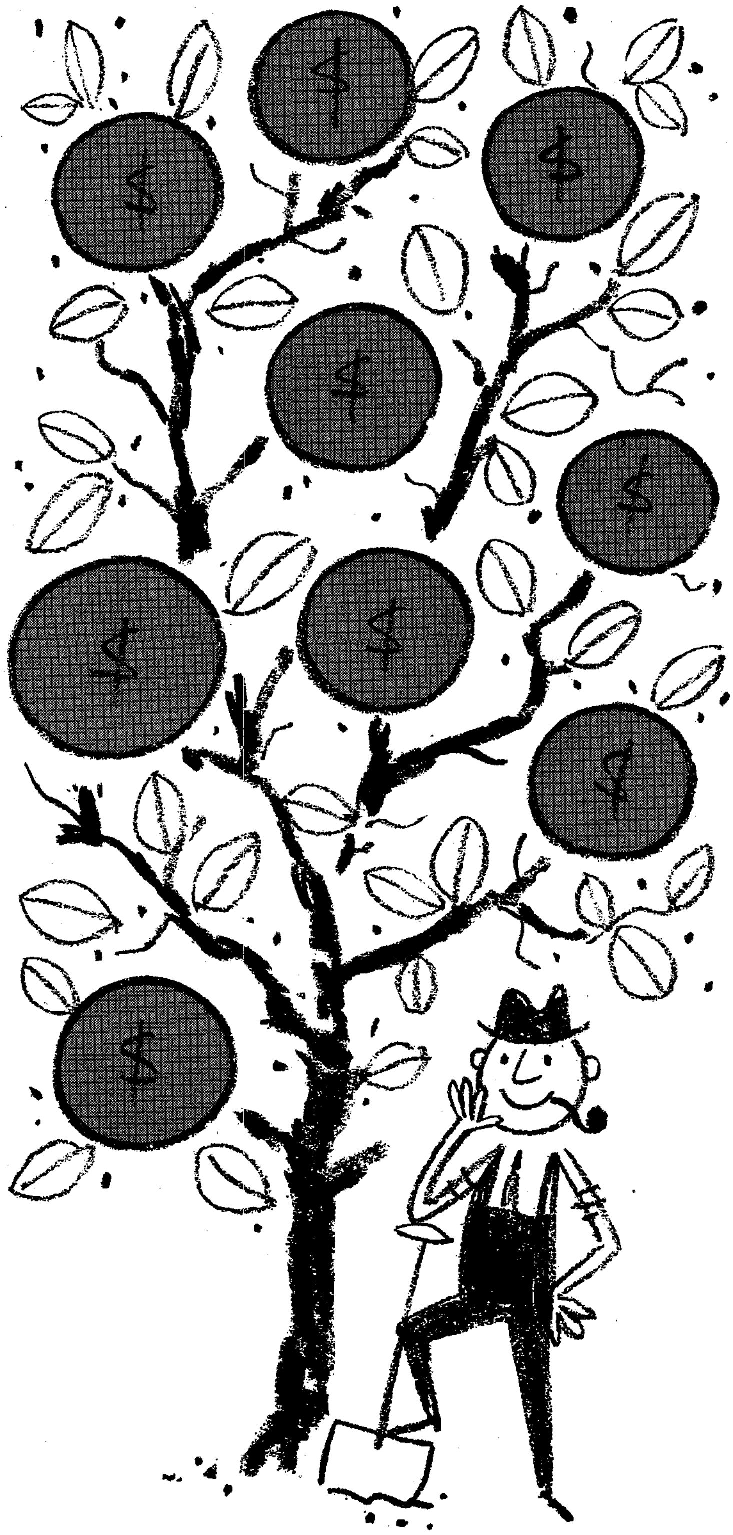

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"I am so rich that I just wiped out a hundred thousand francs," and, sure enough, the new picture, which Picasso did not like, had disappeared from the canvas. Some of his humorous exploits have had unexpectedly factual results. Years ago, when Matisse was at the height of his fame with his haremlike series of odalisques, Picasso, as a joke, painted an odalisque at the telephone, and for this incongruity perfectly imitated Matisse's brush strokes, style, and colors, and his background of Orientalism—everything, including his signature. The joke was so convincing that one of the most serious of the Paris art magazines, on getting hold of a photograph of the telephoning odalisque, solemnly reproduced it as a genuine Matisse.

Picasso's generosity, which is fitful, is sometimes as troubling as his humor. During the nineteen-thirties, when the fabrication of counterfeit Picassos was at its height—his works being the most often falsified because he rated the highest prices—an old journalist friend took a small Picasso belonging to some poor devil of an artist to Picasso for authentication, so the impoverished artist could sell it. "It's false," Picasso said.

The friend brought him another little Picasso, from a different source, and then a third. "It's false," Picasso said each time.

"Now, listen, Pablo," the friend said, the third time. "I watched you paint this last picture with my own eyes."

"I can paint false Picassos just as well as anybody," Picasso retorted. He then bought the first Picasso at quadruple the price that the poor artist had hoped it might fetch.

When another person brought him a counterfeit etching to sign, he signed it so many times that the man was able to sell it only as a curiosity to an autograph dealer. There is something so mordant about his humor and about what amuses him that certain macabre types of funny story that go the rounds in Paris are often introduced as having been told by the artist himself. In the latest Picasso-type story, credited to him by the weekly *Paris-Match*, a cannibal mother and little cannibal child are walking in the forest when an airplane flies overhead. "Good to eat?" asks the cannibal child. "Like lobster," the cannibal mother says. "You just eat what's inside."

Sabartés, however, in certain letters reprinted in "Portraits et Souvenirs," offers the previously unknown obverse of Picasso's biting public wit—his harmless, capricious, and affectionate

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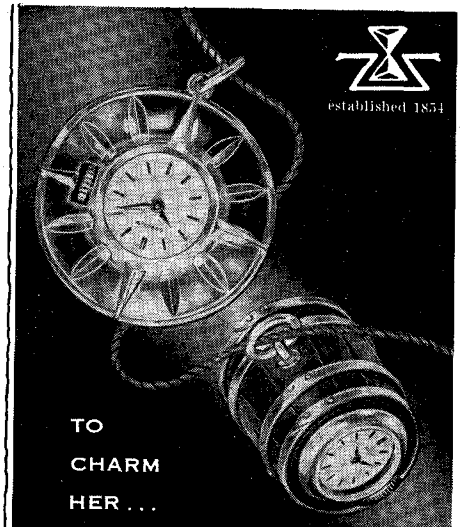

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good humor, and even whimsey, as in a letter he wrote to Sabartés from the Midi in 1936, when his painting was dissatisfying him. In it he said, "I announce to you that as of this evening I am giving up painting, sculpture, and engraving to consecrate myself entirely to singing. A handshake from your entirely devoted friend and admirer, Picasso." A letter of a few days later, referring to his continued black mood, concluded, "Let's say no more. . . . Receive, fresh as a lettuce, the ancient amity of your old friend."

The pungency and originality of Picasso's talk can be judged by two of the most famously stimulating interviews he has ever given on art. Most of the other great Paris painters, when interviewed, have tended to be either technical or uplifting, and have often made sincerely lofty pronouncements. Picasso's two celebrated interviews moved in a fresh, contrary realm, with his most serious verities generally expressed in soaring paradoxes. In the first, given to a Spanish reporter in 1923 and published in translation in *The Arts*, in New York, he said, with glittering illumination, "We all know that art is not truth. Art is a lie that makes us realize truth—at least the truth that is given us to understand. . . . People speak of naturalism's being in opposition to modern painting. I would like to know if anyone has ever seen a natural work of art. Nature and art, being two different things, cannot be the same thing. Through art we express our conception of what nature is not. . . . The fact that for a long time Cubism has not been understood, and that even today there are people who cannot see anything in it, means nothing. I do not read English—an English book is a blank book to me. This does not mean that the English language does not exist, and why should I blame anybody but myself if I cannot understand what I know nothing about?"

The other highly characteristic interview was published in the noted *Cahiers d'Art* in 1935, at the zenith of Picasso's popularity, and in this one he said, "In the old days, pictures advanced toward their completion by stages. Every day brought something new. A picture used to be a sum of additions. In my case, a picture is a sum of destructions. I make a picture—then I destroy it. . . . A picture is not thought out and settled beforehand. While it is being done, it changes as one's thoughts change. And when it is finished, it still goes on changing, according to the state of mind of whoever is looking at it. . . . A picture lives

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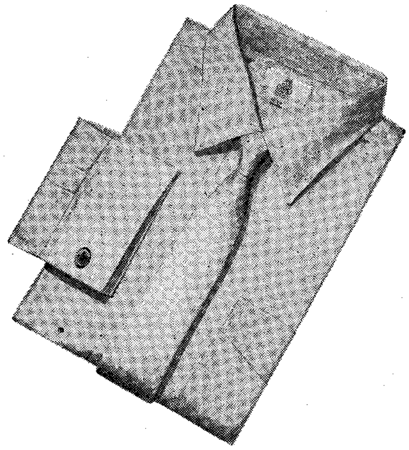

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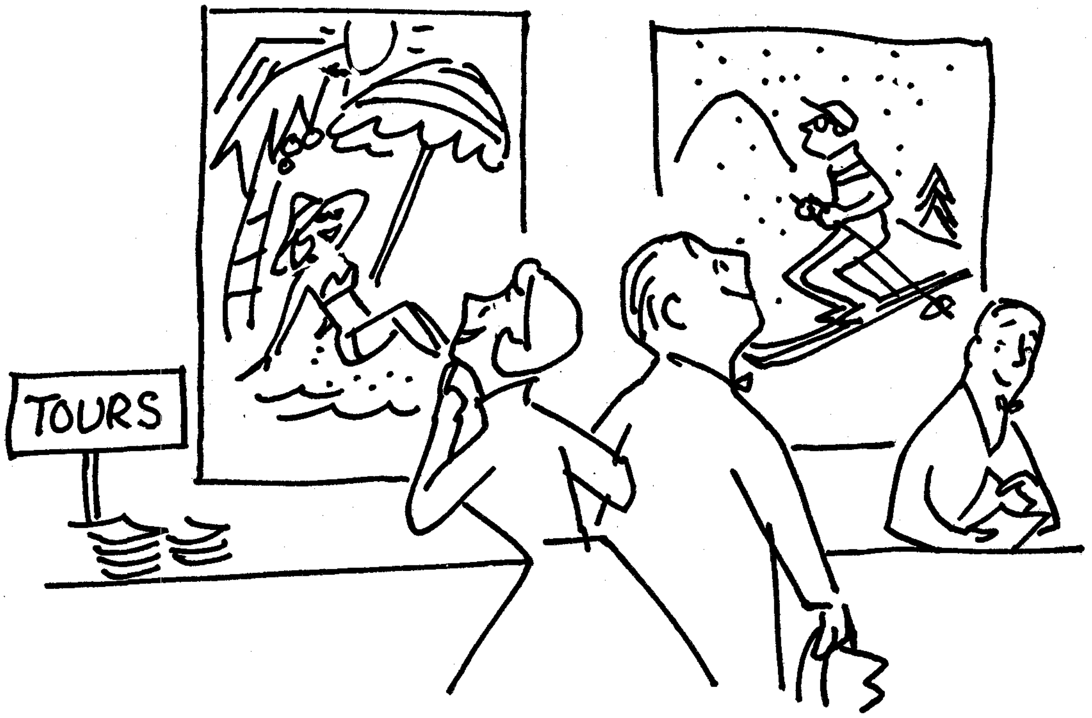

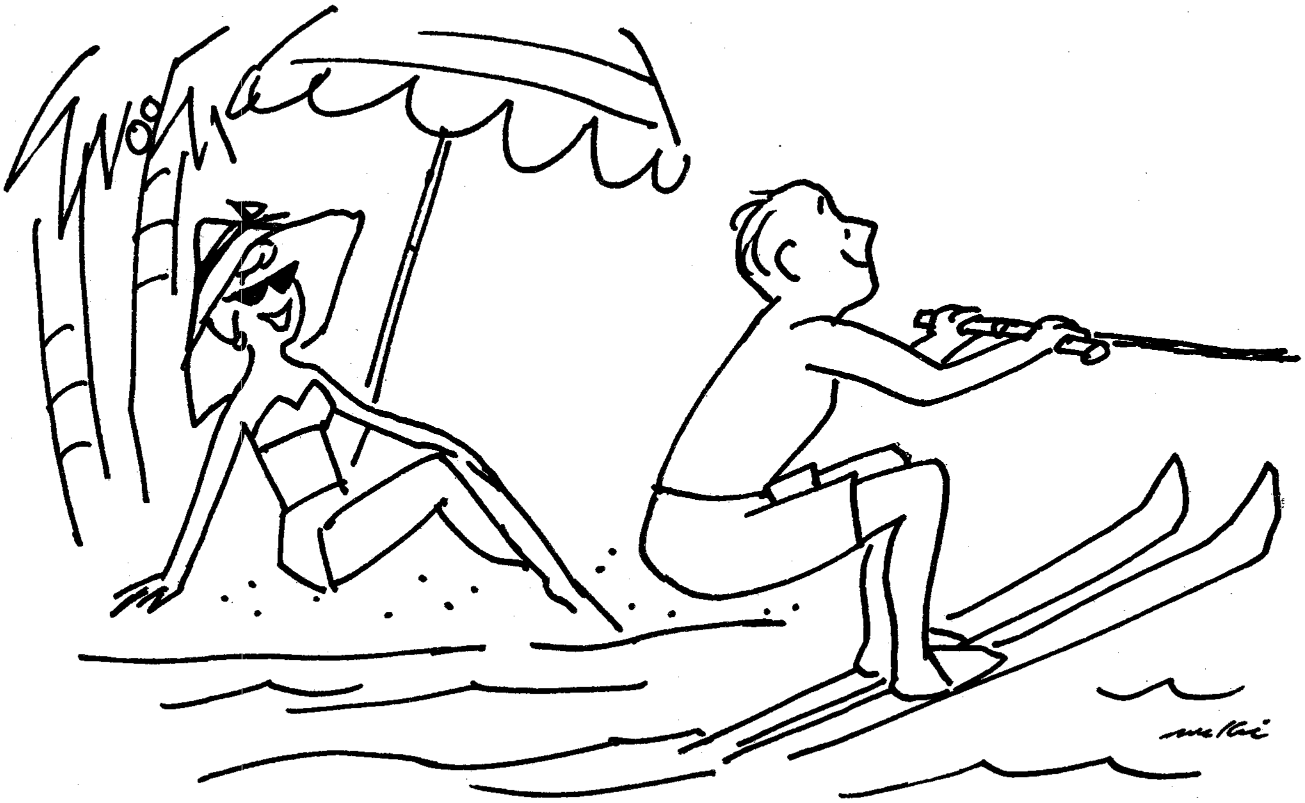

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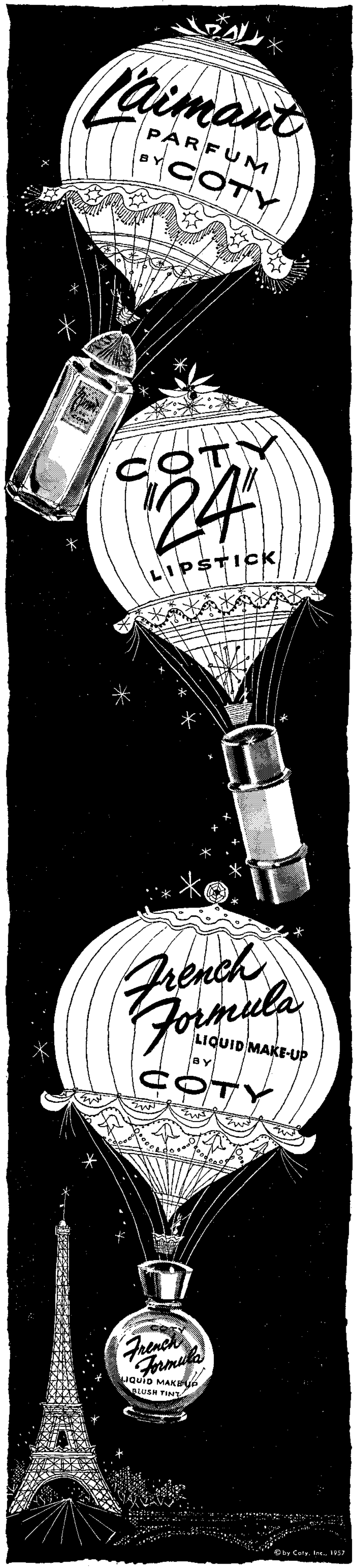

only through the person who is looking at it. . . . There is no abstract art. You must always start with something. Afterward, you can remove all the traces of reality; the danger is past in any case, because the idea of the object has left its ineffaceable mark. . . . Academic training in beauty is a sham. . . . When we love a woman, we don't start measuring her limbs. . . . Everyone wants to understand art. Why not try to understand the song of birds? Why does one love the night, flowers, everything around one, without trying to understand them? But where art is concerned people [think they] must understand."

Of all the interviews Picasso has given, these were probably the most informative on the style of his mind and also on what he thought about art until he became a Communist, following the Liberation of Paris.—JANET FLANNER

(This is the first of two articles on Pablo Picasso.)

•

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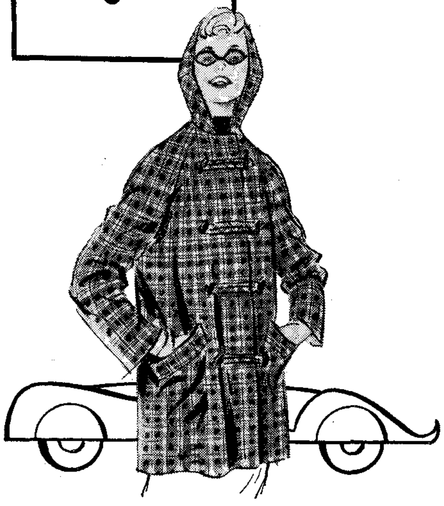

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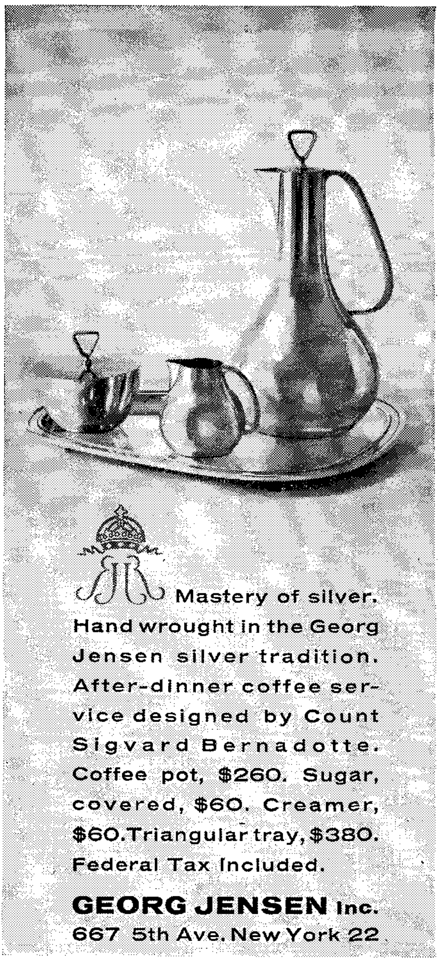

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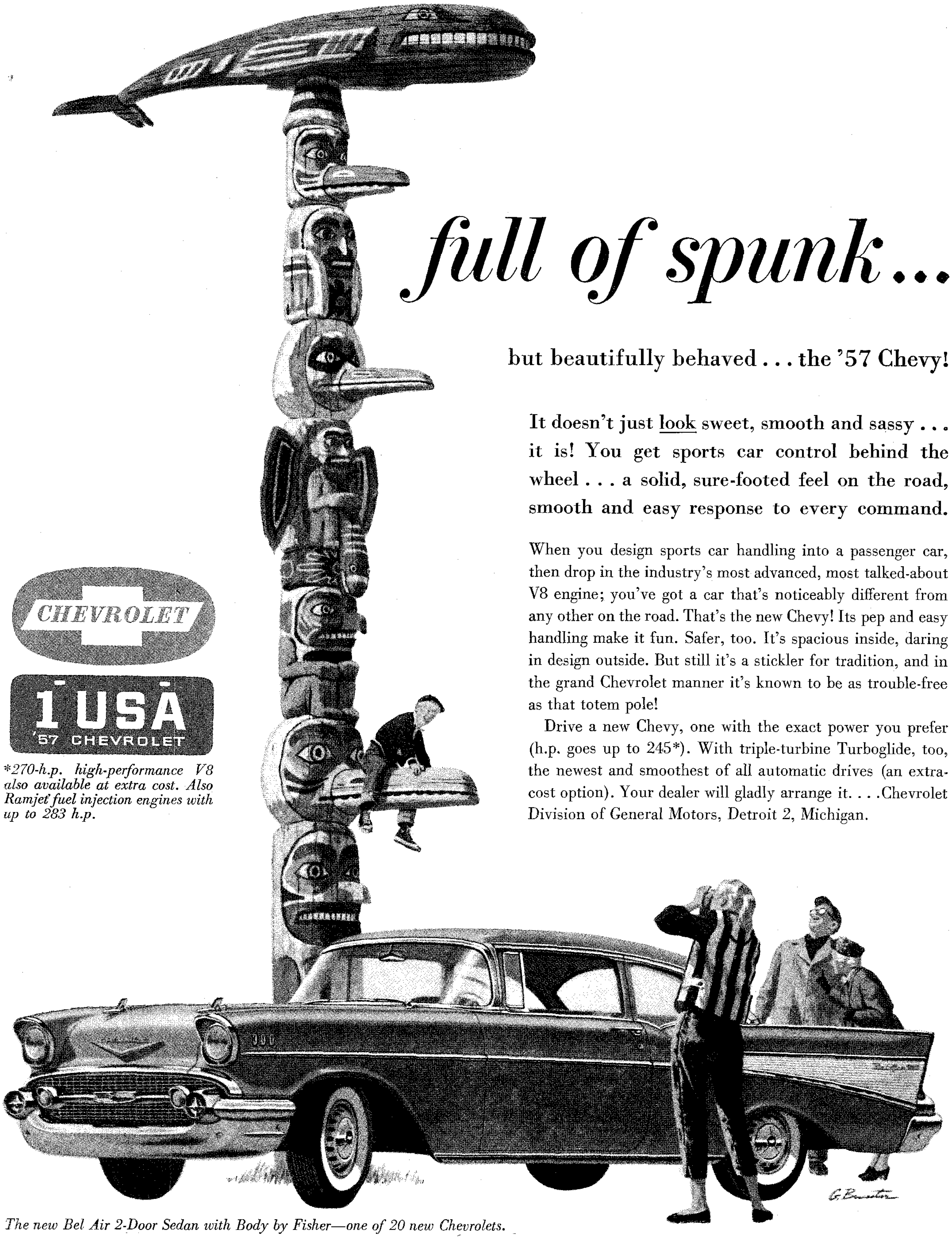

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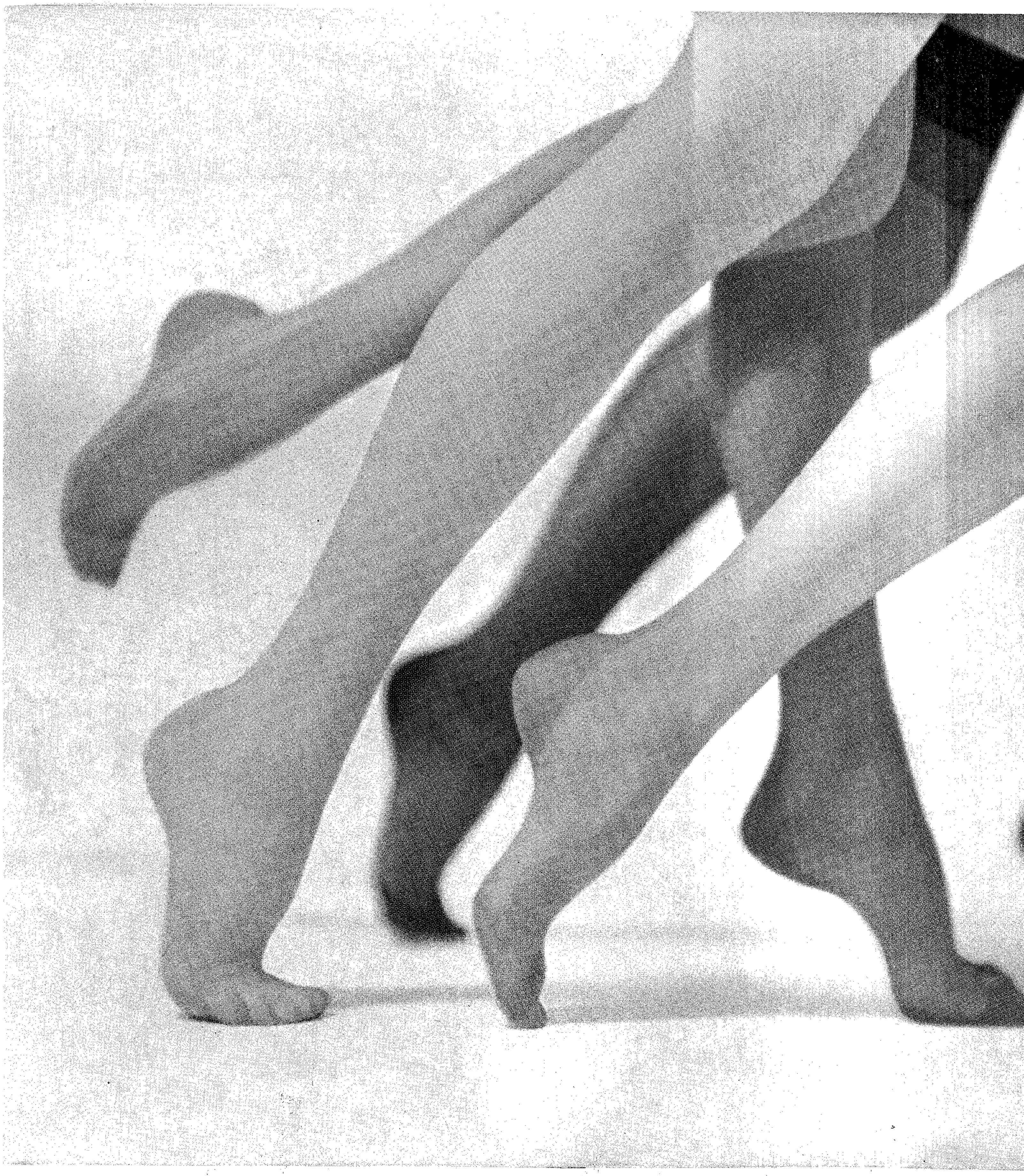

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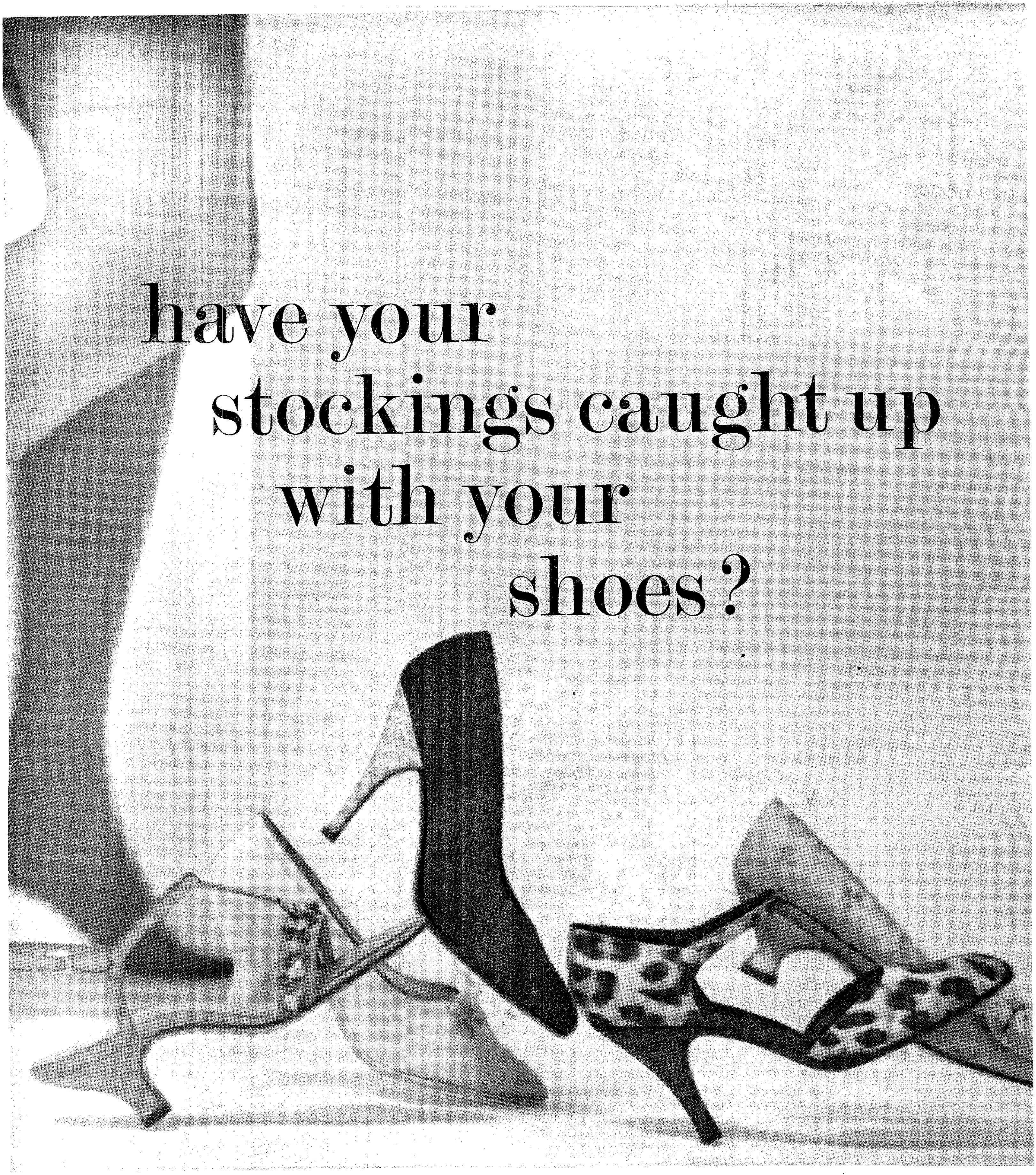

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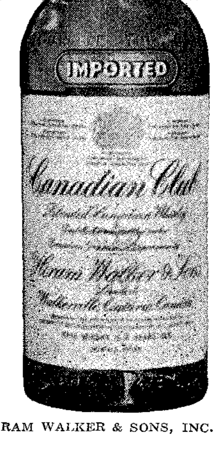
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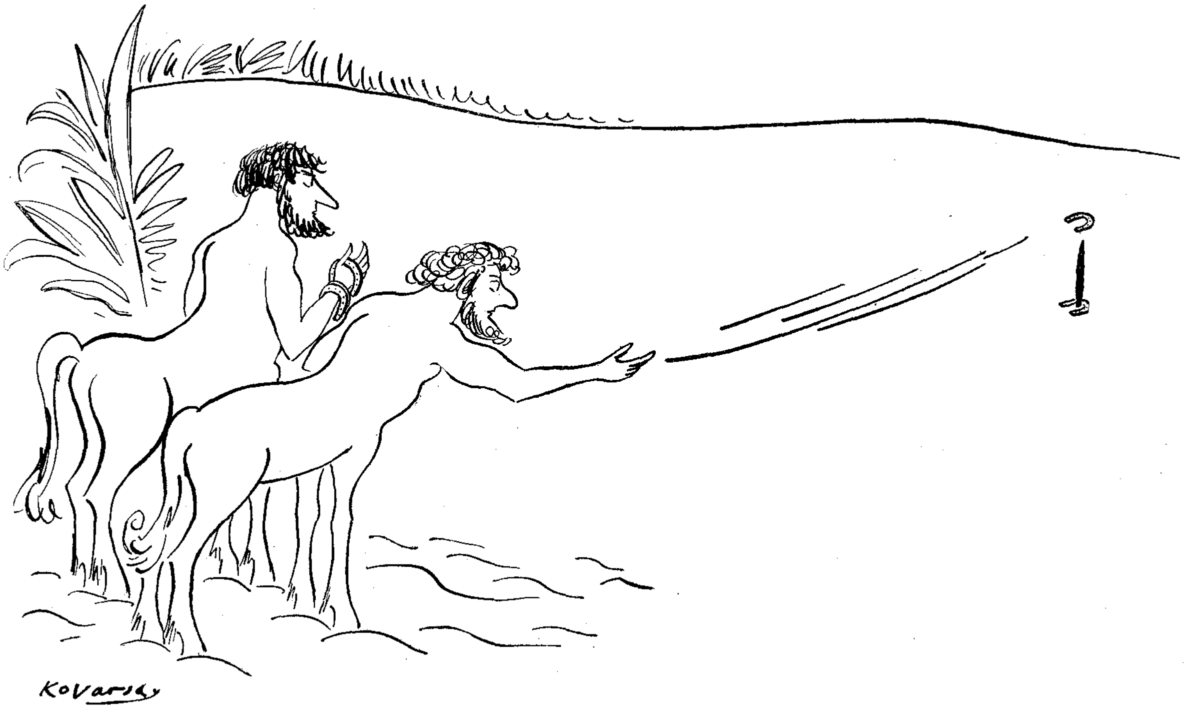
THE THEATRE

THE HOLE IN ZIEGFELD'S HEAD

I HAVE often heard it said that the late Florenz Ziegfeld organized his "Follies" on the theory that the vast majority of his customers came to them only to observe the young women and regarded humor as a tedious interruption at best. He was aware, of course, that there were a few eccentrics who actually liked comedians, and that it was necessary to make some provision for their degraded tastes, but his heart was never really in it. Being anxious for magnificence in every detail of his productions, he was quite willing to engage the most celebrated and expensive clowns in the business, but he continued to think of them as useful mainly to divert the audience while the acres of scenery were being shifted, and his interest in the material they used was negligible. His procedure was apparently a simple one: if an act made people laugh, it was O.K.; if it didn't he threw it out. The idea of employing funny writers to assist funny actors struck him as wasteful and foolish, and he did so very seldom and with the utmost reluctance.

This principle, I should say, has been followed with remarkable fidelity in the version of "The Follies" that turned up last week at the Winter Garden. A great comic artist is present in the person of Beatrice Lillie and a lesser but still extremely capable one in Billy De Wolfe, yet as far as the producers are concerned, the two of them are almost entirely on their own. The sketches and pantomimes they invented themselves are often brilliantly successful; those provided for them by the management are almost invariably disastrous. Miss Lillie, being a genius, comes through the evening with her glory practically intact. Her major triumph, I guess, takes place when we discover her dining alone, in a restaurant that might easily intimidate Lucius Beebe, on a succession of dishes that grow increasingly baffling and horrible, but she is also wonderfully funny as a harem favorite who clearly finds everything about the joint rather repulsive, including the sultan; as an airline hostess demonstrating how to adjust a life preserver, just in case "any one of a hundred things happens to this plane;" and as a chorus girl from the lovely past, who swings out over the audience on a cardboard moon, tossing away garters like confetti. There are some things beyond the powers of the most gifted mortals, and I don't think even Miss Lillie can hope to have much luck with numbers like the one that requires her to sing a tasteless little song over the body of a drunken escort, or another—unhappily, of her own composition—that has something to do with a Japanese ritual of completely mystifying significance. On the whole, however, she is amazingly successful. Mr. De Wolfe has a harder time. He is excellent in an item of his own that outlines a drama in which he proposes to star while somebody like Maurice Evans plays the butler, and he is engaging with Miss Lillie as one of a pair of ladies gossiping about television personalities, but the rest of his material is dreadful, reaching a peak of something or other in a sketch having to do with a young woman who wishes to insure a pair of dogs but is hilariously misunderstood to be talking about her bosom.

The show that goes on behind and around these two performers needs very little description. Harold Lang and an attractive partner named Helen Wood do some agile but not particularly distinguished dances; three girls called Jane Morgan, Micki Marlo, and Carol Lawrence sing a lot, having considerable success, as a trio, with something called "Salesmanship;" Jay Marshall does some sleight-of-hand tricks that he characterizes as terrible, a remark that failed to disarm me to any extent; and there are, by my count, twenty-seven additional young women, of various sizes and shapes, whose costumes, I assume, are only infrequently intended to be humorous. The production was directed by John Kennedy, who is obviously a profound student of the past. If any general conclusion may be drawn from "The Follies," I'm afraid it is the chilling one that the day of the big, dumb revue is over as far as the theatre is concerned. It is all there, free, on television, and, much as I hate to say so, usually a good deal better.



IN "A Hole in the Head," Arnold Schulman's rather uncertain comedy at the Plymouth, Paul Douglas is cast as a forty-two-year-old slob named Sidney. He is not a bad man, exactly; he is just a sentimental illiterate (school got too much for him after the sixth grade) who likes blondes, sports cars, and two-hundred-dollar suits and can picture nothing more hideous in life than holding

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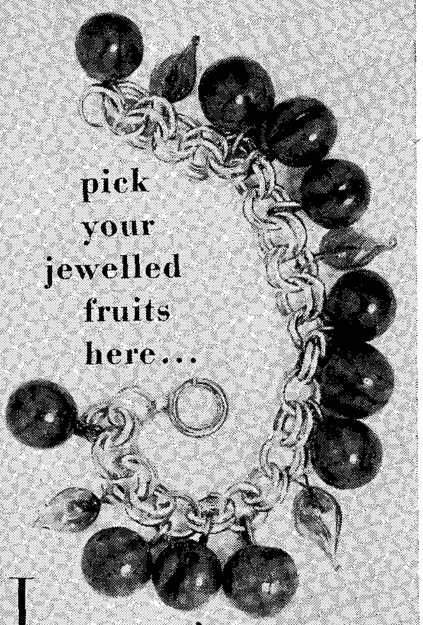
down a regular job. At the moment the play opens, he is struggling with the management of a Miami Beach hotel that is some fifty-three hundred dollars in the red, largely owing to the fact that he always seems to have some more interesting use for his money than paying bills. He is also concerned with the problem of bringing up his twelve-year-old son, whose mother died several years ago, conceivably out of sheer nervous exhaustion, and whose life in the hotel, involving late hours, peculiar associates, and an almost exclusive diet of hamburgers and Coca-Cola, is plainly not suitable at all.

In this crisis, as apparently has often happened in the past, Sidney telephones his brother, a rich manufacturer of garter belts, for assistance, but this time, instead of sending a check, the tradesman shows up in person, accompanied by his wife. Naturally enough, they are not impressed by the hotel as a rational business venture or by the manner in which their nephew is being reared, which they consider criminal. The debate on both these matters is long and passionate, the visitors being determined to close the hotel and take the child back with them to their decent suburb, where he can ride a bicycle and play in the school band, while Sidney is equally determined to relinquish neither his business nor his offspring, insisting that if he just had five thousand dollars he would presently be operating a gold mine. His position, however, is clearly doomed, and, more to gain time than anything else, he agrees to meet a widow his relatives chance to have on tap, with the understanding that if a marriage should come about, he not only could keep his son but also would be supplied with funds to start a nice little five-and-ten-cent store somewhere in the country. When this young woman appears (conveniently, she lives right around the corner) and proves to be far from the horror he has been led to expect, it seems for a while as if this lunatic stratagem might actually be going to work out. In the end, though, Sidney's aversion to respectability is too great, and he feels obliged to turn down the whole arrangement, even at the cost of losing his son.

Most playwrights, I should think, would consider their work finished at this point, but Mr. Schulman has arranged a further sequence, in which the boy declines to leave his father, the rich relatives retire in at least partial confusion after contributing a check barely adequate to pay the laundry bill, and we are left substantially where we were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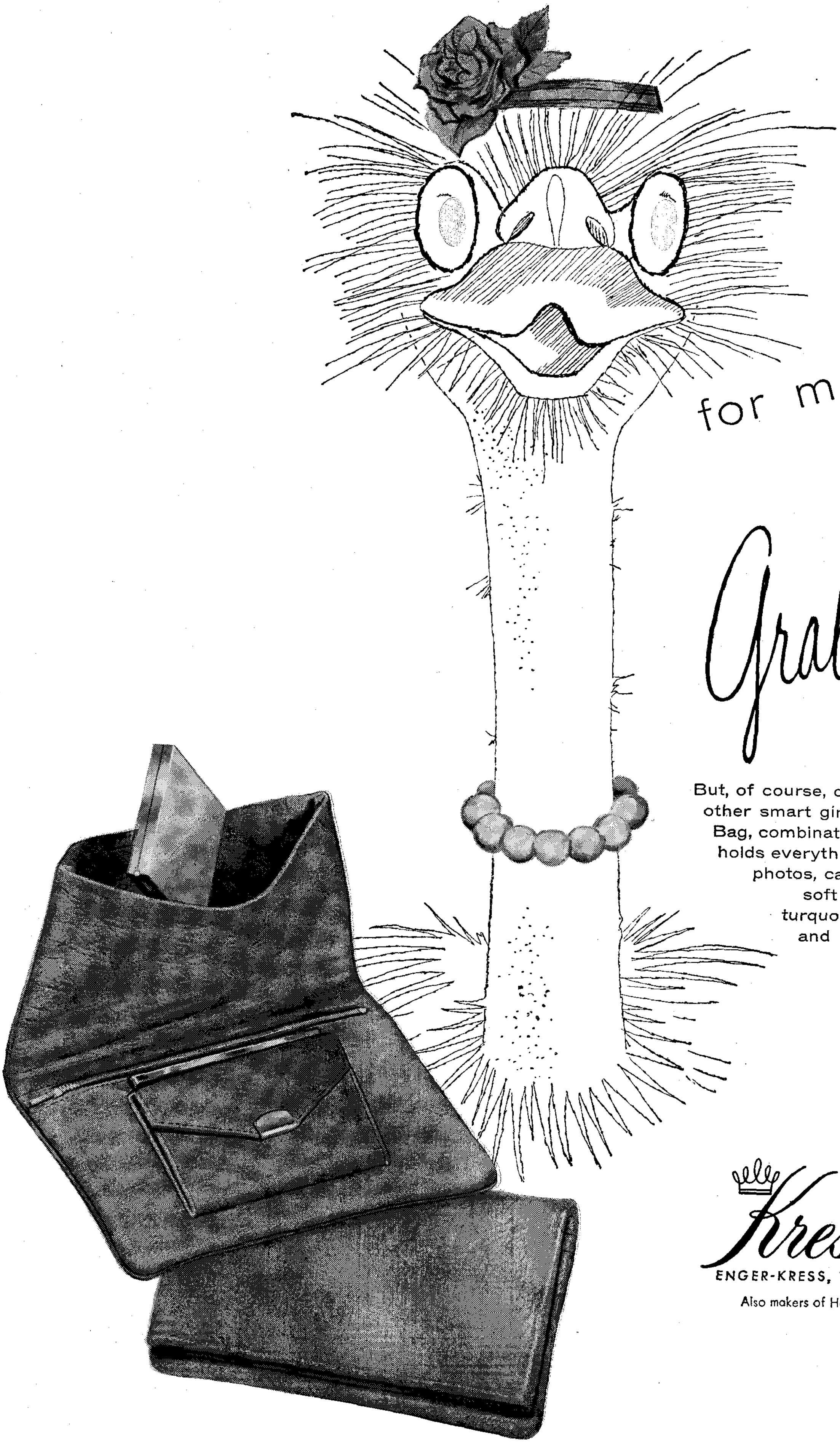

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in the beginning. It is true, of course, that there is some final suggestion that the widow is still available around the corner and may ultimately move in to clear up what would otherwise be an almost unendurably messy situation, but I'm afraid I didn't believe it for a minute. As a matter of fact, I believed very little I was told in the course of "A Hole in the Head," and I'm embarrassed to say that I didn't even care much for Mr. Schulman's style, which, like that which proved so serviceable to Paddy Chayefsky in "Middle of the Night," often sounds like an unedited tape recording. For the sake of peace, I am prepared to concede that reproducing tedious and illiterate conversations with absolute fidelity is a form of art, but it is not yet one really close to my heart.

While there is a certain oddity in entrusting Mr. Douglas with an entire evening of Jewish locutions and mannerisms—perhaps not unlike casting Menasha Skulnik for the lead in "The Playboy of the Western World"—his performance has an ease and intelligence that minimize his physical handicaps. As for the other members of the cast, I thought that David Burns' portrayal of the brother lay occasionally a little nearer to apoplexy than seemed quite necessary, though it was funny on the whole; that Kay Medford, as his wife, showed great style in a remarkably unstylish part; that Lee Grant was very touching in the essentially preposterous role of the widow; that Joyce Van Patten, as Sidney's blond attachment of the moment, was a more than acceptable siren; and that young Tommy White, making his New York début as the son, may well be the season's juvenile find. It occurred to me that Garson Kanin, who directed, might have improved the play here and there if he could have persuaded the author to whittle down some scenes that obviously ran past their effective length, but in general his touch was light and sure. Boris Aronson has designed a wonderful hotel, which, among its other fascinations, revolves from time to time. There is nothing in my theatrical experience that enchants me more than the faint apprehension always displayed by an actress on a moving turntable. You can see that she doesn't trust the damn thing but that she is determined to hang on, whatever happens. It is very appealing. —Wolcott Gibbs

•

Cardinal Mooney of Detroit will pronounce the benediction. He is a Roman Catholic.—*The Times.*

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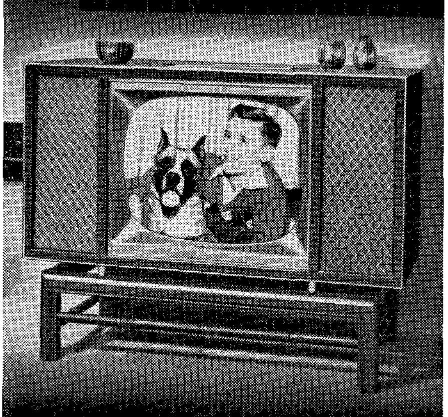

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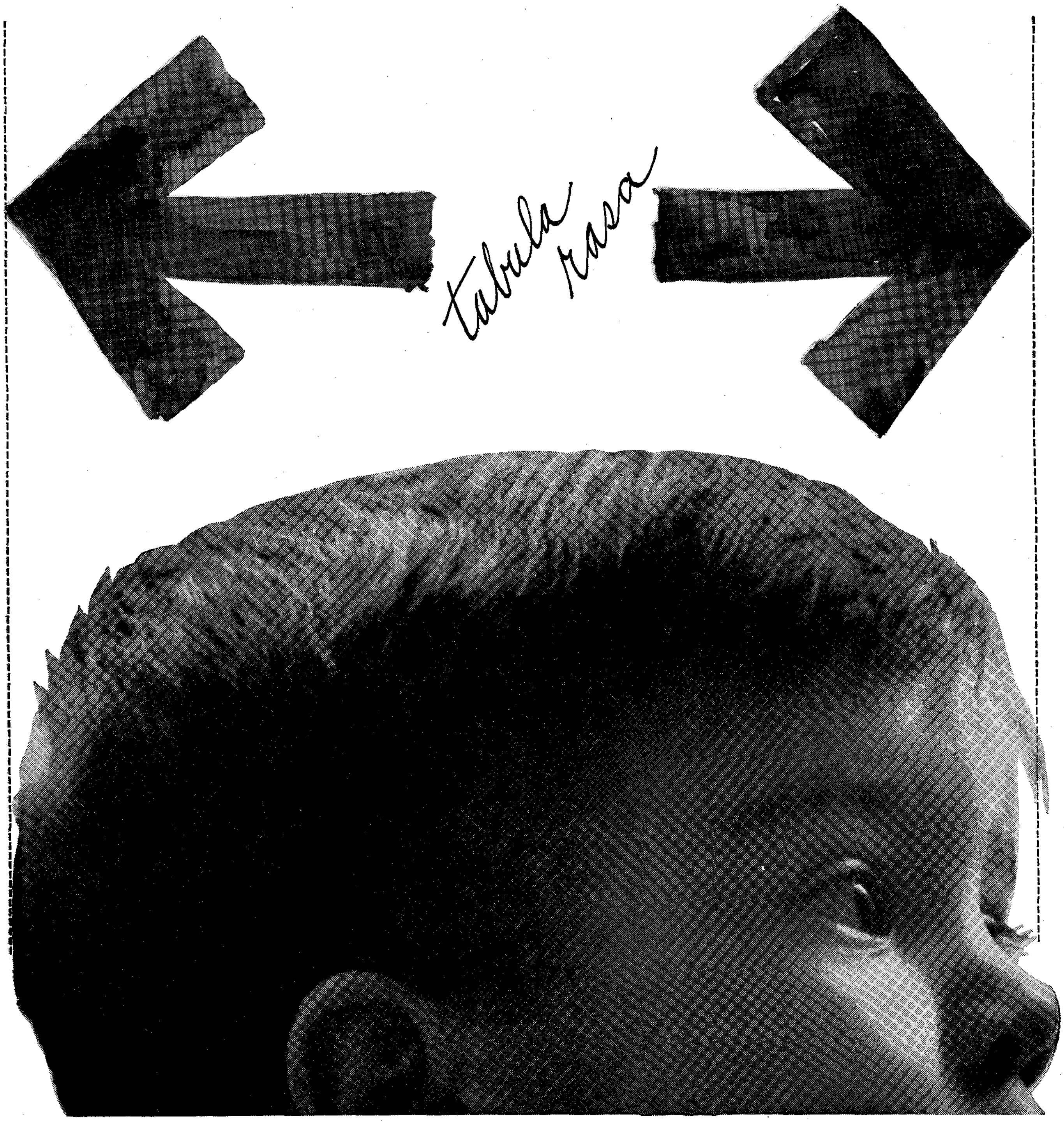

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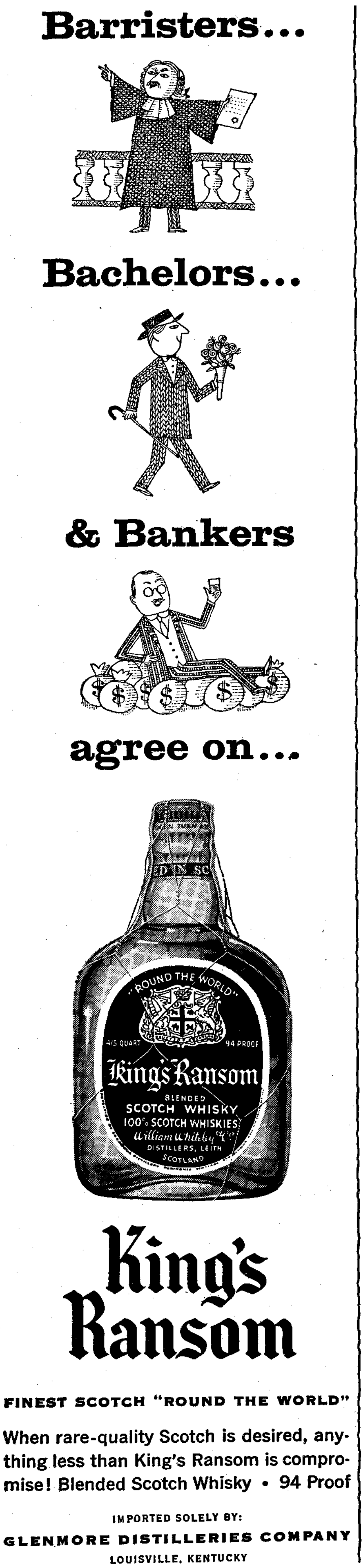

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THE RACE TRACK

Bold Ruler's Turn

I'M sure that from the viewpoint of most spectators the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah last weekend was a success. Even on television, it was enthralling to watch Bold Ruler dispose of Federal Hill and Mister Jive on the turn for home, and then withstand the challenge of Gen. Duke in the last furlong. Furthermore, this was the second Flamingo Stakes in a row for Mr. Fitz (he won it with Nashua last year), and it delights everybody to see him win races. Bold Ruler was quickest away, but before a quarter of the mile and a furlong had been covered, Federal Hill had sprinted into the lead, and on the turn into the backstretch Mister Jive also passed Bold Ruler and went into second place. At that point, Gen. Duke was half a dozen lengths behind. With about three furlongs to go, Bold Ruler moved effortlessly into the lead, and halfway down the stretch he looked the easiest of winners. But then Gen. Duke came bearing down on him, and Arcaro had to ride his hardest to get Bold Ruler home a winner by a neck. Iron Liege was a distant third, and the others were down the course. Now the big question is "Would Gen. Duke have beaten Bold Ruler if the race had been at a mile and a quarter instead of a mile and a furlong?" Arcaro says no, emphatically, but a lot of people think otherwise. The pace was fast—track-record time, in fact—and Gen. Duke had to make up more ground than he did when he beat Bold Ruler in the Everglades two weeks previously. What's more, Gen. Duke didn't have the twelve-pound weight advantage he'd had in the Everglades. Both colts are in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park the end of the month, but it's my guess that they won't meet; Bold Ruler would have to give Gen. Duke weight again.

I SUPPOSE it's the wrong thing to say, but the colts in the Santa Anita Derby last Saturday hardly seemed the sort to be running for a purse of $143,000. You could count on your thumbs the times the best of them had won this year, and their form last year was pretty meagre, too. From all accounts, though, the race was a merry whoop-de-do, with Sir William coming from far back in the last half mile to win from Swirling Abbey and Round Table in a photo finish. Round Table, the favorite, who had been flown from Florida for the race and was ridden by Longden, was always close to the lead, but he lost just enough ground on the stretch turn to cost him first money—a lovely $98,000. Sir William, a bay colt by Rover (if you care about pedigrees, Rover is a son of Bull Dog), is the first racer bred in the State of Washington to win such an important stake race. He is also the only horse I know of who goes around without any upper teeth. They were kicked out by a stablemate when he was a yearling, and feeding him has been something of a problem for his owner, Herb Armstrong, and his trainer, Cecil Jolly. Sir William has a spot of leg trouble, too, but they may have a go at the Kentucky Derby with him anyway.

YEAR after year since the autumn of 1927, John Eric Longden has been riding in races—seven, eight, or nine an afternoon. At Santa Anita last week, he brought in his five-thousandth winner, a filly named Bente, who won a very minor event by a head. As Longden weighed in, he remarked, "It's a relief to get that over." I daresay. In setting this notable record for determination and endurance, Longden has had 25,712 mounts. That's roughly one winner in five tries, and not bad going, as anyone who bets on jockeys will tell you. Although Longden, at forty-seven, is a wealthy man (around the track they call him Mr. Moneybags), he has no thought of retiring. He'd much rather ride horses than train them, and he intends to continue as long as he feels he can do justice to the runners. When the Santa Anita management presented him with a silver cup in honor of his latest milestone, he said, "I think I'll try for six thousand."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

WHICH NEWS MAGAZINE D'YA READ?

The President gave the King an eight-piece desk set and an original Eisenhower Colorado landscape; the wealthy monarch's gift to Ike was a well-guarded secret.—*Time.*

Ike was pleased as punch with King Saud's unpublicized gift—a long sword in a jewel-studded scabbard, something right out of "Arabian Nights."—*Newsweek.*

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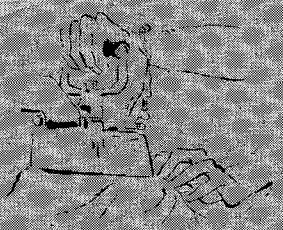

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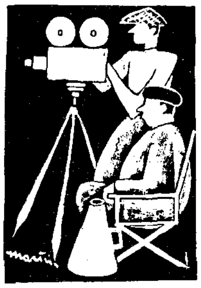
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Alan and the Cows Again



THERE is a spacious and relaxing air about almost any film in which Alan Ladd figures—among the exceptions, of course, is the one in which he portrayed Fitzgerald's Gatsby as a kind of physical-education instructor—and I was rather pleased the other day to get out on the plains with him again in "The Big Land." When Mr. Ladd surrounds himself with white-faced Herefords, noble pioneers, impious gunmen, and the broad acres of the storied West, he looks as content and untroubled as a steer at a salt lick. In his ability to convey not so much as a hint of any emotion, Mr. Ladd is rivalled only by John Wayne, and it may be of some significance that these two Great Stone Faces command a following that must be the envy of our more volatile, heart-on-the-sleeve actors. Both of them are always getting into tough situations while consorting with their beeves, but it is rare indeed for either of them to give his audience a clue to what, if anything, is going on in his head. Admittedly, Mr. Ladd is seldom helped to any dramatic heights by his script-writers. Their attitude seems to be: Give a man a horse he can ride, a prairie he can ride it on, and the hell with him from there on in.

The current Ladd enterprise has a screenplay by David Dortort and Martin Rackin, based on a novel by Frank Gruber. I was interested to note that Mr. Dortort and Mr. Rackin introduce into their dialogue the line "When I make a mistake, it's a beaut," which is, as you remember, an observation made by Fiorello LaGuardia when he was roaming the New York territory. The rest of the talk is in the genre of "There's a gal waitin' for me with the prettiest yaller hair you ever did see" and derives from more familiar Western sources.

As the hero of "The Big Land," a post-bellum Texan, Mr. Ladd is seen astride a rather mad-looking dark chestnut, instead of his usual bay, but otherwise nothing much has changed in his way of make-believe existence. He is anxious to drive his and his friends' cattle up to Missouri and get them shipped East, where people will appreciate them, but after he has trekked along with his chums and the livestock for many a weary day, a badman in control of a shipping base in Missouri (Anthony Caruso) offers him a dollar-fifty a head for his merchandise, instead of the ten dollars he and his pals were anticipating. Mr. Ladd is tempted to shoot this cad, but, as he points out, he's seen so much killing in the Civil War that he just can't plug anybody. So he sells. Presently, before meandering along into Kansas, he picks up a drunk (Edmond O'Brien) who makes jokes; when he falls into a stream, he says, "Get me out of here before I swallow some of the stuff." In Kansas, Mr. Ladd and Mr. O'Brien meet up with some Swedes—one of them (John Qualen) is also a humorist, Swedish-dialect style—and all hands set about creating a community that will receive steers from Texas, fatten them up, and ship them on East to market. Now, you know very well that they're not going to accomplish this laudable feat until after Mr. Ladd has had some further trouble with Mr. Caruso, but our boy gets over his pacific inclinations in time to eliminate the menace, and in the end the Herefords are mooing their last moos on the way to tables in New York.

At one point in "The Big Land," when Mr. Ladd is explaining his reluctance to kill any more people than he has already killed in war, I was afraid that the writers might try to make a three-dimensional character out of him. But Mr. Ladd would have none of that. He's just a poor two-dimensional cowpoke, and that's the way he intends to stay.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

THE SECOND SPRING by Cardinal Newman, delivered by Rev. John L. Madden, director of the Preacher's Institute, Catholic University, produced by Rev. Henry J. Yannone. Cardinal Newman delivered this famous sermon on July 13, 1852, in St. Mary's College, Oscott, England, before the First Provincial Synod of Westminster. Cardinal Newman delivered the sermon in 58 minutes, Father Madden delivers in 56 minutes. 12" rcd. $3.95
—*Folder from Catholic Distributors, Inc., Washington, D.C.*

Somebody will come along to beat that.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Minneapolis Tribune*]

SEATTLE, WASH.—(INS)—The Seattle tanker Dulcinia, with a crew of 12, went ashore Friday on Buldir island in the Aleutian chain, spilling 285,000 gallons of gasoline into the Atlantic.

Photographed by Ozzie Sweet

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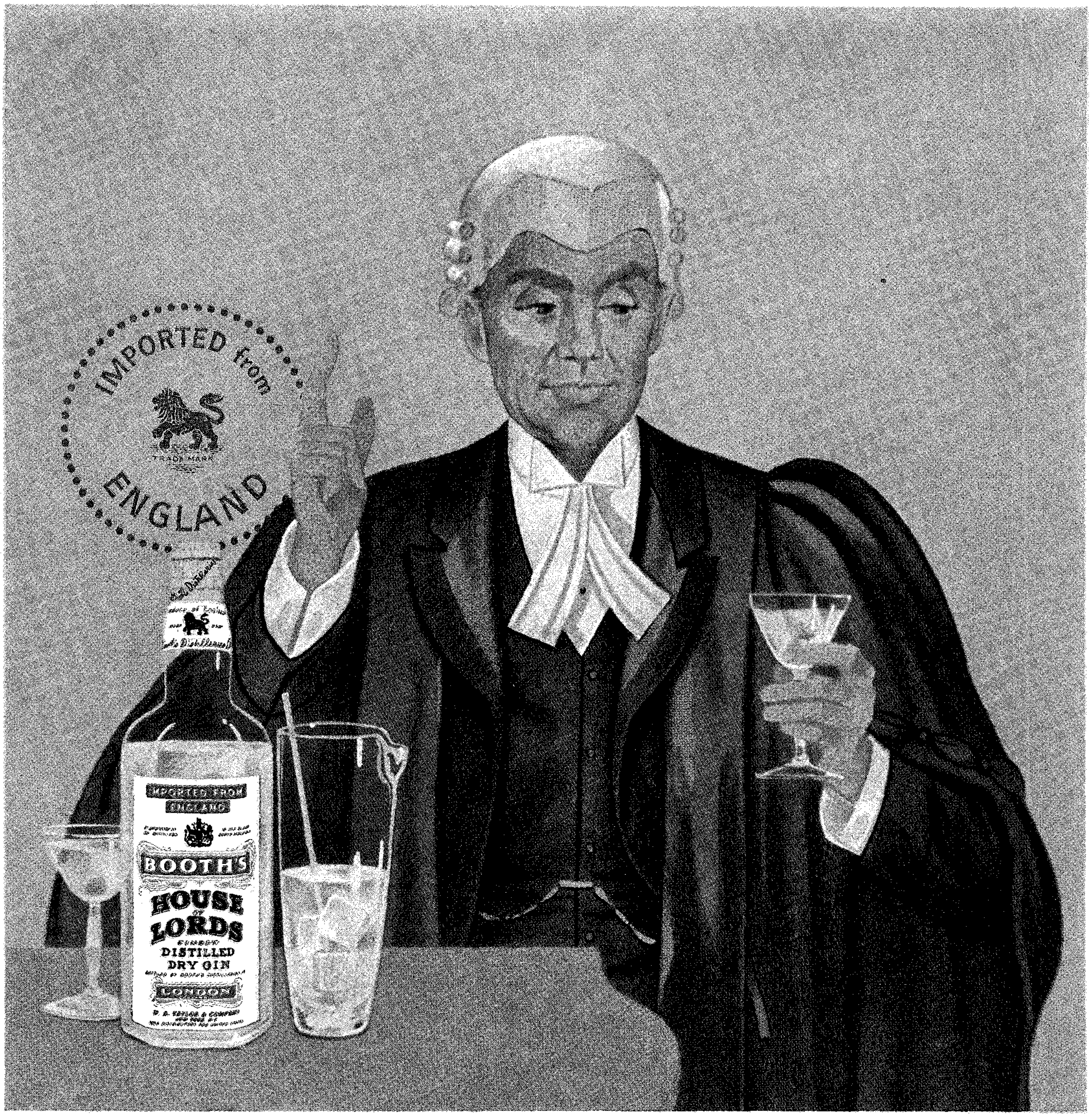
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THE CASE FOR BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS GIN ON THE ROCKS

The first witness was Greg Draddy, General Manager of La Coste shirts, who testified that upon starting to make Martinis for guests recently, he discovered he was out of vermouth. As his friends were waiting impatiently, he simply poured Booth's House of Lords gin over ice cubes. The result was so delightful, he proudly announced what he had done. Now they rate Booth's House of Lords gin on the rocks their favorite cocktail.

Next to give evidence was George R. Bishop, attorney, Pelham Manor, N. Y. While acknowledging that Booth's House of Lords is the only gin smooth enough to be served on the rocks, Mr. Bishop maintained that it is in a Martini that Booth's House of Lords gin most brilliantly asserts its excellence.

Concluding the testimony for the day, Ralph Tornberg, photographer, New York, stated that he first tried Booth's House of Lords gin on the rocks at the suggestion of the head barman at a leading New York club, who assured him that Booth's House of Lords is so soft and mellow it needs no additional ingredients. His experience has confirmed this view.

Others who care to testify in the case for Booth's House of Lords gin "on the rocks" are invited to write to W. A. Taylor & Co., 2 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

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LEAST SAID

THIS winter, for reasons too long and very likely tedious to go into, my husband and I have removed ourselves and our clothes from an upstairs bedroom of our house in Connecticut and gone to live for a few months in the downstairs guest room. This was to be great fun; rather like going visiting—or so we supposed. An ancestral highboy accommodates all my foldable clothes, and the one closet takes whatever needs a hanger. To be sure, the nearest closet we could find for my husband's suits was an empty one off the maids' dining room, and the best use of this takes thought and planning, and agility, and deft darting forays in his dressing gown when he hopes no one is about; he comes flying back through pantry, dining room, and library, his blue dressing-gown sash ends waving, and a captured suit still on its hanger triumphantly borne, like a captive Sabine woman, over his shoulder.

Soon after we moved downstairs into the guest room, it became apparent that we were now right next to the artesian well and its electric pump. Just outside the windows, in the lawn, this enemy is established, its painted cover a different green from the surrounding grass; I must say I scarcely ever noticed it before. But now, all night long, it goes *nummy-nummy-nummy-nummy*, interminably, and my husband lies rigid in the other bed, listening, and gritting his teeth, and muttering, low and worried, "Why doesn't the damned thing shut itself off!"

I don't know, of course. I don't want to know. What goes on among the sullen pipes and valves of our water system and in the dark mysterious fuse boxes is no concern of mine. What I am concerned with, though, is the suffering, rage, and frustration engendered in a helpless woman—any woman—by a man insisting on explaining plumbing to her; plumbing and/or electricity.

"Let's just let the pump run and forget about it, why not?" I plead through the dark, night after night. But no. Some evenings, my husband turns it off before he goes to bed, and sets the alarm clock for 3 A.M. in order to turn it on again. When the alarm goes off, he springs up and goes fumbling out to the lawn. I hear the pump cover's muted clash, then a long, long silence, and I lie wide-eyed, wondering if he has touched something he shouldn't and been electrocuted, and if so, whether I ought to get up. The cover is heard

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again, and he comes shivering back.

"But why do you have to do that!" I cry.

"Because it has a high head and a small bore," he replies, very grimly.

"But it must run all night when we're sleeping upstairs, and you never hear it, and you don't care. These broken nights are killing me."

"The leathers are wearing," he says, gloomily. "If they really give out, we'll have to pull the pipe."

"Don't tell me."

I plunge beneath the blankets, but I can hear ". . . so we'd better give up the dishwasher."

"Oh!" I come up for air; I thump my pillow. "All right. But *you* be the one to tell Bessie, who will probably then leave."

"And no baths for a while, or we'll never get the pressure up." My husband belongs to the I-am-holier-than-thou-because-I-take-a-shower-and-thou-takes-a-bath school, despite the several, true, scientific experiments I have made, proving it's completely a case of six of one and six of the other. If I bring this up, the reply is "Waste pipe leaks then, probably," and he telephones the plumber before he goes off to the office. The plumber comes, or two or three, and they crowd into the small guest-room bathroom and lay their greasy great tools down on the white rug and flick cigarette ashes all over the English soap.

"Least Said Soonest Mended" should be carved in marble over the front door of trade schools. But it isn't; it can't be, the way they go on. "See, lady, the female joint is stripped, so we'll have to use a threader, but we can't do it now because we have to go back in to town and get one. While we're here, we might as well check everything else." They set to and wrench out whole joints; they look solemnly into the dark mouths of pipes. "Corrosion," they murmur, in Episcopalian tones. Another thing they say, staring downward and nodding their heads, is "It don't seem to seat itself, does it; h'hmm." If I am so unwary as to pass nearby, they call me in again. "See; you can see how she keeps leaking and leaking." She! "Needs graphiting," they conclude.

THE simple truth is that no woman born of woman wants to know about valves and traps and elbow joints. If I picked up one of the greasy wrenches and aimed a shrewd blow at what appears to me to be the seat of the trouble, they'd blanch, those men. Or I hope they would, but who has ever been

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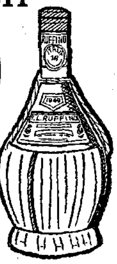

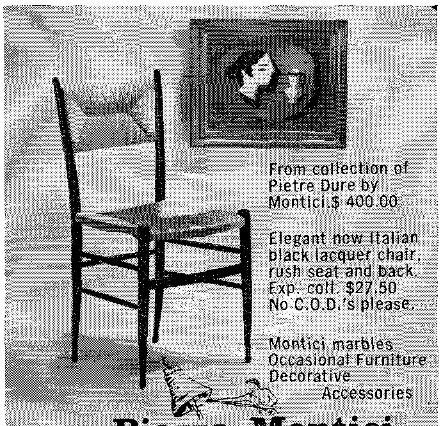

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lucky enough to see a blanched plumber? It's all most unfair. When have I ever forced an electrician or a plumber or a husband to come close to my sewing basket and said to him, "You see, before I can sew a button on this shirt, I have to do this to the thread," and made him attend while I perform the quick legerdemain that results in a knot at the thread's end? Nor do I then tip the mingled contents of the big Mark Cross basket out all over the floor at his feet and say, "And I'll just leave all this here while I go in to town and get a button. *This* button doesn't fit;" and be gone and gone. And not come back and start banging again until the middle of my nap—their nap—oh whose?

High head and small bore, indeed. High head and a big bore, more likely.

—LOUISE FIELD COOPER

•

SCENIC

O when in San Francisco do
As natives do; they sit and stare
And smile and stare again. The view
Is visible from anywhere.

Here hills are white with houses whence,
Across a multitude of sills,
The owners, lucky residents,
See other houses, other hills.

And every San Franciscan knows,
No matter what his past has been,
There are a thousand patios
Whose view he is included in.

The Golden Gate, the cable cars,
Twin Peaks, the Spreckels habitat,
The local ocean, sun, and stars—
When fog falls, one admires that.

The homes are stacked in such a way
That every picture window has
An unmarred prospect of the Bay
And, in its center, Alcatraz.

—JOHN UPDIKE

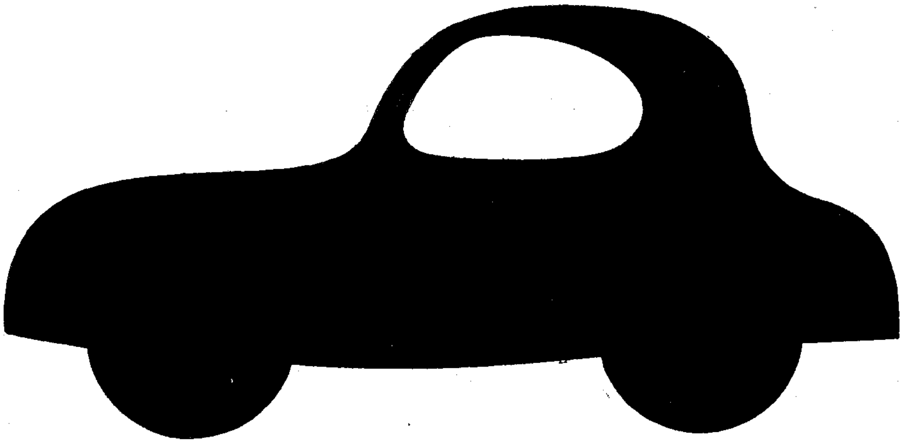
•

Pianist Pressler searched ardently for the notes in the Scherzo and the group moved to the wild excitement of abandon within a form....

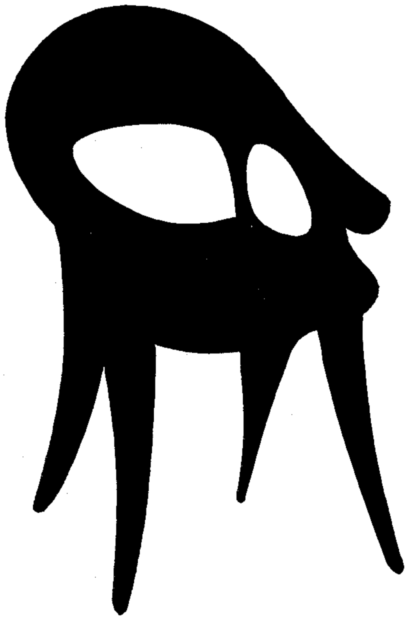
Mr. Pressler gave a burning solo performance of "Leyenda" (Legend) by Albeniz. The music was passionate and Latin. Searching, pulling the lovely notes and disconsolate chords from the instrument, Pressler moved from soft, echoing notes to the wild, definite ending....

In a last minute substitution, Mr. Greenhouse played "The Swan" (Saint Saens).—*Waterbury (Conn.) Republican.*

What was the final score?



The Olivetti Lettera 22 weighs only 8½ pounds, yet has all the important features of big typewriters. Remarkably sturdy, this truly portable *portable is the perfect machine for writers who sometimes travel and travellers who sometimes write.*



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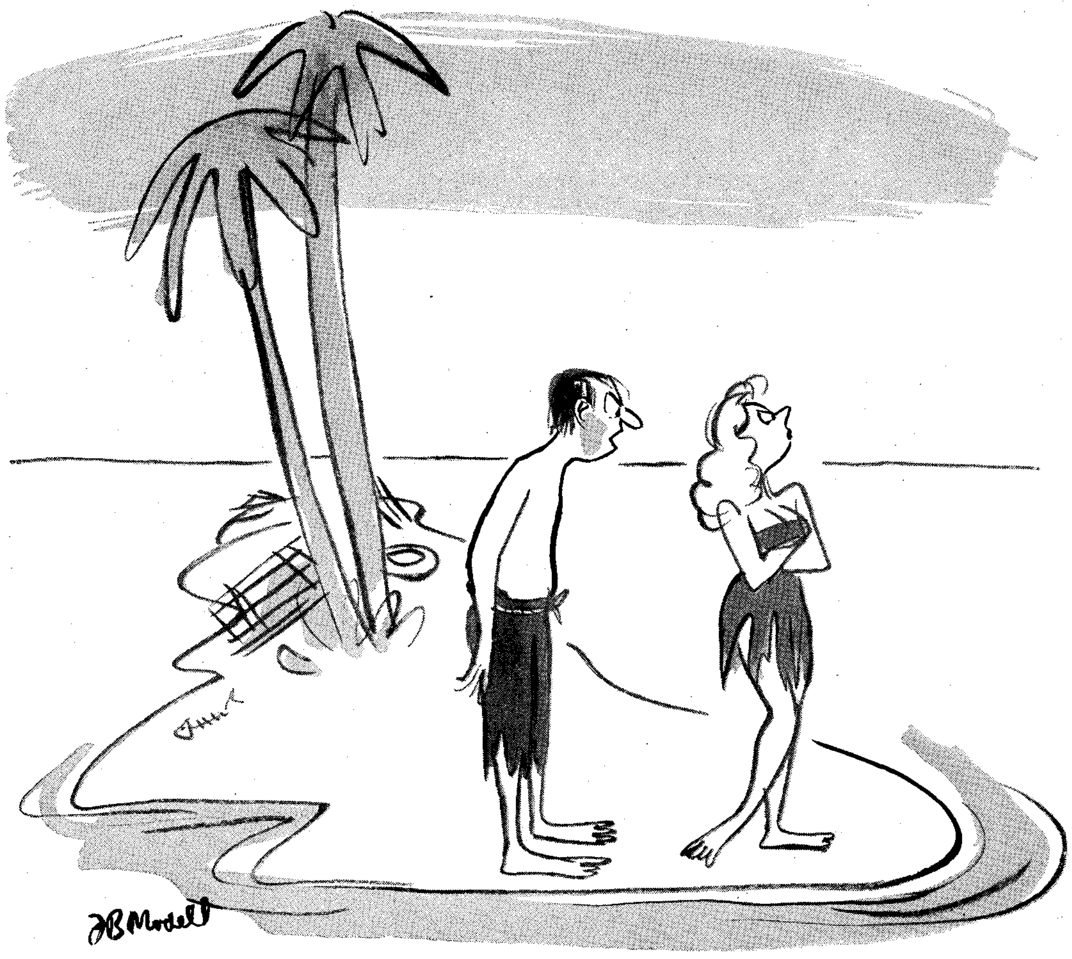
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

UNLESS you are a graphic artist yourself, or a serious collector of prints, it is entirely possible that you have never heard of the International Graphic Arts Society (IGAS), whose headquarters are at 65 West 56th Street. Be that as it may, the Society is celebrating its fifth anniversary this year, and, on the assumption that every householder would like a chance to acquire first-rate prints at moderate prices, I propose to explain briefly how the organization operates. The word "print" is subject to a good deal of confusion, so to begin with I had better point out that the Society uses it to denote not reproductions but original engravings, woodcuts, etchings, lithographs, serigraphs, and so on, conceived and executed (and signed) by the artists themselves. The unusual thing about the Society is that, being endowed and non-profit-making, it is able to offer such prints to its members at about the same prices as those asked for photomechanical reproductions, which, for all the technical improvements of recent years, are still copies of work done by other people, using other methods. If the ardent collector of graphic art seems somewhat hoity-toity about even the finest commercial printing, his attitude is understandable, for although the product of the engraver, the etcher, or the lithographer is no less a print than the product of mechanical reproduction, it is actually as individual as the product of the painter. After all, every step in one of these processes represents the artist's own work, and his responsibility covers technical as well as aesthetic matters.

But to return to the Society. Through juries in America and abroad (the jury in this country consists of the artist Ben Shahn and the curators of prints of nine leading art museums), it annually selects anywhere from eighteen to thirty-six prints by graphic artists of repute, and publishes each of them in an edition of two hundred and ten copies. Ten of these are retained by the artist and the rest are offered to members of the Society, at prices that—depending on the technique employed and the number of colors used—run from $6.50 to $9.50, where comparable works ordinarily bring from $25 to $75. Life membership in the Society costs $10, and upon joining it a member receives one free print; he is obliged to buy at least three other prints thereafter, but no time limit is set for these transactions and it isn't likely that they would create any great financial problem. An informative bimonthly bulletin, containing small illustrations of the newest selections, is sent free to all members, but since the illustrations cannot do much more than suggest the essential nature of the originals, the Society exhibits the prints at its headquarters, which are open Monday through Friday from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. and on Saturday from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. (For the convenience of out-of-town members, it has also arranged to have the prints exhibited at various museums and art centers across the country; the addresses are given in the bulletin.)

In listing the practical benefits offered to members of the Society, perhaps I had better slip in a few words about an extremely good-looking and ingeniously constructed picture frame, which was designed expressly to accommodate the IGAS prints. (Most of them are seventeen inches by twenty-two, but a few are larger, and too big for this frame.) Made in Europe of unfinished maple, it not only displays one of the prints advantageously but provides storage space in the back for as many as ten more. It measures nineteen and a half inches by twenty-five and a half, is accompanied by two mats, with different-size openings, and can be hung horizontally or vertically; the price is $11.50. During a recent visit I made to the gallery, the prints on view in-



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Darling, you'll get *undivided* attention

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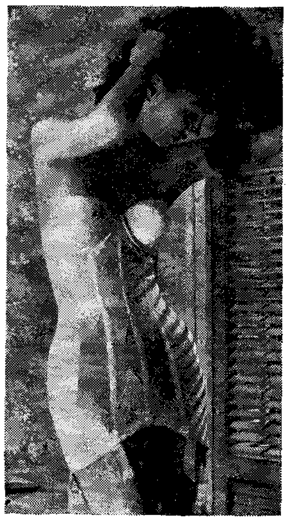

If a one-piece bathing suit is more flattering than a two-piece, doesn't it stand to reason that a corselette will do so much more for you than a bra and girdle? Especially a Corselette by Warner's—they're meringue-light. That smooth custom-fit is no accident, either. Warner's makes more styles for more different kinds of figures than anyone else. Pull-ons, strapless, boned, unboned and half-sizes—many with Warner's exclusive Free-Lift® bra.

#3864. Above: Pull-on in power net. White, pink, black. For short-waisted figures, #864½. Each, $16.50.
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This new TOOTAL linen is marked "TEBILIZED® Double Tested" trademark for crease-resistance and smooth drying. All fabrics bearing the registered trademark "TOOTAL" are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Should dissatisfaction arise through any defect in the fabric, Tootal will replace the garment or refund the price. T. B. Lee Company, Inc., 1441 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

cluded an elaborate linoleum-cut composition in yellow and black called "Seeds in Bottle," by Ninon Lacey, which was executed with enchanting precision and imagination; an engrossing woodcut of children, by Leonard Baskin; a strikingly dramatic six-color woodcut called "Teahouse," by the Japanese artist Hodaka Yoshida; and a study called "Temple," by James Forsberg, who glues, or sometimes nails, cardboard cutouts to a composition block, which is then inked for printing, like a woodcut or a linoleum cut.

WITHIN the limits of graphic art, it would not be easy to find an exhibit that presented a greater contrast to IGAS's avant-garde prints than the group of ancient engravings, etchings, and lithographs at the Old Print House, a tiny upstairs shop at 139 East 53rd Street. Although the establishment itself is new, its owner, Oscar Imber, is well known to collectors and the loftier sort of interior decorators, having for years toured the country with his large collection of curious, beautiful, and valuable old prints. Indeed, the size of the collection may at first dismay the customer who drops in without any very clearly directed artistic interest, and I myself, after spending three long afternoons in the cluttered little place, have the uneasy feeling that a lot of fascinating things may have escaped me. Even for the non-specialist, many of these old prints are bound to have considerable attraction, since they bring all sorts of ancient scenes before us in the liveliest possible way. Anybody with the slightest interest in social history, for instance, is almost sure to become absorbed in the numerous large copper engravings, published between 1733 and 1751, of Hogarth's genre pictures, or the copper engravings of the "Vedute di Firenze" series of Florentine street scenes painted by Giuseppe Zocchi, which, though they were published in 1744, seem as familiar as last summer's snapshots of the Ponte Vecchio and the Pitti Palace. There are also a number of Piranesi's powerful copper engravings of the architectural grandeur of eighteenth-century Rome, and these have a wonderfully exciting beauty and boldness. To give you an idea of prices, the Hogarth engravings run from $10 to $20, the views of Florence are $75 each, and the Piranesis are about $50 each.

Mr. Imber's collection is particularly rich in prints dealing with the natural sciences, among them some hand-colored copper engravings that Mar-

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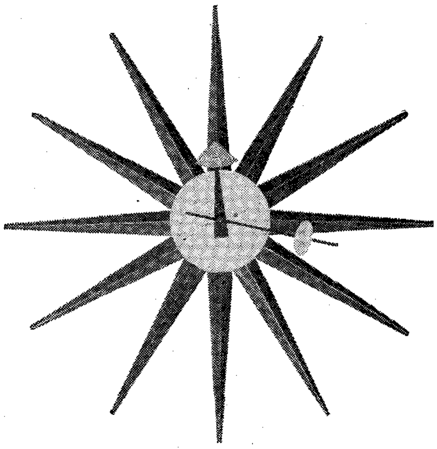
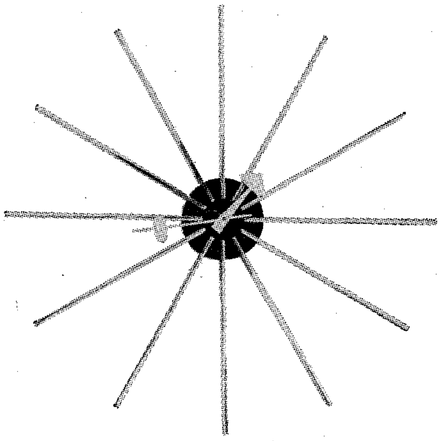
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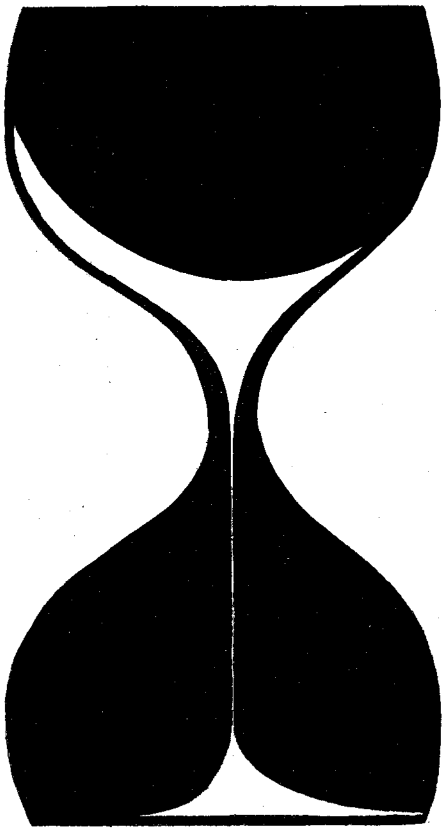
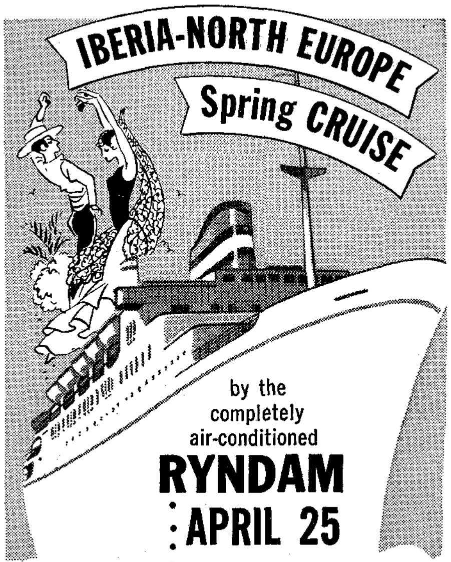


tinet executed, between 1770 and 1786, for Buffon's "Histoire Naturelle," which make a notable collection in themselves. The plates, all approximately eight inches by ten and a half, include not only the famous ornithological series but a good many engravings of marine flora and fauna that will surely captivate anybody, naturalist or non-naturalist, who is looking for a bit of highly effective decoration. (Perhaps I had better admit right here that it is the decorative character of many of the prints that appeals most strongly to my unspecialized taste, and it is as decoration that I commend them to the householder.) The same ornamental quality characterizes a relatively large number of copper engravings of birds and beasts done by William Frederic Martyn for his "New Dictionary of Natural History," which was published in London in 1785; in these, the figures are rather small and there are four or five to a plate (the plates measure about seven and a half inches by thirteen), but the drawing is extremely detailed and remarkably spirited. As for strictly ornithological works, the shop has about fifty extraordinarily handsome plates (thirteen inches by ten) by Alexander Wilson, the eighteenth-century poet, naturalist, and artist who wrote and illustrated the first treatise on American ornithology; some half-dozen specimens of the ornithological plates of Mark Catesby, who came to this country in the middle of the eighteenth century; and John Gould's brilliant and dramatic humming-bird series (almost two feet high and over a foot wide), of the edition of 1850-60. Both the Martinet and the Martyn plates cost $15 each, the Wilsons $20, and the John Goulds from $15 to $50.

I can also speak with pleasure of some serene nineteenth-century Japanese woodcuts, at $35 each; a set of sepia woodcuts, done in 1557, of Italian coins, at $7 each; a group of original lithographed silhouettes of early-nineteenth-century worthies, drawn from life by William Brown in 1844, at $25 each; and an almost endless number of other engravings, woodcuts, and lithographs, all of them classified according to subject, rather than period or technique. There are, for instance, whole folders of prints dealing with the legal profession, the Suez Canal, matériel of war, early English hospitals, classic burial urns, conchology, music, cartography, and—what struck me as the most fascinating of all—horses and horsemanship. Some large plates, engraved in 1796 from wood blocks made



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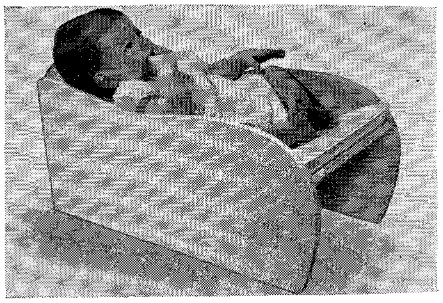

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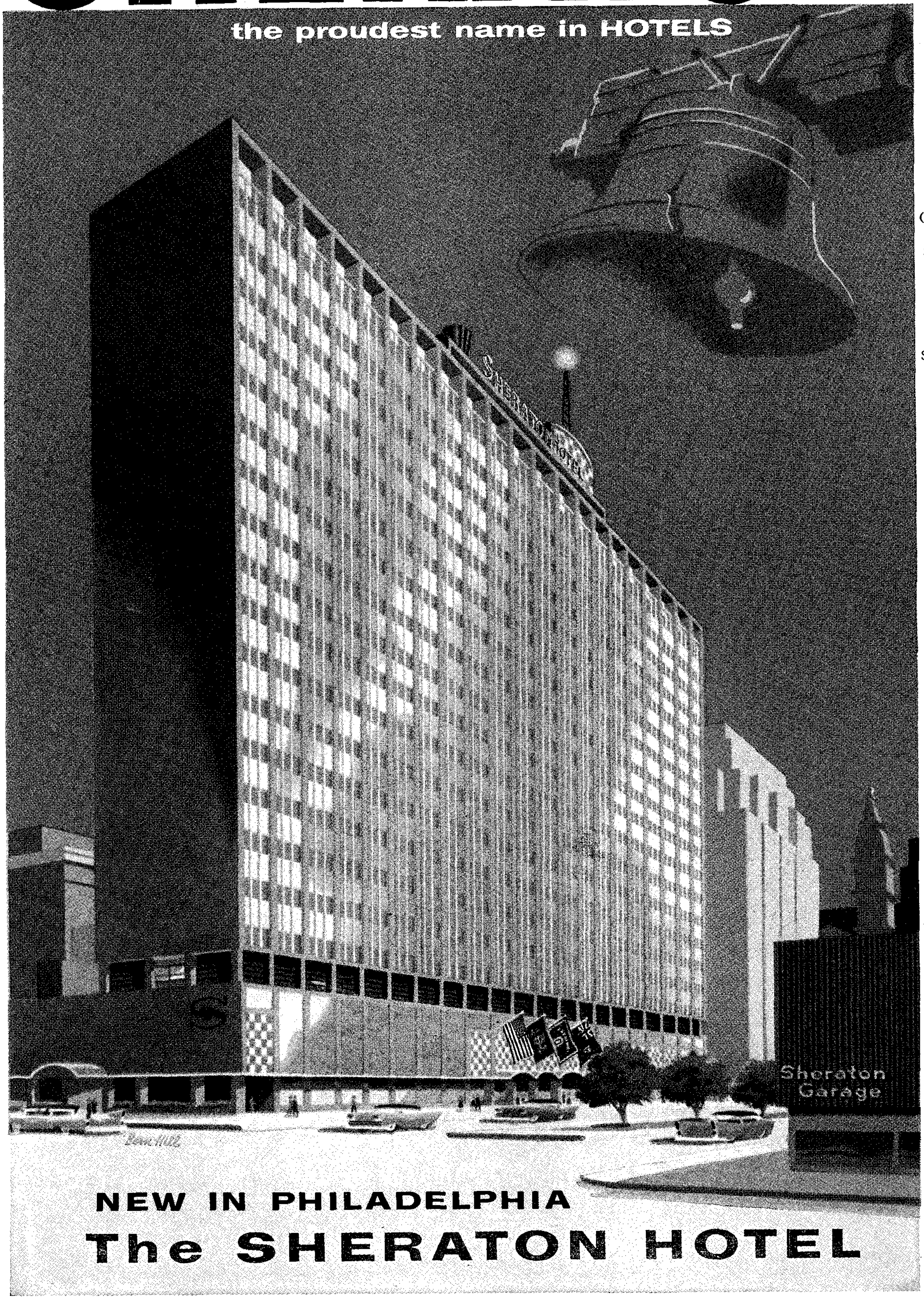

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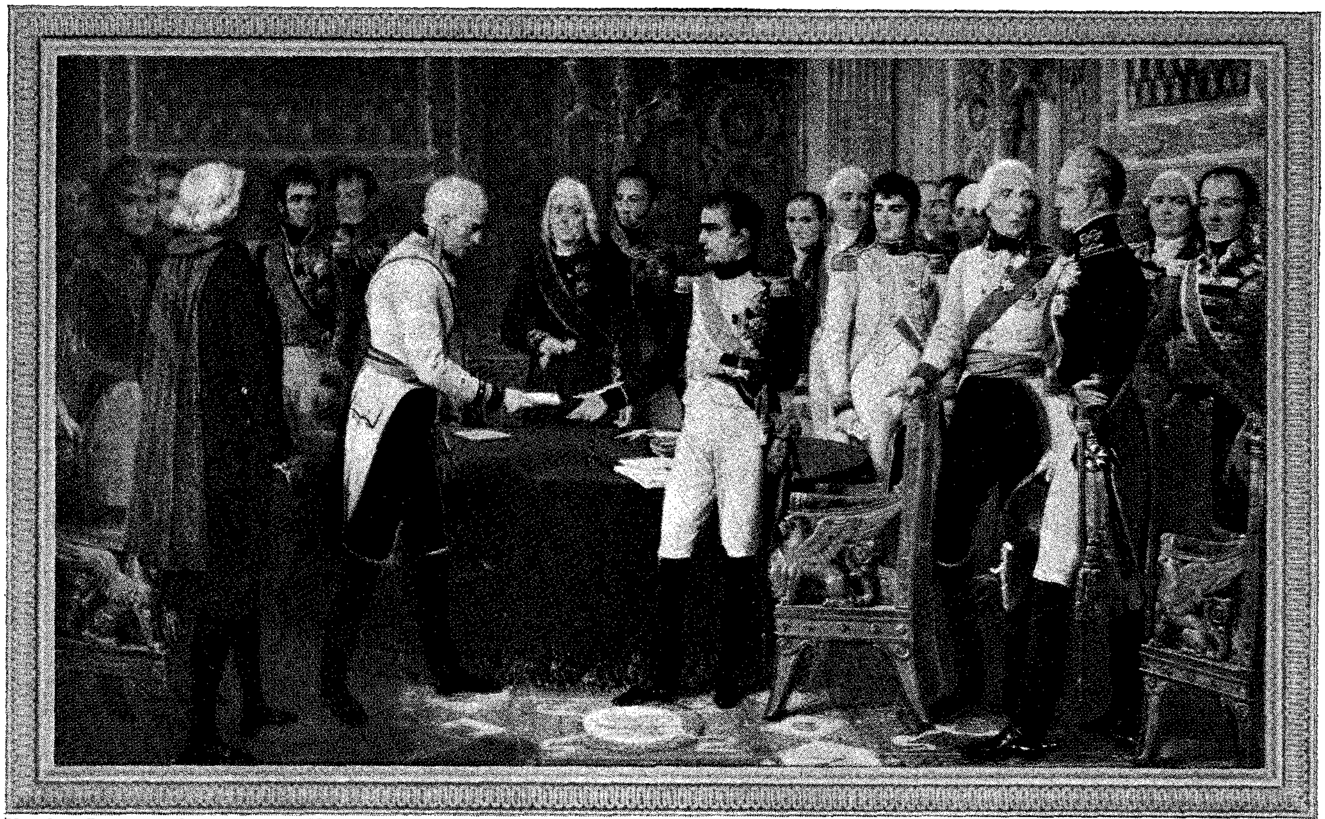
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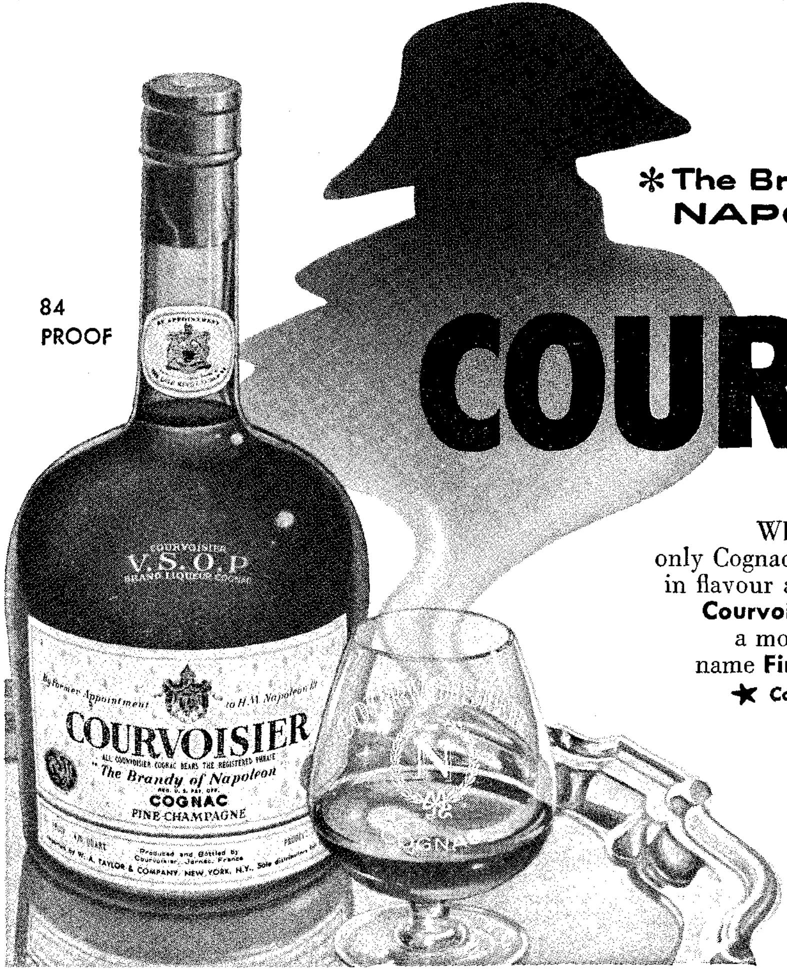
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in the sixteenth century, present what is practically a pictorial history of chivalry, with special emphasis on the joustings and tournaments in which the Emperor Maximilian II took part, and a series of copper engravings done in 1658 shows the triumphs of that famous horseman the Duke of Newcastle. (In one, he is fancifully mounted on a winged horse and surrounded by a circle of magnificent kneeling stallions.)

WHILE the current exhibition of handmade furniture at the admirable new Museum of Contemporary Crafts, at 29 West 53rd Street, may not be as facilely pleasing as the museum's opening show of ceramics, floor coverings, and so on, it is perhaps a more important venture into contemporary design, since joinery, though it holds an essential and enduring place in our daily life, has been more or less neglected in the present revival of the manual arts. Quite a few of the pieces now on view are things of beauty in themselves, and all, without exception, are beautifully made, of handsome, carefully selected woods that have a tactile as well as a visual appeal. If some of the designs seem a bit self-conscious, they reveal a fundamental soundness that is reassuring for the future of this important craft, and altogether the exhibition should interest anybody who cares about either handwork or modern applied design. Unfortunately, the pieces cannot be purchased directly through the museum, but the addresses of all the exhibitors are listed in the catalogue. —S. H.

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the Tatler, London*]

MISS CHRISTINE FAIRFAX-ROSS looked radiant at her coming-out ball, wearing a lovely crinoline of black tulle over pink.

No one was more thrilled to see Christine so radiant on her big evening than her Nanny, Miss Cooper, who came to the family when Christine was a month old. Also present were two other old friends of the family, Miss Annie Abbot, who has been with the Fairfax-Rosses for eighteen years, and Mrs. Fuller, a former parlourmaid who is now married but still comes to help in the household. She was with Mrs. Fairfax-Ross's family and trained under her parents' butler, and when Mrs. Fairfax-Ross married she then went to her as her parlourmaid.

•

The new Senate, now just a month old, has provided more than $3,000,000 for investigations. The House of Representatives has provided nearly $1,000,000 for its iniquities.—*Boston Herald.*

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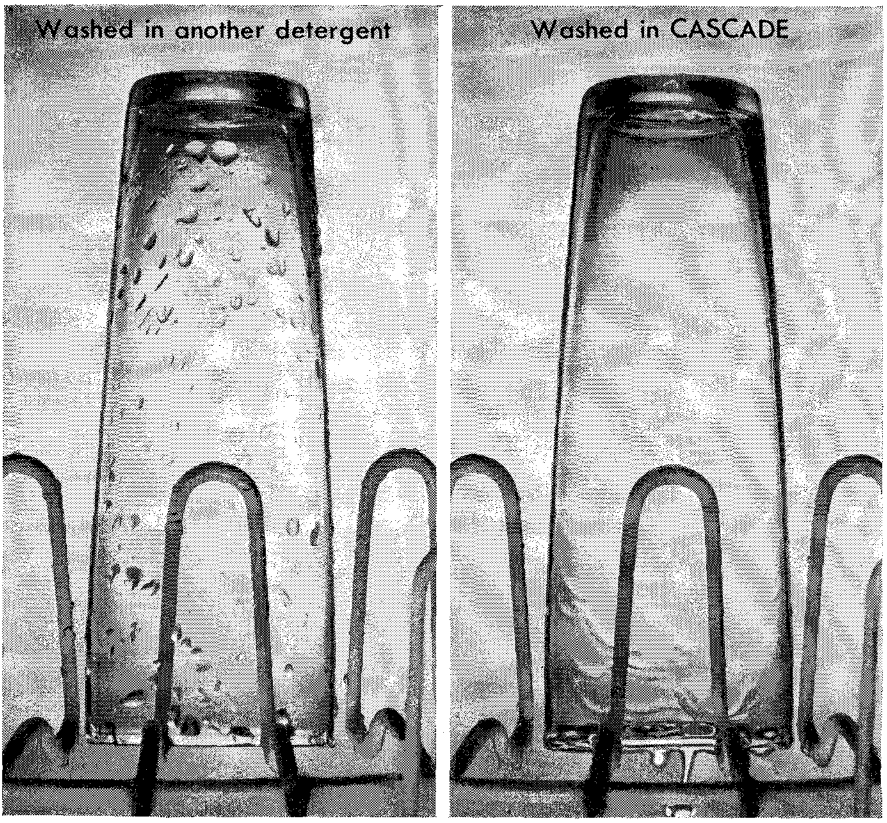

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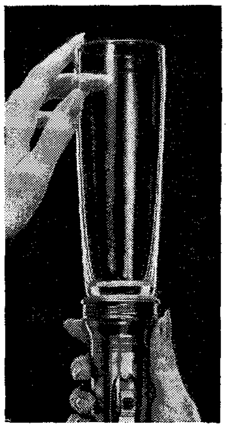

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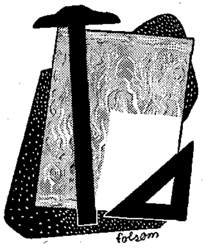
THE ART GALLERIES

Young and Old



THERE is something Minerva-like about the spectacle of a museum springing full-blown into existence, and in the nature of things it happens but rarely. I wasn't practicing when the Whitney Museum opened, back in 1931, and though I did see the opening of the Museum of Modern Art in its present quarters, in 1939, that was only the last of a series of moves that began a decade earlier in a small suite of offices, turned gallery, in the Heckscher Building. Now a brand-new one has burst upon us—the Museum of Primitive Art, which is largely based on the collection of Nelson A. Rockefeller and has obviously been a good many years in preparation. But all that was done behind the scenes, and thus the effect is no less galvanic. One day, a week or so ago, there was not and had never been a Museum of Primitive Art. Next day, there was one, neatly installed in a rebuilt residence at 15 West Fifty-fourth Street, and apart from a spick-and-spanness about everything, it's now as settled and well established in atmosphere as any of the older ones.

Since the opening exhibition includes only some sixty pieces out of a collection that I'm told numbers close to five hundred, it may seem a bit parsimonious. I found the arrangement confusing, too, for there has been no attempt to sort out the exhibits, by periods or by cultures, and since the range is from a fragment of bone, dated about 20000 B.C., found in Spain and engraved with the figure of a reindeer in a style very like the cave drawings of that general region, to a number of nineteenth-century African ceremonial carvings, one has to do a good deal of skipping about to keep track of things. There's a concentration of pieces from Central America, including a particularly fine Mexican stone figure, "Man Leaning on Staff," from around Tampico; a pair of handsome grinding stones, or metates, from Costa Rica; and a couple of other stone figures—a large and dramatic "Executioner" and a smaller and surprisingly active "Religious Figure." All of these are pre-colonial, as are a polished stone head called " 'Veiled' Woman," remarkably subtle in modelling, and the equally impressive "Bound Prisoner." I liked, as well, the big, oddly shaped "Fish-Mouthed Drum," from New Guinea; the green, smooth "Dead Man Mask," from British Columbia; and the exquisitely carved little "Double Gong," in ivory, from Nigeria. Perhaps because of the smallness and the scatteredness of the show, there's a certain feeling of emptiness about the undertaking, as if it hadn't found a clear purpose to give it meaning, and I couldn't help wondering if a continuing interest can be sustained in the project on its present basis. The value of primitive forms as a key to past cultures and a source of inspiration to contemporary artists is coming to be more and more recognized, but this remains a specialized rather than a popular field, and it seems to me that it might be wise to make some concessions to this fact, such as building up a library of photographs and other reference material, and providing other facilities for special study. But it may be that this is in the making. Meantime, in the present collection, both the installation and the pieces themselves are handsome in the extreme.

AS it ages, the Whitney turns more and more toward youth, and its new show, called "Young America 1957" and made up of works by thirty painters and sculptors who are under thirty-five, is its most ambitious step in that direction. As might be expected, it's an uneven but also a most spirited exhibit. It would seem that a real effort has been made to dig up newcomers of promise, for most of the artists are relatively unknown, and twelve of them have had no solo New York showings. To the delight at least of sculptors everywhere, the practitioners of this neglected art are given much better representation than usual, for no less than six men are included in this division. Their work also must be ranked among the most original. To be sure, influences are apparent, as well as a tendency, evident all through the show, to overwork the material. Thus, in the sculpture section, there are hints of David Smith in the constructions of Richard Stankiewicz, and Raymond Rocklin's pieces are even more obviously based on the Art Nouveau rococo of fifty-odd years ago. On the other hand, Stankiewicz's designs, particularly "Urchin, No. 2" and "Kabuki Dancer," have style and wit, while Rocklin's (see "Font Fantastique," for example) represent, at any rate, an interesting venture into a manner that has been pretty much ignored in recent years. Of the other sculptures, I enjoyed most of all the lively "Dog Trying to Go to Heaven" and the more sombre "Sleeping Child," both by Paul Frazier. Jack Squier's work, though more derivative, has good plastic feeling, most especially "Figure in the Shape of a Heart," while Elbert Weinberg, a twenty-eight-year-old New Haven artist whose large hierarchic "Procession" is one of the highlights of the collection, reveals a talent of high order.

The painters, again perhaps predictably, run overwhelmingly to the Expressionist and Abstract Expressionist. I noticed only one truly representational artist, James Phillips, and his work, if technically adroit ("Self-Portrait, Versailles"), is tinged a bit too determinedly with a vaguely Surrealist moodiness. Among the others, Hans Hofmann's influence is predominant, and if it is ill-absorbed in some instances, there are cases, such as Helen Frankenthaler's pale, blossomy "Neighborhood Walks," in which it seems to have served only as a starting point for further, more personal explorations.

There are, too, a gratifying number who show real originality of purpose. Gerald McLaughlin, whose "The Empress" and "The Host" prove him to be one of the most accomplished technically of the whole group, is decidedly in this class, and so is Robert Eshoo (the delicately patterned "Evolution of a Day"). But the most inventive of all is Elias Friedensohn, and his haunting study of two heads, half formed and half merged, called "Effort at Speech Between Two People" and the pale, almost ghostly "The Communicant" are remarkable minglings of poetic and plastic fantasy. Incidentally, one of the striking things about the show is the recurrence of religious subjects. I counted no less than twelve examples, and many of them, such as Jonah Kinigstein's luminous "Chiesa di San Agostino" and Jack Zajac's "Resurrection," are works of real power and feeling. I've no comment ready, except that this fact may come as a surprise to those who still think all modern artists are a godless, unprincipled lot.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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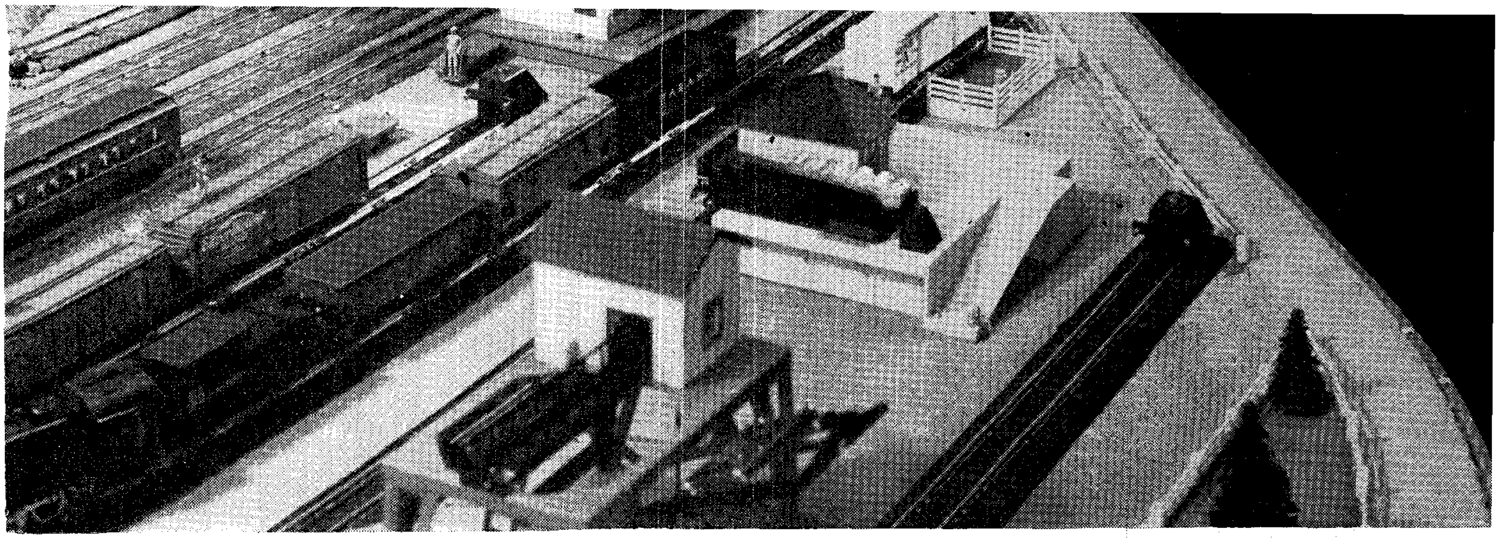
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE MEADOWS—I

THE world of my childhood was really two worlds, connected by the Pennsylvania Railroad. One of them was central New Jersey, where I grew up—a region of cozy, sooty historic towns—and the other was the remote and magical city of New York, which I sometimes visited. Between the two was a no man's land of tidal marsh—some thirty thousand acres of it, as I have since learned—situated just west of the Palisades and extending northward from the edge of Elizabeth almost to Hackensack, or right in the middle of one of the nation's greatest industrial concentrations. Because this brackish tract, which Jerseymen call, variously, the meadows or the meadowlands, was low and mostly level and bordered by higher, built-up ground, and because the wind often bent the reeds that covered it into smoothly travelling waves, I always thought of it as a lake. From the train, I could see two islands in it—a large one, just north of the tracks, and a small one, just south of them. The large island, rising about two hundred feet above the reeds and presenting the general aspect of a minor-league Mont-Saint-Michel, was called Snake Hill in those days, and on it were the forbidding brick buildings of the Hudson County Penitentiary; since then, the penitentiary has been moved to Jersey City, the brick buildings have been taken over by various other county institutions, among them a hospital for the aged and an almshouse, and the name of the elevation has been changed to a much less menacing one—Laurel Hill. The small island, on which there have never been any buildings, used to be called Little Snake Hill, and still is when it's called anything; it is of such trifling consequence that nobody has bothered to give it a blander name. There used to be a billboard advertising Bromo-Seltzer on top of Little Snake Hill; today there is one advertising Coca-Cola.

I know now, as I did not when I was a boy, that the two hills are outcrops of igneous rock, and that they have been standing there for almost two hundred million years, or a good deal longer than any other geological manifestation in the meadows. In my childhood, I would have preferred Washington Irving's theory, advanced in the "Knickerbocker History," that the hills are made up of the bones of Indians who, frightened by the "tremendous and uncouth" sounds of the Low Dutch that the early settlers spoke, fled into the meadows and perished. Anyway, two minutes after passing the islands, or bone heaps, the train from central Jersey would reach the eastern shore of the lake and plunge into a tunnel in the side of the Palisades, to emerge four or five minutes later in Pennsylvania Station, New York. The journey, and especially the transitional part of it, through the meadows, had a dreamlike quality for me; indeed, the meadows, symbolizing I have no idea what, actually appeared in my dreams every once in a while for some years. Though I have lived in New York for a long time now, I still often think of the meadows—no longer as a fancied lake but as a reassuring reminder, in a world of stone, steel, and asphalt, that there is a natural wilderness nearby. After all, the eastern edge of the meadows is just two miles from the West Side Highway as it passes the midtown area, and on clear days the muskrats and other animals that live in them and the pheasants, meadow-larks, indigo buntings, yellow warblers, great blue herons, and lesser scaup ducks that fly over them need only glance eastward to get an admirable view, above and beyond the Palisades, of the upper stories of the taller Manhattan buildings.

FROM time to time, my interest in the meadows has led me to explore them—sometimes literally, by car or on foot, and sometimes through reading or conversation—and I have learned, among other things, that there is partial confirmation for one of my childish fantasies; the meadows were indeed a lake at one stage of their history—and not so long ago, either, by geological standards. The lake basin was formed over a period of a million years or so, as a series of glaciers carved out a deep gorge in the red sandstone and shale between the basalt of the Watchung, or Orange, Mountains, near Montclair, and the diabase of the Palisades—two ranges of extremely hard igneous rock that had been thrust up out of the earth almost two hundred million years earlier. When the last of the glaciers receded, only about twenty-five or thirty-five thousand years ago, the gorge became filled with water—fresh water from the melting ice or tidal salt water from the Atlantic or a combination of the two, depending on which geologist you put your trust in. The result was what the geologists unanimously speak of as Lake Hackensack, and Laurel Hill and Little Snake Hill, which appear to have been by-products of the subterranean upheaval that produced the Palisades, were



A. C. Gilbert, Jr., President of A. C. Gilbert Co., as photographed by Peter Benech

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islands in the ancient lake, as they became in mine. After Lake Hackensack was formed, two layers of sediment settled on its bottom every year—a coarse layer in summer, a fine layer in winter. This has been a great convenience to geologists. Studies of the soil under the present meadows have disclosed between five and six thousand layers of the sediment, indicating that the waters of Lake Hackensack occupied the cavity for between twenty-five hundred and three thousand years. During that time, the lake became progressively shallower—partly because of the sediment, and partly because the underlying shale and sandstone were slowly rebounding from the punishing downward blows of the glaciers.

As anyone who has tried to walk in the meadows knows, Lake Hackensack cannot be said to have dried up even now. Its bottom has rebounded to a point where most of it is above water at low tide, but most of it is still under water at high tide, and nearly all of it is perpetually saturated with a sour dampness. Down the middle of the muck that covers it wanders the Hackensack River, with an average width of a thousand feet and ranging in depth from about ten feet to about sixty. The top layer of muck, as deep as five feet in places, is made up of decomposed roots and vegetation; under it lie silt, sand, and the stratified summer-and-winter sediment of long ago. To judge by borings that have been taken in recent years, the distance from the surface of the muck to the shale-and-sandstone bedrock varies all the way from five feet to more than two hundred; actually, the range may be even greater than that, for there are sections of the meadows where no tests have ever been made.

The meadows are fifteen miles long, and four miles across at their widest point. Their northern end is about opposite 125th Street, and to the south they extend some seven miles below the Battery. They are remarkably similar to Manhattan in shape and orientation, but they are quite a bit larger, Manhattan being slightly less than twelve and a half miles long and having a maximum width of just under two and a half miles. From Times Square it is six or seven miles, as the helicopter flies, to their wildest and most inhospitable section. As is well known to practically everyone who has ventured westward from New York, their general appearance is that of a vast field of tall brownish grass with large tassels, which rises to a strikingly uniform height. This is *Phragmites communis*, or the common reed, and it is the world's most cosmopolitan plant, flourishing with almost equal enthusiasm in fresh and salt marshes on every continent except Antarctica. Being light and stiff, it is used in Mexico for the latticework in adobe huts, and in Arizona and New Mexico for mats and screens; the Indians in the meadows once used it to make arrow shafts. So predominant is *Phragmites communis* in the meadows that a traveller passing through them in a car or train may well conclude that they support only that one species of plant, or—if he is observant enough to spot stands of the smaller and less spectacular reed called the cattail—two species, at most. But when the meadows are studied closely, they turn out to be rich in botanical variety. A recent survey of just one forty-acre tract revealed a hundred and seventeen species, including marsh marigold, knotweed, poison ivy, sensitive-fern, water-plantain, fowl meadow-grass, duckweed, day lily, iris, groundnut, black sumac, skunk grape, swamp rose-mallow, marsh St.-John's-wort, purple loosestrife, swamp blueberry, tupelo, Rutland Beauty, verbena, Joe-Pye weed, goldenrod, and several varieties of dwarf oak.

Little as the traveller may be aware of this floral lushness, he seldom misses the region's characteristic smell, which varies in nuance from section to section according to the nature of the local commercial activity. Compounded of the emanations of decaying vegetation, briny ooze, factory smokestacks, and concentrated animal husbandry, the smell is rich, unforgettable, and probably unique in the sensual experience of mankind. It persists in all seasons and nearly all weathers; only a three-day northeaster or a blustery, sub-freezing winter morning can banish it and then just temporarily—or so I have been told by such first-hand authorities as residents of Secaucus, the only town that is completely surrounded by the meadows, and one whose odor is noted especially for the gamy nuance of pigs, which are raised there in profusion. Built on what may at one time have been a mere hump on the bottom of Lake Hackensack, three miles due west of midtown Manhattan and largely hidden from the Pennsylvania tracks by Laurel Hill, the town still has the feeling of an island; it commands splendid views of the meadows in all directions, and it can be escaped from only by causeways or bridges built on stilts, or by boat along the Hackensack or one of its tributary creeks. A bluff near the highest point of Secaucus is occupied by the Hudson County Hospital for Mental Diseases, some of whose windows face a terrain that even the most rational mind might find less than tranquillizing: first, the mottled-brown meadows, defaced by piles of burning trash and crossed by the New Jersey Turnpike, with its scurrying rows of cars; then the Palisades, with a number of bleak-looking towns spread along their flank and their top; and, finally, rising above and behind all this, the unlikely upper half of the Empire State Building.

Some Secaucusans, as well as other inhabitants of the region, maintain that in certain lights, and particularly at sunset, the meadows take on a tawny beauty that is compelling enough to make the beholder forget the smell and the burning trash. Even partisans concede, however, that along with such beauty, and perhaps inextricable from it, the meadows have a sinister quality, ever present and impossible wholly to define. This quality is accentuated by the fires that, almost every spring and fall, range over large portions of the meadows, more or less out of control. A cigarette thrown from an automobile or spontaneous combustion in a pile of garbage can easily ignite the dry reeds, and as long as the blaze does not threaten homes or factories, the fire departments of the surrounding towns tend to disregard it—reasonably enough, since their apparatus cannot leave the roads without getting mired in the muck. It is wildlife that suffers most from the fires, but occasionally one of them becomes dangerous to man. A few years ago, a fire fanned by a strong wind jumped Route 20, which cuts across the meadows from Carlstadt to Union City via Secaucus, and created a low-hanging cloud of smoke so dense that motorists could see neither the flames in the reeds nor what lay ahead. Many of them drove blindly into the smoke, trusting that they would soon be in the clear. As it turned out, the heat had melted the insulation on an overhead telephone cable, and along eight hundred feet of the road a ghastly rain of molten lead was falling. Dozens of people in canvas-topped cars were badly burned.

Nor is this susceptibility to fires the darkest aspect of the meadows. By nature treacherous, they seem to invite more than their share of human treachery. In the prohibition era, especially, they were esteemed by New York gangsters as an appropriate setting either for murders or for the disposal of

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Plainly, someone had to do something. Fortunately, someone did. It was San Francisco's Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society. They met, mixed and mixed again, impartially, until all agreed on the One Perfect Martini — desert-dry, pale and clear as a winter moon.

Below is the Society's official Martini recipe for this year, reprinted with the Society's kind permission:

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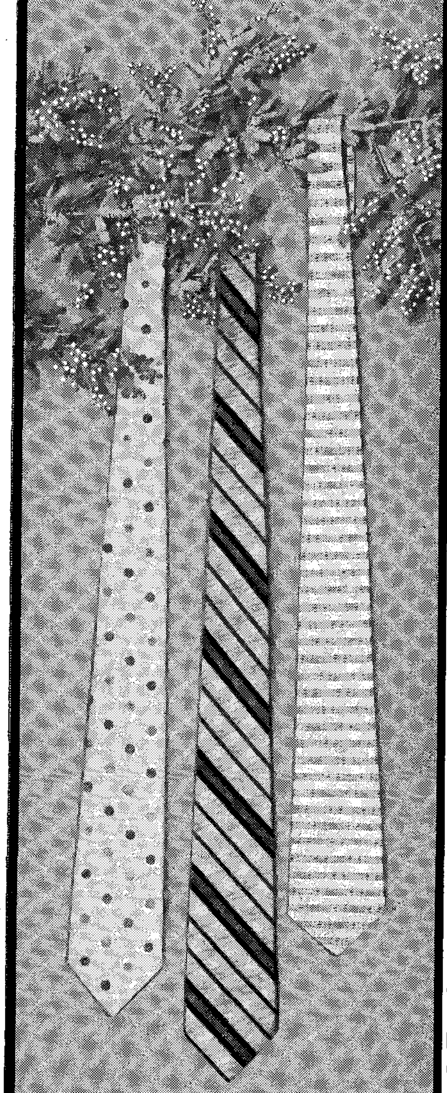

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the bodies of persons murdered elsewhere. Perhaps the most celebrated of the crimes for which the meadows have provided a backdrop was the murder, on the night of August 9, 1929, of Eugene Moran, a bootlegger who had started his career as an errand boy for the gambler Arnold Rothstein. Moran was shot in the back of the head, and, dead or alive, was driven to a dump near the edge of the meadows, at the junction of Haynes Avenue and Route 25, just west of Newark Airport; the car, a stolen Packard, was then drenched with gasoline and set afire. The flames consumed Moran so thoroughly that it took seven months to identify his body, the sole remaining clues being a temporary filling in his second upper left bicuspid and a key to his house in Brielle, New Jersey. The only known witness to the crime was a night watchman on duty at the dump, who saw the Packard turn off Haynes Avenue, go through a hole in a fence, proceed across a patch of filled-in land, and stop near two billboards, a few hundred feet from the dump, that were joined at one end, forming a V. Becoming suspicious, the watchman started for the car, but before he got there, it went up in flames. By their garish light he saw two men run toward the highway, where, it was later established, another car was waiting for them; one of the men, the watchman remembered, blundered like a figure in a nightmare into the V formed by the two billboards, but he soon found his way out of that trap and scrambled along after his partner. Nobody has ever found out who the two men were.

As a matter of fact, considering that the criminals were running across the meadows at night—even though in an area partly filled in by dumping—it is rather surprising that they succeeded in reaching the highway at all, instead of getting bogged down badly enough to permit their capture, or possibly being drowned in some unexpected creek. Although such an authority on New Jersey soil engineering as Dr. Alfreds R. Jumikis, professor of civil engineering at Rutgers, states flatly that there is no true quicksand in the meadows, there are many spots that can prove troublesome to the unwary. For years, there were man-made sinkholes, every bit as dangerous as quicksand, in and around Little Ferry, at the northeast corner of the meadows. A good deal of clay is to be found there, of a sort that brickmakers hold in high regard, and for over half a century local brickmakers used to cut sheer-sided pits down through the muck

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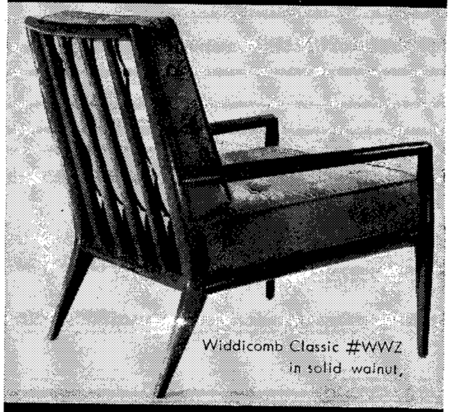

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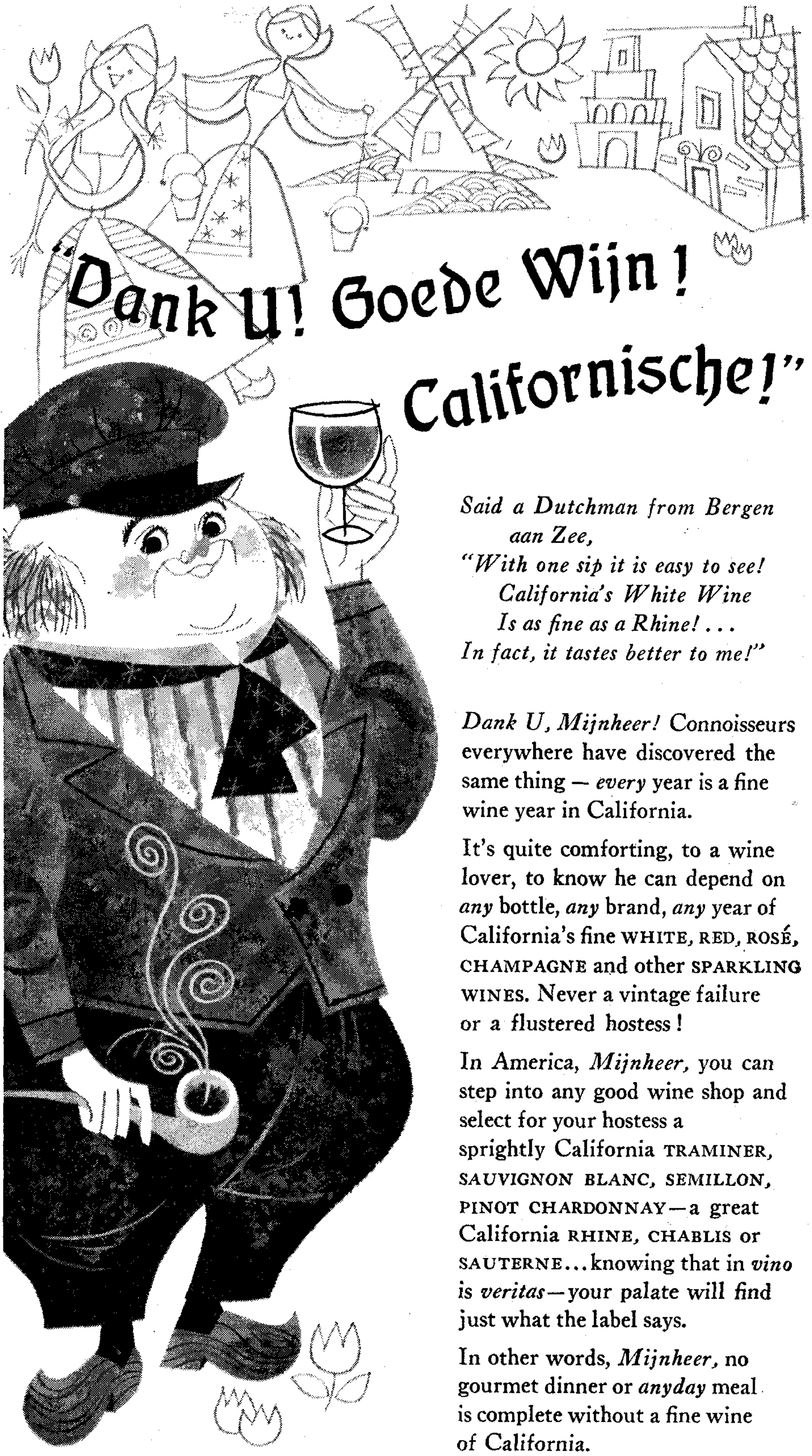
in order to reach it. Around 1930, the practice became uneconomical, and the pits, partly filled with water, were simply abandoned. Several youngsters fell into them and were drowned, and as a result the bigger pits have been filled in—all except the biggest, which is sixty-five feet deep and covers about five acres. This one has been fenced off, stocked with trout and pan fish, and, like Laurel Hill, given a name indicative of an age that likes its nomenclature mild. It is called Willow Lake.

THE present owners of the marshland include a number of towns that have taken over parcels of it for nonpayment of taxes, railroads that maintain tracks there, and, most important, professional real-estate speculators and diehard heirs who are hanging on to pieces of the property against the day when a well-heeled developer will appear on the scene with the conviction that the whole area can be profitably reclaimed for industrial use. And it is quite possible that some small plots in the meadows belong to the General Board of Proprietors of the Eastern Division of New Jersey. This venerable corporation was organized in 1681, the year after the death of Sir George Carteret, who, by outright grant from the Duke of York, had owned the whole province of East Jersey—or all of Jersey northeast of a line running, roughly, from the Delaware Water Gap to Atlantic City. Sir George's vast domain was sold to twelve men, who banded together to form the Board. Today, it still holds title to all the land in the East Jersey area that cannot be proved to have been legitimately acquired by anybody else at any time in the two hundred and seventy-seven years since Sir George's death. The Board now has fifty-seven members and a headquarters building in Perth Amboy, and while its activities are chiefly historical and it probably constitutes no threat to General Motors or Standard Oil, it is a going concern. It derives its income from allowing its records to be used in clearing titles and, occasionally, from the sale of land; it even came through with a cash dividend in 1929, and again in 1955. Because of the cost involved, the Board has never considered surveying the huge area it originally held, and thereby finding out what it still owns, so it lays claim to property only on the basis of someone else's survey. In view of the singularly uncongenial character of the meadows, which over the years could not have appealed to many set-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tlers, the proprietors may well own a few acres of *Phragmites communis*.

Those present owners who believe that the meadows can be tamed and spruced up are merely the most recent in a long succession of optimists, running back almost a hundred and fifty years, whose zeal has at times amounted to a sort of epic stubbornness. In spite of many attempts at reclamation, however, the meadows have changed surprisingly little, and most of that little has been simply the fortuitous result of the white man's presence, rather than the calculated product of his ingenuity. Probably the most conspicuous change is the disappearance, now all but complete, of dense groves of Southern white cedars that once covered between a third and a half of the meadows. The cedars died out for a variety of reasons. One was that right from the start the settlers of the surrounding countryside used the tough cedar wood extensively for shipbuilding and in laying the old-fashioned plank roads that once crossed the meadows. Another was that one of the groves, at least—a very thick growth along the Belleville Turnpike, near Kearny—was intentionally burned early in the nineteenth century, because highway brigands had taken to hiding out in it. Later on, many cedars were destroyed by inadvertent fires. In the nineteenth century, salt hay from the meadows was of value as bedding for horses, packing for ice, and thatching for the roofs of barns, and was therefore cut annually, right down to the high-tide line; this helped prevent fires from spreading, but with the advent of the age of technology the grasses, having become worthless, were left to grow, and the cedars to burn up. Perhaps the final blow to the trees has been the digging of an extensive network of drainage ditches through the meadows, which began around 1900 as part of a drive against mosquito breeding. (The ditches have not been altogether effective, for in a summer—such as that of 1948—when the prevailing wind is from the west and other conditions are just right, the meadows can still create a mosquito plague in Manhattan.) Because the ditches drained off the influx of fresh water from the uplands, the tide could more easily infiltrate the meadows, and the increased salinity did not agree with the cedars. For the past twenty years, there have been no cedars in the meadows except for a stray few that are still holding out on some high ground, surrounded by relatively fresh water, near the town of Moonachie, at the northern end. Here and there, though, the muck and the ditches are littered with dead cedar roots and trunks.

The decline of the cedars has coincided with drastic changes in the fauna of the meadows. While some muskrats, skunks, weasels, rabbits, short-tailed shrews, and snapping turtles have managed to survive the growing saltiness of the water and the noxious fumes and waste from nearby factories (as a matter of fact, there are still enough muskrats to support a few commercial trappers), the bird and animal population of the meadows has been sharply reduced in the last four or five decades. Skeletons that have been found in the muck make it certain that beavers were once plentiful; pied-billed grebes, Eastern green herons, Eastern least bitterns, Northern clapper rails, Virginia rails, and Florida gallinules were all reported in the meadows in times past but are seen there no longer; shad and striped bass are gone from the creeks, leaving only salt-water killifish and a few diseased eels. At one time, water snakes infested the region, and, indeed, the name "Secaucus" comes from an Indian word, "*siskakes*," meaning "place where the snake hides." That the town and its neighboring promontories, the Snake Hills, were named literally is suggested by a memoir written in 1924 by Leonard E. Travis, then editor of the Bayonne *Evening News*. Recalling a fishing trip down the Hackensack River some fifty years earlier, Travis said that the shore line on the west side of Snake Hill had been "actually, not figuratively, alive with huge snakes, some of them actually scintillating with bronze-like blackness. . . . For not less than a quarter of a mile of shore line, the steep bank was a mass of hissing, squirming, villainous water snakes." Of the present-day veterans of the meadows, only a few have ever seen a water snake there, and the Secaucus of 1957 is an eminently snake-free municipality. Where the snakes went, and why, is the subject of various theories among meadowsmen, but no one knows the answer for sure.

OVER the years, the entrepreneurs who have attempted to reclaim the meadows—first for agricultural purposes and more recently for industry—have met with uncompromising natural resistance of a sort that is more commonly associated with jungles, deserts, or mountain wastes than with sites almost within harking distance of big cities. The prototype of the meadows-reclamation projects was one that was undertaken in the early nineteenth cen-

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tury by General Robert Swartwout, with the spasmodic assistance of his brothers, John and Samuel. The Swartwouts were prominent New Yorkers of their day. Robert, a friend of Henry Clay, James Monroe, and Andrew Jackson, became Quartermaster General of the Army in 1813, when he was only thirty-five; John was a well-to-do paint merchant and a general in the New York militia; and Samuel, a close friend of Aaron Burr and at one time his secretary, served as Collector of the Port of New York during Jackson's Presidency and part of Van Buren's. Robert and John Swartwout were Burrites, too, personally and politically—such ardent ones that, like Burr, they fought pistol duels to avenge insults precipitated by Burr's differences with De Witt Clinton and Alexander Hamilton. John squared off against Clinton in 1802, at the Weehawken duelling grounds, and was wounded in one leg. In 1803, also at Weehawken, Robert duelled Richard Riker, a Clintonian; Riker was wounded in the toe, though not necessarily by Robert's bullet, for the *Croakers*, a humorous periodical of the time, suggested that Riker had accidentally shot himself. The following year, of course, Burr and Hamilton had it out in person at Weehawken, and Hamilton was killed.

After the War of 1812, the Swartwouts, and Robert in particular, turned their combative energies to an attempt to subdue the meadows. They began buying up parcels of marshland for speculative purposes—much of it from Colonel John Stevens, then the first citizen of Hoboken—and by 1816 they owned several thousand acres in the section of the meadows between Hoboken and Newark that is now traversed by the Pennsylvania tracks, the Pulaski Skyway, and the New Jersey Turnpike. That year, they obtained a charter as the Hackensack & Passaic Meadow Co. and set to work building a system of drainage ditches and earthen dikes. In the summer of 1819, they were able to report—in a petition asking the City of New York to take a mortgage on three thousand of their acres—that they had spent a hundred and fifty thousand dollars buying land, erecting seven and a half miles of dikes, and digging a hundred and twenty miles of ditches, and that they had now reclaimed thirteen hundred acres, on which they were growing grain, vegetables, hemp, and flax, and grazing a herd of between eighty and ninety cows to supply milk to the New York market; the dikes were five feet high and sixteen

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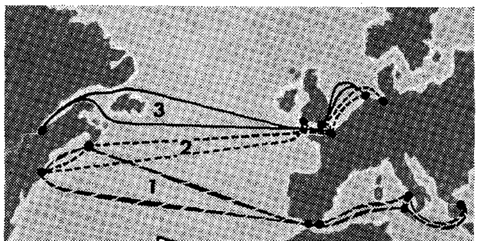

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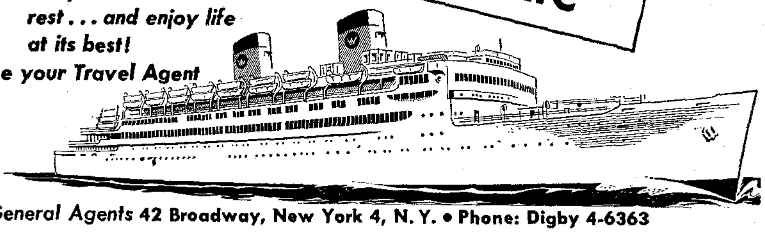

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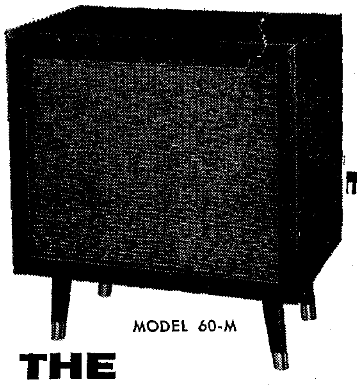
feet wide at their base, the petition said. The Swartwouts' experiment was working out well, it seemed; about that time, in a letter to a publication called the *American Farmer*, a Jerseyman declared it to be "one of the most magnificent undertakings that has ever distinguished the liberal spirit of this great state." The New York Common Council, then the city's legislative body, approved of the project and agreed that it was going along splendidly, but pointed out that the city already had a large debt, and besides the meadows were in another state. The request was turned down.

Having thus begun, the Swartwouts' troubles were not long in multiplying. A few weeks later, exceptionally high September tides damaged the dikes and the crops, and soon after that the muskrats began to exhibit a deplorable tendency to tunnel through the dikes, leaving excellent conduits for the salt water that came with even a normal tide. The Swartwouts were then trying to borrow money in Holland, where there was plenty of first-hand evidence of the feasibility of reclaiming salt marshes, but they were turned down there, too. The following year—1820—they decided to wipe the slate clean and start again, under a new corporate name, so they organized the New Jersey Salt Marsh Company and conveyed three thousand acres from Hackensack & Passaic Meadow to this firm. As a promotional front, however, New Jersey Salt Marsh proved to be no more appetizing than its predecessor, and, with salt water now pouring steadily through the damaged dikes and no money to stop it, the brothers began to squabble. In October, 1821, Robert and John petitioned the Chancellor of New Jersey to enjoin Samuel, who was evidently becoming disillusioned with his investment, from selling any part of their jointly owned tract, and this petition appears to have been granted. At any rate, all three Swartwouts tried again the following year, organizing still another promotional front—the Hoboken Banking & Grazing Co., whose name, half-fiscal and half-pastoral, perhaps reflected the extent to which economics were encroaching on agriculture.

In 1823, John Swartwout died. His fortune, which at one time had been reputed to amount to two hundred thousand dollars, was entirely tied up in the meadows, and now his holdings there were divided between his two brothers, who thenceforth went definitely separate ways. Samuel's enthusi-



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asm for the project continued to wane, and presently he pulled out and leased his land to another promoter, but Robert became progressively more absorbed in it. Eventually, he found a backer in a man named John G. Coster, who had a rich wife—to be exact, one who had inherited part of the Lorillard tobacco fortune. In January, 1829, Robert wrote hopefully in a memorandum to himself that of the acreage still owned by Hoboken Banking & Grazing, about half was protected by dikes and ditches and the other half could be diked and ditched for the relatively trifling sum of five thousand dollars. "In a word," Robert wound up, "these lands are too valuable to remain unimproved—they lie too near this splendid city to be abandoned—they must and shall be placed in a position to produce revenue. . . . I will nail my colors to the mast and conquer or perish with them." But to conquer was not the General's fate. The following year, all his meadowlands—nineteen hundred acres—went to Coster under foreclosure.

Robert determined to lease the land back from Coster, but at the moment he was broke. In the fall of 1830, in a letter to Samuel, he tried to borrow money from him "to carry my family comfortably through the winter." No loan was immediately forthcoming, and Robert wrote again, blasting his brother's "fiend-like disposition." This may have done the trick; at any rate, by February, 1831, Robert was able to inform Samuel that he had at last succeeded in leasing the nineteen hundred acres back from Coster and that he intended to set them up for dairy farming. How his family was making out during the cold weather he did not say. Robert's attempt at dairy farming so strained his budget that in August he wrote to William C. Holly, a New York auctioneer and businessman, asking for an advance on two hundred tons of English hay that he had succeeded in growing. In November, he wrote to Samuel, "Necessity compels me to address you once more on the subject of my pecuniary wants." Subsequently, he noted on a copy of this letter, "I had a verbal reply of the most gross and wanton nature. . . . I can hereafter hold no intercourse with him." He must have changed his mind about this, however, for his records show that Samuel continued to lend him money at intervals over the next seven years—sometimes as often as once a month.

As time went on, the meadows became more and more of a madness with Robert. In 1833, he was instrumental

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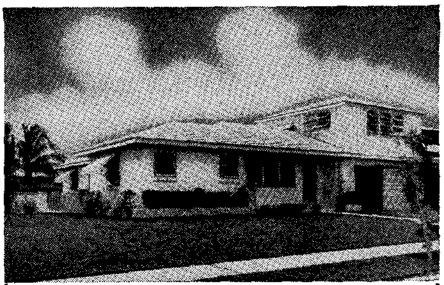
in organizing the New-York & Bergen Dairy Co., whose purpose, as stated in its prospectus, was "to supply the City of New-York with pure and wholesome milk" from dairy farms in the meadows. Like its three predecessors, though, the new company soon ran into trouble, the principal sources of which, apparently, were Robert's lack of financial acumen and the continued burrowing of the tireless muskrats. Robert tried, without success, to bolster it up with more money, and at one point he considered starting a school of husbandry on the meadows, to train young men in the arts of farming preparatory to their going West, but nothing ever came of the idea. In December, 1837, Samuel, now Collector of the Port of New York, extended one of the last of his loans to Robert and wrote him a letter in which he complained mildly, "You only waste time and means for nothing."

The divine fire upon him, Robert replied:

> I have long set my heart upon this project on public grounds as well as personal, and you are the last person from whom objections were expected. . . . The project of reclaiming the marshland in the valley of the Hackensack I have long had uppermost at heart, and [it is] one which until it is accomplished will continue to receive my undivided attention; no consideration, personal or prospective, can divert me from its prosecution, and I therefore beseech you as a brother professing kind feelings . . . not to cross my path in this great object of my life.

Samuel's career as a swamp angel came to an abrupt end soon after this, and a possible source of the money with which he had been so openhanded was revealed. In 1838, he sailed for London, and the next year, while he was still abroad, it was discovered that the government's Port of New York accounts were short by about a million dollars. Samuel remained abroad until 1841, when he received assurances, through his political connections, that he would not be prosecuted. (He spent the rest of his life in retirement in New York.) Meanwhile, Robert, deprived of his brother's erratic largess, found his fortunes going from bad to worse. He continued to come up with plans for reclamation and he did not weary of devising schemes to borrow money, but his efforts in both directions were invariably ill-fated. In November, 1844, he went bankrupt and his assets were sold, but even in this extremity he managed to get friends to buy up some of the meadows property and turn it back to him, and within a few months he had gamely resumed trying to borrow—this time to finance an outfit called the New



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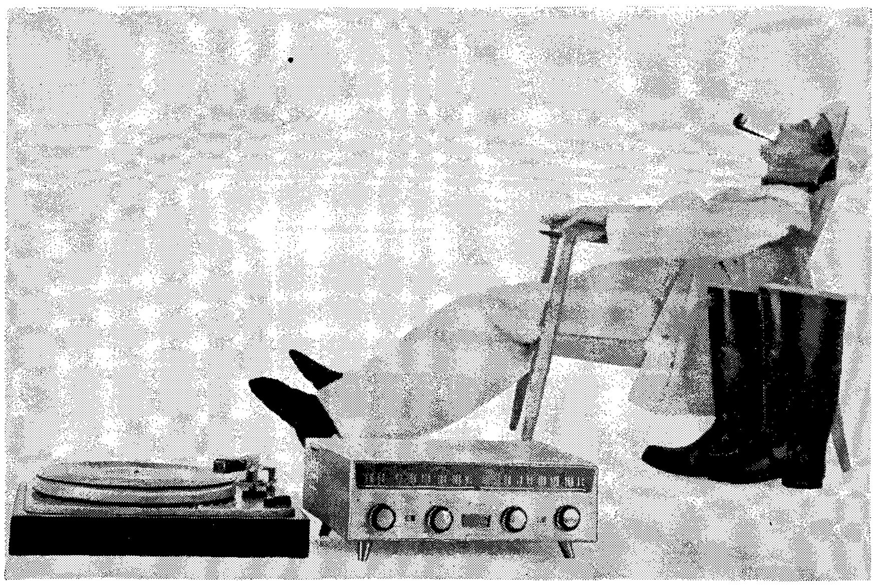
Jersey Agricultural Company—but, as usual, the results were negative. During his last years, his wife having died and his two children having quarrelled with him over the money he had squandered, he lived in various Manhattan rooming houses and sent formal, flowery, rather pathetic letters to various well-to-do women, proposing marriage. In a memorandum written in 1846, he asked himself why he had "a solitary position in society," and replied, "I am satisfied that the fault is my own." He died of a stroke on the afternoon of July 17, 1848, at the age of seventy, in the Pine Street auction shop of William C. Holly, the man he had tried to get an advance from on the English hay seventeen years earlier. I do not know what he was doing there, but I like to think he had a plan that he was sure would finally turn the meadows into a regular Garden of Eden, and was only waiting until the end of the auction to tell Holly all about it.

SCHEMES to reclaim the meadows went right on after Robert Swartwout's death, but most of his successors lacked his talent for martyrdom. Around the middle of the nineteenth century, a fairly large tree nursery was established in the marshland near Harrison, but after a few seasons the owners abandoned it to the salt water, and no sign of it can be found today. In 1866, a new and daring approach to the problem of what to do about the meadows was made with the formation of the Iron Dike & Land Reclamation Co., headed by Samuel N. Pike, a distiller and real-estate dealer, who at the time was also building Pike's Opera House, at Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. (The building later became the Grand Opera House, and today is the R.K.O. Twenty-third Street Theatre.) It was Pike's notion that the Swartwout projects had failed because the dikes did not have a hard core. Accordingly, he bought a patent on a dike with an iron core from a resourceful fellow named Spencer B. Driggs, who had also invented a piano that was supposed to sound like a violin, and, after getting his hands on some three thousand acres of meadows property between Newark Bay and Snake Hill, began installing muskratproof dikes there. As set forth in Iron Dike & Land Reclamation's prospectus, the cost of reclamation, including dike installations, would be a hundred and thirty dollars an acre, the land would be ready for plowing in less than two years, and the dikes would probably



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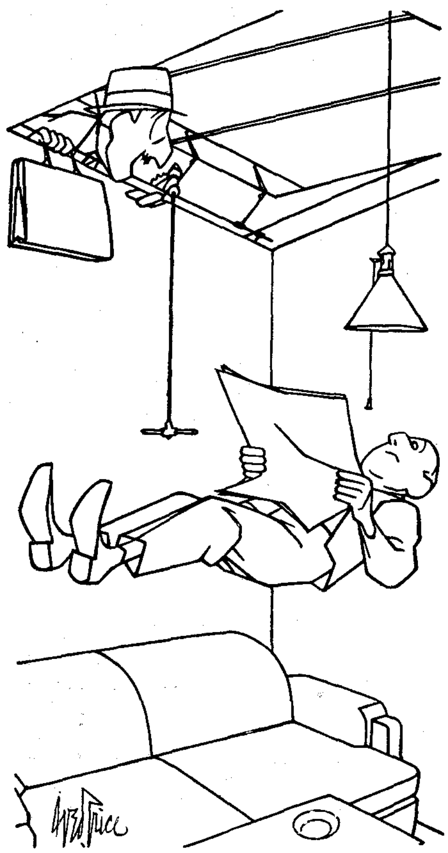

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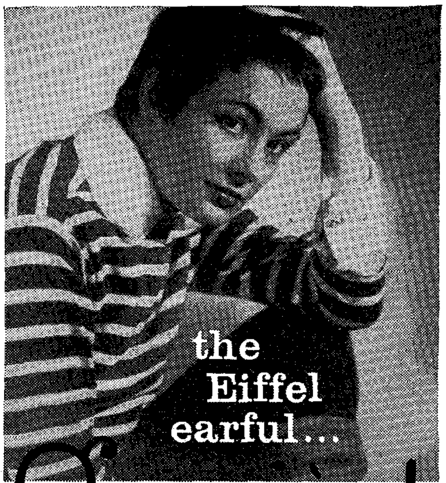
last about five centuries. The iron cores were to be plates half an inch thick, extending from a foot above the high-tide mark to just below the low-tide mark. At first, the project looked promising; in March, 1871, the New York *Times* reported that it was "progressing favorably, the tide water having been effectively shut out, a large tract of land plowed and some portion of it cropped, and the enterprise of bringing it into cultivation bids fair to be a success." For Pike, the venture does seem to have been at least a financial success; he sold much of his reclaimed acreage—not to farmers but to customers like the Pennsylvania Railroad—at prices that were said to range from five thousand to ten thousand dollars an acre. In 1872, only a year after the *Times*' pat on the back, he died, worth several millions—most of them, however, derived from operations other than Iron Dike.

After Pike's death, his meadows project tended to languish, and the iron plates to sink into the muck. Little was left of his installations by 1900; his five-century prediction had been off by about four hundred and seventy years. According to the New Jersey State Geologist's report for 1896, some of the dikes were still there but were in poor condition. It was popularly believed that the muskrats, after their workout on Swartwout's dikes, had ruined Pike's, too, by burrowing over and under the iron cores, but the State Geologist's 1897 report came to the animals' defense. The real difficulty, it asserted, was that in draining the land Pike's company had also shrunk it; its surface had subsided to a point three feet below high-tide level, making it extremely vulnerable to seepage. Whatever the cause, the dikes continued to disintegrate, and today no trace of them remains. As for the plates, they are unquestionably still in the muck, gradually inching their way down to bedrock—reclaimed, so to speak, by the meadows.

IN these times, anyone willing to spend enough money could almost certainly reclaim every acre of the meadows, which, after all, present no greater difficulties than those that have been overcome in diking and filling many thousands of acres of similar marshland in Holland and in eastern England. And, as a matter of fact, over the past seventy-five years several thousand acres of the meadows have been reclaimed, more or less permanently, for shipyards, industrial plants, railroad tracks and yards, and highways. This has been accomplished not with dikes, of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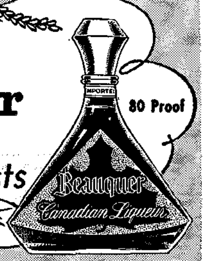

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iron or anything else, but with fill—cinders, chunks of masonry, and other durable rubble. Newark Airport, all of which stands on former marshland, is one of the more notable fill jobs. Early in 1928, when the City of Newark set about reclaiming an initial sixty-eight acres for the airport, it faced the task not only of diverting four miles of creeks and putting in six miles of subsurface drain and sewer pipes but of raising the level of the land by six feet. Once the drainage had been taken care of, mud was dredged from the ship channel in nearby Newark Bay and spread like cake icing over the whole tract. This confection was then topped with dry fill, including seven thousand discarded Christmas trees and two hundred rusty old safes donated by a civic-minded junk dealer, and two runways were laid out. Over the next twenty years, the reclaimed area was increased to more than twenty-three hundred acres. In spite of the Christmas trees and safes, the runways gradually sank under the weight of increasingly heavy aircraft, and in 1948 the airport had to curtail operations drastically. Since then, one runway has been thoroughly resurfaced, and a new one—an ultra-modern instrument runway, costing nine million dollars—has been built, on a reliable foundation of sand.

Lately, another technique for coping with the meadows has also been employed—one that doesn't, strictly speaking, fall under the heading of reclamation. This is the use of massive concrete piles as supports for elevated highways, and the most striking example is the Pulaski Skyway, bridging the meadows between Newark and Jersey City, which was opened in November, 1932. It jumps the Passaic and Hackensack Rivers at a hundred and thirty-five feet above reed level, its piles rest solidly on bedrock (some of them go down as much as a hundred and forty feet to reach it), and it cost nineteen million dollars. The New Jersey Turnpike, finished in 1951, proceeds on fill along the entire eastern edge of the meadows except where it crosses the Hackensack and the Passaic. The Turnpike engineers were determined to stabilize—or, as they put it, "pre-settle"—the land where the fill would be put down, and thereby avoid the sort of damage that befell the Newark runways. They began by sinking numerous columns of sand all the way to bedrock in the soggiest patches of muck along the right of way. Then, as fill was dumped in and the muck was compressed under its weight, the squeezed-

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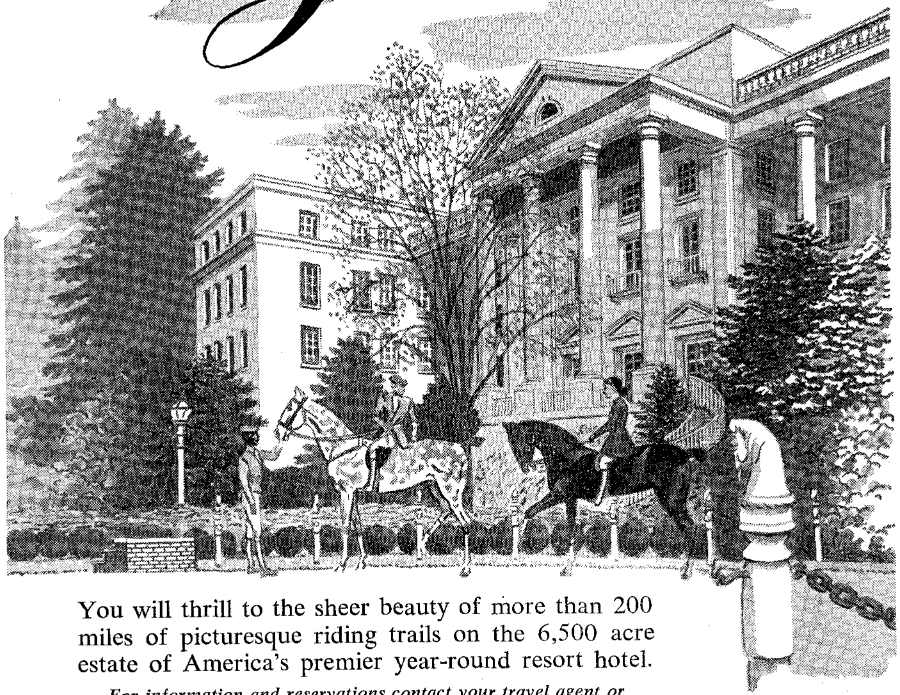

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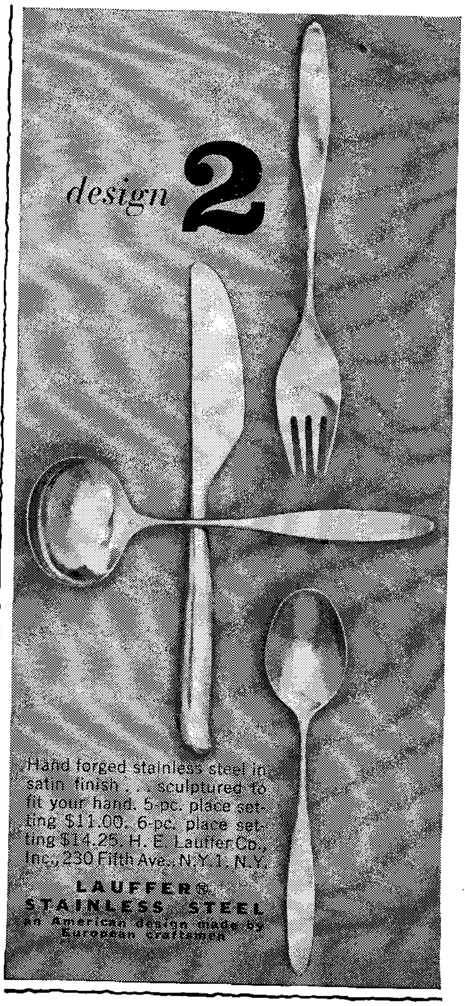
out water was sopped up by the sand columns and drained off at the surface. The result is a roadbed so hard-packed that Swartwout and Pike could not have helped admiring it; muskrats have occasionally been seen running across the road, but the engineers are sure that none have burrowed under it.

In addition to the blueprints for limited projects like these, serving specific ends, fairly grandiose proposals for making a better place of the meadows as a whole are still put forward from time to time, just as they were a hundred years ago. Although most of them cause merely a brief stir of excitement and then are forgotten, they demonstrate that the meadows have not lost their power to inspire men with a kind of missionary frenzy to improve them. Not long ago, the Bergen County *Herald-News* quoted one of its readers as saying, "The now barren meadowlands represent one of the last vestiges of opportunity for man to indicate to his Creator that he desires to correct his mistreatment of Nature's gifts and rectify his slaughter of her growing bounties." Just as zealous, if less lyrical, was the report, published in 1930, of the Meadow Reclamation Commission, a nine-man body appointed by the Governor and the Legislature of New Jersey, which offered a master plan for draining, filling, and developing the whole thirty thousand acres of meadows over a period of fifty years, at a cost of nearly five hundred million dollars. The plan sounded good, but with the advance of the depression the matter became academic. It was not officially brought up again until 1955, when a Meadowlands Development Advisory Committee was formed by five towns strung along the meadows' western edge—Carlstadt, East Rutherford, Rutherford, Lyndhurst, and North Arlington. A huge chunk of the meadows lies within these towns' limits (Carlstadt is ninety per cent meadowlands), and one of the Committee's first aims is to see to it that reclamation is tackled on a major scale, and not just spottily. With that goal in mind, the Committee has tried, so far unsuccessfully, to persuade the five towns to pass uniform ordinances that would prevent the building up of narrow strips along the roads through the meadows, because such strips leave large areas of the interior permanently inaccessible to potential developers.

I say potential advisedly—and guardedly. A year or so before the Committee began making its forward-looking plans, a land developer with headquarters



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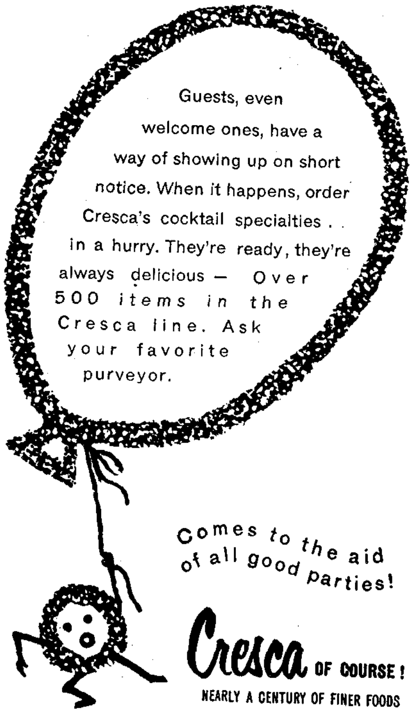

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in Wood-Ridge, near Passaic, bought some fourteen hundred acres of the meadowlands just west of the Hackensack, hopefully named them Empire Industrial Park, and began trying to scare up bids for pieces of the property from companies so anxious to build plants near New York City that they would bear the cost of reclamation, which, in the sober judgment of some contractors, might easily run to twenty thousand dollars an acre. Empire hasn't concluded any deals yet, and, furthermore, not a square yard of its marshland has been reclaimed—or at least none had been up to a few weeks ago, when I was out that way on a muskrat-trapping expedition and saw for myself.

ALL in all, it would appear that what the would-be reclaimers of the meadows—Swartwout and Pike in the nineteenth century, and the Commission, the Committee, and the Empire Industrial Park in the twentieth—have lacked is patience. According to Dr. Helgi Johnson, chairman of the Department of Geology at Rutgers, the rebound of the shale-and-sandstone bed that began after the last glacier receded is still going on. It will go on for quite a while longer, too, he says, and will more than offset the gradual rise in the level of the Atlantic Ocean caused by melting polar ice. As the slow-motion bounce continues, it will push the silt and muck upward, and a thousand years from now, no matter what anyone does in the meantime, the meadows will be high and dry. —JOHN BROOKS

(*This is the first of two articles on the Jersey meadows.*)

•

Judge Saund, born of bearded Sikh parents in the Punjab, came to the United States 35 years ago, won a Ph.D. in mathematics at the University of Southern California, became a small businessman in Riverside, Calif., and finally became an American citizen after Congress passed a law permitting the naturalization of Asiatic Indians.—*Drew Pearson in the Mirror.*

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HOW IT IS ON THE CONTINENT

I REALIZE that nobody goes to Europe at this time of year and that the whole place is deader than Martha's Vineyard right now, but before the European season comes in, we must get through the advice-on-what-to-do-in-Europe season, and this year I've decided to give prospective tourists the benefit of my experience abroad before— well, before anybody else can give them the benefit of *his* experience. I went to Europe twice while I was in the Navy several years ago, so it should be only a matter of days before some travel-minded periodical takes me up on my offer, and I imagine that the interview will go pretty much as follows:

REPORTER: How do you do, Mr. Lemon? I'm told that you have seen quite a bit of this old world, and I wonder if you would mind telling our readers a little about what Europe is like.

ME: Not at all. I first went to Europe in October, 1952, and my first stop was Portsmouth, England. From there I entrained to London.

REPORTER: Ah! And what is your opinion of London?

ME: Why, I can recommend it highly. A most interesting old city. I was especially taken with the window that King Charles jumped out of.

REPORTER: Excuse me a moment while I make a note of that. Fine. Now, Mr. Lemon, how long did you devote to your sightseeing?

ME: All told, we spent two hours.

REPORTER: Two hours?

ME: It was raining when we got there and we actually had six hours to kill, so we spent four hours sitting in a pub, in order to stay out of the rain. We met an English Army major there and he drank down a shot of whiskey and a glass of ale all in one gulp. I remember it was Worthington ale. Then we hired a taxi to take us around. The driver was very thorough—gave us the history of each place as we drove by. We finally quit when he showed us the teahouse in which they made the tea that was thrown overboard during the Boston Tea Party.

REPORTER: I see.

ME: The only fault I had to find was that he left the meter running when we got out at Westminster Abbey. You don't happen to remember why King Charles jumped, do you?

REPORTER: No. What city did you visit next?

ME: Next we went to Gourock,

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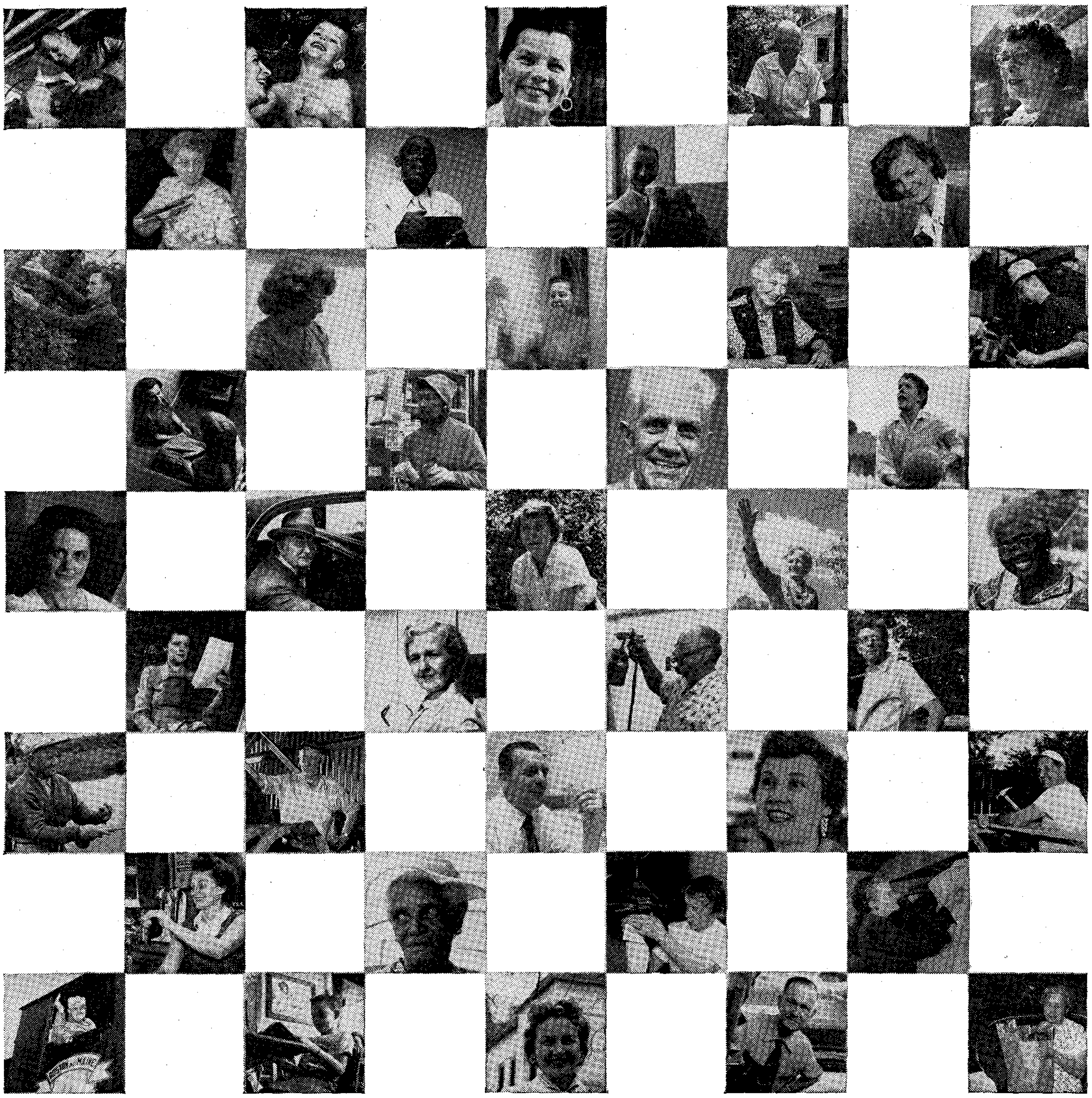

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Scotland, and there I took a train to Glasgow. I remember we changed trains at Paisley, where they make the shawls. After that, we went to Tangier.

REPORTER: And what did you do in Tangier?

ME: We played basketball. I was manager of the ship's team, you see, and we played a group of natives. Right before the game was supposed to start, they told us it was the custom in Tangier for both teams to parade before the stands and then meet in mid-court and exchange flowers, and so I got a cab and raced into town and bought a big bunch of flowers and brought them back.

REPORTER: "Tangier flower ritual." Go on.

ME: Well, the other team didn't have any flowers, so their captain asked for half of ours and I gave them to him. Then we had the parade and met in mid-court and he gave us his half of the flowers and I gave him our half. It was a very curious ceremony.

REPORTER: Yes, indeed.

ME: Of course, I don't know how many of your readers play basketball. Next, we went to Algiers.

REPORTER: And what were the high spots of your trip to Algiers?

ME: I would rather not go into the high spots of my trip to Algiers.

REPORTER: Well, where did you go next?

ME: Naples, Pompeii, Florence, Pisa, Portofino, La Spezia, Nice, Cannes, Gibraltar, Lisbon, and Trieste. One of my shipmates bought a bowling ball in Trieste.

REPORTER: Oh, Trieste is famous for its bowling balls?

ME: I don't think so. After Trieste, we went to Venice for five days, and I think I can tell you quite a bit about that.

REPORTER: Fine!

ME: Well, it was October, and the Doge's Palace was locked. Do you know what Venice sells the most of to the United States?

REPORTER: No.

ME: Next time I go to Venice, I mean to find out.

REPORTER: I see.

ME: Another thing. I took a long walk in Venice one afternoon and went across three or four main canals, and finally I came to a huge old building that was two blocks long and looked like a fortress. I'm glad I didn't miss *that*.

REPORTER: "Spots the tourist may miss." And what was the building?

ME: It turned out to be a belt factory.

REPORTER: Well, thank you very

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much, Mr. Lemon. I guess that covers everything.

Me: I forgot Marseille.

Reporter: What about Marseille?

Me: I forgot it, that's all.

As I said, any day now, I suppose, I'll be getting a telephone call from some periodical or other. That is, if my wife hasn't left the receiver off the hook. —Richard Lemon

•

UP IN KATE'S ROOM

OR, ACTIVITY IN TELEVISION'S BULLPEN

[*Instructions for a warmup routine presented to the cast by the director of a Robert Montgomery show*]

NOTE TO TD: House Curtain will be lowered at 8:30 following dress rehearsal. Cameras will do TP DS of house curtain.

One boom will stay out on apron.

One boom will go off stage right behind kitchen area.

One boom will go up near Kate's apartment and office set.

(THIS TO BE SET BEFORE HOUSE CURTAIN IS LET IN)

TIMETABLE

9:15 sharp Video and audio P.A. ready.

9:18 sharp Billy & his pusher get aboard #1 which covers DS warmup also—DS boom & pusher.

9:20 sharp LD lowers house lights and brings up DS warmup lights.

On light cue PL will come out and start warmup.

9:23 approx. PL will introduce the other cameramen. #1 steps off rig to join #'s 2, 3, & 4 for a bow. Then on PL's cue: Curtain will go up and #4 will go up near kitchen behind scenery to cover, #3 will push up into LR and #2 will go DS of Kate's apartment.

9:24 approx. PL will X up, followed to stage right proscenium arch by boom and #1 to behind kitchen set—#4 will pick him up at proscenium arch as will that boom. He will then X back down stage of LR picked up by #1 and center boom. He will then X out into hall—#1 will hold him trucking right. As he enters Kate's apartment #2 and stage left boom will pick him up. He will then X into office. Boom and #2 will pan with him. As he steps out of office cut to #1 near stage left proscenium arch and DB with PL to original mark—being picked up by center boom again.

9:26 approx. PL will introduce Ray Boyle and Judith Braun who come on from stage left for bow and exit. PL will next introduce June Lockhart and John Newland who will likewise come from stage left for bow and exit.

9:27 approx. PL will introduce RM who will come on from stage left for remarks. When he's finished there will be about 2:00 to setup on opening shots.

When warmup starts it will be stage managers' responsibility to keep it quiet backstage. When curtain goes up on intro of cameramen ALL PERSONNEL MUST STAY OFF STAGE AND NOT X BACK AND FORTH. AND STAY OUT OF THE SIGHTLINES! Nothing spoils a warmup more than needless distractions.

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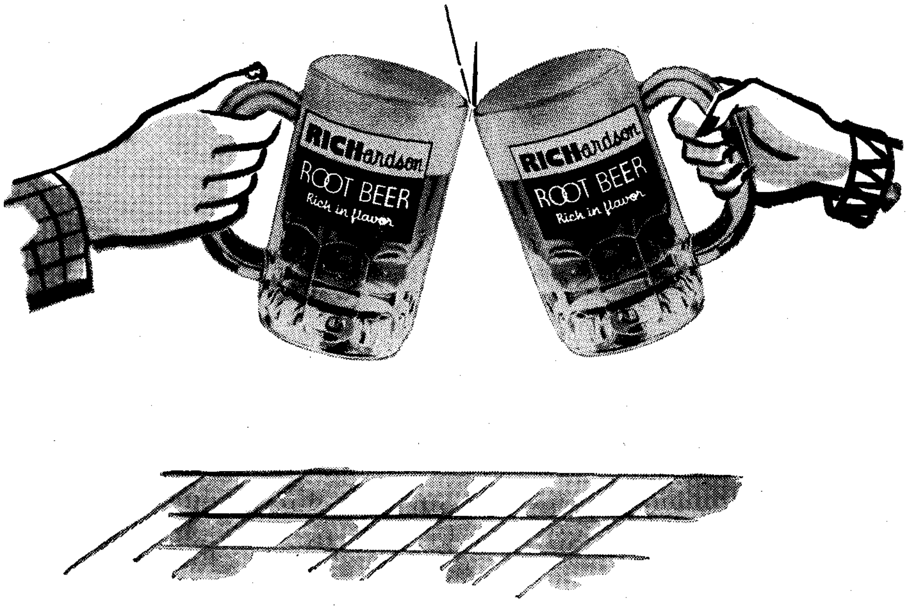
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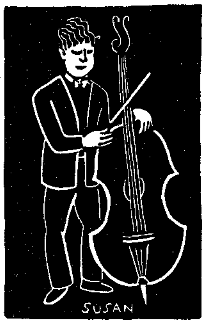
MUSICAL EVENTS

Turnabout



STRIPPED of some rather racy dialogue and a number of anatomical symbols—prominent among them a couple of toy balloons—Francis Poulenc's "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," which the American Opera Society presented in Town Hall on Tuesday evening of last week, seems to be about a woman who, fed up with her domestic lot, changes herself into a man and leaves her husband, bequeathing him a fur coat that has some sort of curious effect on *his* sex. The husband is a patient fellow, and dutifully devotes himself to the female task of propagating the species, doing the task alone and unassisted. While the method by which he accomplishes this remains obscure, he certainly generates a great many children, but then, just as he is settling into his motherly role with a certain degree of ease and simple joy, his wife spoils everything by coming back and changing herself into a woman again.

This somewhat rarefied story, which, according to the program notes, is the invention of the Surrealist poet Guillaume Apollinaire, obviously doesn't amount to much as an opera libretto. What it amounts to, in fact, is a prolonged and slightly off-color vaudeville skit. I must say, though, that the Society's production of the opera was a fairly amusing and at times a musically rewarding affair. Most of the amusement was derived from the verve and expert timing of comic bits provided by George Mully, who directed the show, and from the exceedingly clever décor—a matter of gaily decorated screens and props—devised by Martin Nelson. Part of it was also derived from the singing of Denise Duval and Martial Singher, who, as the wife and the husband, respectively, brought an agreeable feeling for Gallic slapstick into the proceedings and lightened up what otherwise might have proved a drearily prurient business.

The musical rewards came from M. Poulenc's score, a bright concoction somewhat in the vein of Jacques Offenbach, which contains a lot of very singable tunes, and is, to my mind, considerably more engaging than anything else of his that I remember. The reason it is so engaging is interesting, and can perhaps be summed up in the statement that the score contains much that is not pure Poulenc. Elsewhere, M. Poulenc has generally shown himself to be a witty, neat craftsman whose rather dry and brittle compositions are occupied with the surface of music and seldom make any appeal to the emotions. In "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," however, he has set himself the task of satirizing Romantic opera, and, since—in music, at any rate—satire consists mainly of imitation plus incongruity, he has, perhaps in spite of himself, come up with a great deal of music that has the very qualities of heartening eloquence that are the subject of his satire. Thus, I am not certain whether the joke is on Romantic opera or on M. Poulenc. The score very deftly imitates composers like Puccini, Massenet, and Richard Strauss, and, in doing so, evokes some of their own magic. Consequently, while listening to it, I repeatedly caught myself losing sight of the satire and enjoying the music, which, though borrowed, was often quite moving, and when the opera was over, I couldn't help reflecting that M. Poulenc should stick to imitation, since it seems to give his work a genuine vigor that it is otherwise apt to lack.

"Les Mamelles de Tirésias" was preceded on the program by Manuel de Falla's familiar little one-act opera "El Retablo de Maese Pedro." The Society staged this with a set consisting of a real puppet show, in which pleasantly stylized figures that appeared to be made of medieval stained glass moved expertly through the tale of war and gallantry allotted to them while Martial Singher, dressed in white tie and tails, played the role of the absorbed and angry Don Quixote, who finally draws his sword and gets into the act. I found all this moderately entertaining, though I confess I did not get as absorbed in it as Don Quixote did. De Falla's music, with its pronounced echoes of Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," proved again to be an unpretentious but glowing bit of Impressionism, and provided the main point of interest in the production.

In both operas, the conductor, Arnold Gamson, led his vocal and orchestral forces with commendable vitality and finish, making the musical side of things as scrupulous and polished as anyone could have wished.

I FEAR that I cannot say much in favor of Gail Kubik's Symphony No. 3, which was given its première by the

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SCOTCH with a History

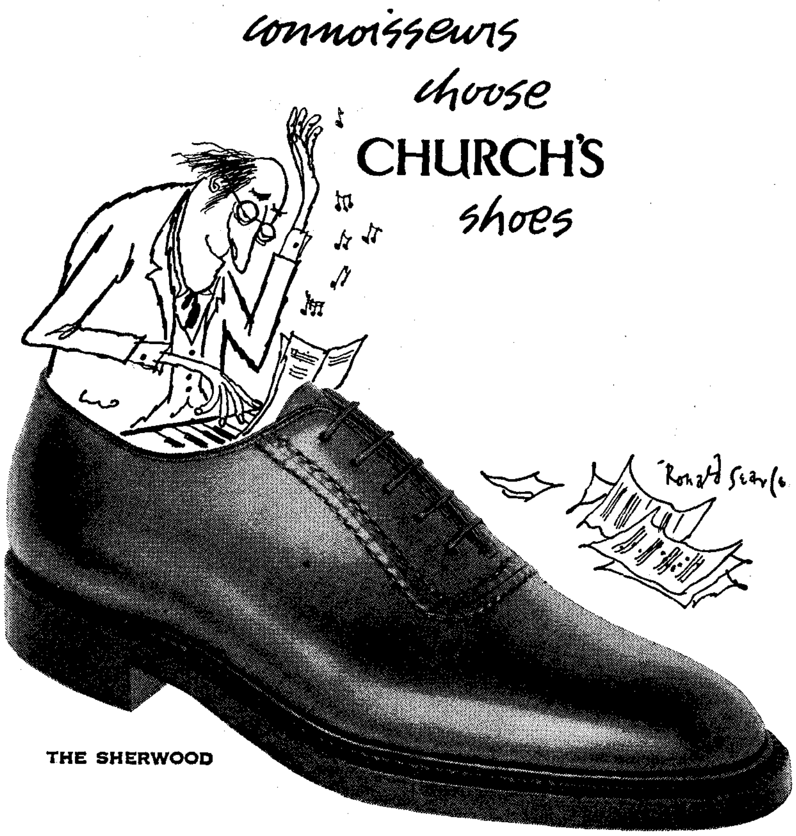
Philharmonic, under Dimitri Mitropoulos, in Carnegie Hall two evenings later. Mr. Kubik's style of writing, which is very similar to that of such other Nadia Boulanger alumni as Roy Harris and Aaron Copland, is notable for clean craftsmanship and the use of angular themes stressing wide intervals. Within its frame, it has, I admit, a certain cerebral logic, but the logic, to my mind, is only distantly related to the art of music, and as I listened to the long concatenation of tricks that made up the work's continuity I could nowhere discover anything in the way of a musical idea. Fortunately, the Philharmonic's program contained items more worthy of attention. Mr. Mitropoulos opened it with a quite spirited reading of Schubert's early Symphony No. 5 in B-Flat Major, and after the intermission he and Rudolf Serkin collaborated on a fine virtuoso performance of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto. Mr. Serkin's sterling virtues as a pianist, which include both fire and subtlety, are, of course, an old story by now, but they continue to be impressive, and together he and the orchestra gave the concerto a treatment that was at once brilliant, rousing, and perceptive.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

POPULAR RECORDS

More from the Duke

DUKE ELLINGTON is back with us, on a couple of new Columbia releases recorded last summer at the Newport Jazz Festival, and I am happy to report that the Master and his men are in top form. For the most part, he uses the same fifteen-piece outfit that early last year made the memorable Bethlehem record titled "Historically Speaking—The Duke," but this time the band is heard playing for, and responding brightly to, a large, encouraging audience. One record is called "Ellington at Newport" and the other "Duke Ellington and the Buck Clayton All-Stars at Newport." On the former, the Duke confines himself almost exclusively to the traditional twelve-bar blues form, and while listening to it I was filled with a new sense of wonder at the manner in which he has made such a primitive and basically simple musical form a medium of sophisticated expression. One of the best examples of this achievement is "Blues to Be There"—the second section of the "Newport Jazz Festival Suite," which takes up one side of the record. An andante movement, placed between an opening allegro and a closing presto, it fools around softly and



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imaginatively with the blues for some time, and toward the middle there is a stunning passage in which the melody, carried by an alto sax, is enriched by a dissonant, shifting harmonic background of muted brasses. The other movements are enjoyable, too, but showier. The big item on the second side of the record (it opens with the Ellington-Johnny Hodges composition "Jeep's Blues") is the Duke's old "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue," which, although it consists of only a single movement, taken at the same tempo throughout, follows the general idea of the "Newport Jazz Festival Suite;" that is, spectacular opening and closing passages are separated by contrasting material—in this case, the inventions of Paul Gonsalves, a tenor-sax man whose inspiration (and breath) carries him along for no fewer than twenty-seven choruses. To judge by the growing roar of the crowd, this workout was a high spot of the concert, but it doesn't come off so well on the phonograph. Gonsalves was obviously heartened by the enthusiasm of his audience (he'd have had to be, to keep going that long), but he began running out of ideas after twelve or fourteen choruses, or so it seems to me, and besides the sound of his horn wasn't picked up strongly enough to stand out as it should against the crowd noise and the work of the rest of the orchestra. Still, it's quite a feat.

Hodges, who plays in Ellington's saxophone section, can be heard to good advantage on the second record, one side of which is devoted to four performances by the Ellington band and the other to three numbers by Buck Clayton's All-Stars, a sextet assembled for the Festival. The Hodges performance I refer to is his familiar and lovely alto-sax chorus of "I Got It Bad," exquisitely set off by the band. In addition, this side also offers "Take the 'A' Train," "Sophisticated Lady" (with baritone saxophonist Harry Carney's classic solo), and "Skin Deep," which is a kind of framework devised by Louis Bellson, a former Ellington drummer, for a lengthy drumming exhibition. The exhibition is skillfully set forth by the Duke's current drummer, Sam Woodyard, Jr.—who, incidentally, pushes the band along excitingly at all times. The All-Stars, in their three chances, turn out some fetching solos—by Clayton, on trumpet; Coleman Hawkins, on tenor sax; J. J. Johnson, on trombone; and Dick Katz, on piano.

While I'm at it, I think I should mention Victor's reissue, on one record,

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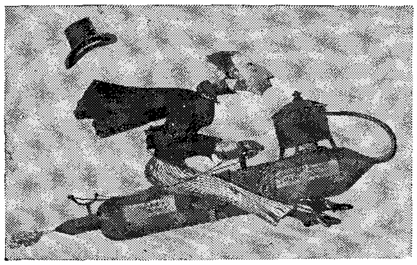

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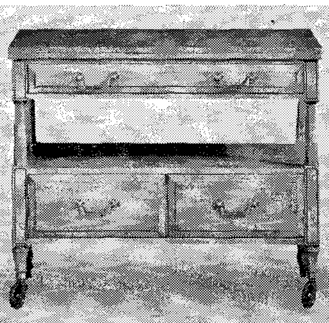

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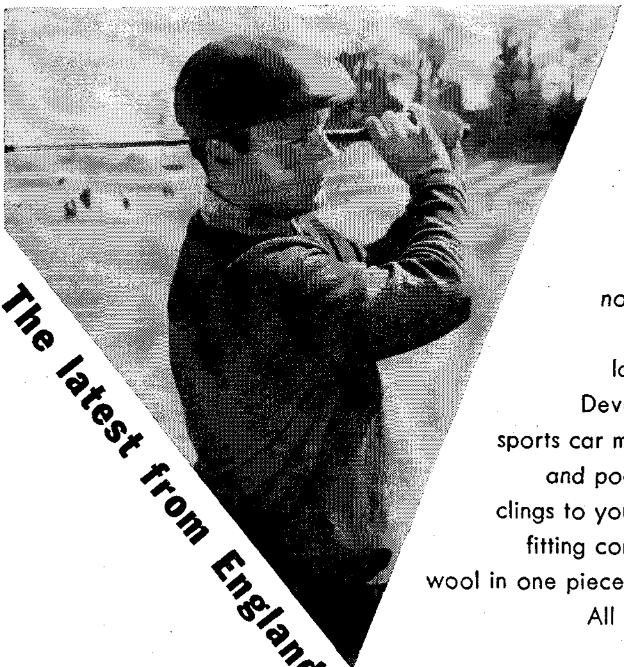
of several performances by another fine Ellington band, which he assembled in the early nineteen-forties. Among the good things here you'll find the original recordings of "I Got It Bad," with the late Ivie Anderson's touching vocal, and "Take the 'A' Train;" a tantalizing and unaccountably neglected Ellington blues entitled "I Don't Know What Kind of Blues I Got;" and "Rocks in My Bed," an interesting piece, sung by Miss Anderson, that stems from the same Ellington musical comedy that gave us "I Got It Bad." The show, called "Jump for Joy," was presented in California, I believe, but never here. I don't recall running across "Rocks in My Bed" before, but I do remember that when "I Got It Bad" was first released, three other songs from the show—the pulsating title song, a rollicking piece called "Chocolate Shake," and a ballad called "The Brown Skin Gal in the Calico Gown"—were released with it, and I am sorry that the compilers of the present record didn't see fit to include at least the first two of these as well.

DURING the past few weeks, I've listened with growing depression to the original-cast recordings of three Broadway shows ("Bells Are Ringing," "Li'l Abner," and "Happy Hunting"); to a pretentious and rather silly songs-and-narrative effort called "I Wonder What Became of Me" (Epic), whose only saving grace is the attractive voice of the soloist, Anita Ellis; to three long-playing records expended on as many girl singers, each of whom is conceivably worthy of being heard in one of the dozen pieces she presents; and to "The Modern Jazz Quartet at Music Inn" (Atlantic), which strengthens my feeling that this skillful outfit is hardly a jazz group at all but gives me no further insight into just what it is. Rather than weary you with the details of my disappointments, though, I'll tell you briefly about some recordings that held my interest all the way, or at least a good part of the way:

THE GEORGE GERSHWIN SONG BOOK—Buddy De Franco, clarinet, and Oscar Peterson, piano, with orchestra. Here are sensitive, beautifully executed performances of ten superior pieces chosen from Gershwin's more popular shows. Of special interest are the aria "I Loves You, Porgy" (mistakenly identified as "I Wants to Stay Here") and the duet "Bess, You Is My Woman Now," in which the clarinet and the piano take the place of voices. The orchestra has an impressive string section. (*Verve*)

HOORAY FOR LOVE—Robert Clary, with orchestra. Singing twelve French and American songs—the number it usually takes to cover both sides of a long-playing record—Mr. Clary, a knowing performer,



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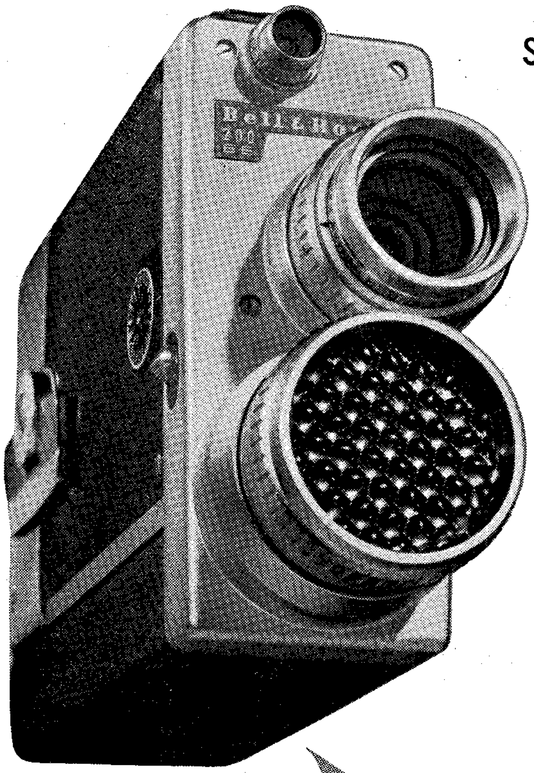

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avoids the familiar pitfall of monotony by offering a nicely varied program. His voice, while not large, is expressive and forceful, and the orchestral arrangements are first-rate. (*Epic*)

SHOW BOAT—Robert Merrill, Patrice Munsel, Risë Stevens, and other soloists, with chorus and orchestra, all under the direction of Lehman Engel. Mr. Merrill's voice is a bit too heavy for most of Gaylord Ravenal's music, but it sounds fine in the soaring duet "You Are Love" and in Joe's solo "Ol' Man River." On the other hand, Miss Munsel's voice is ideally suited to Magnolia's pieces, and Miss Stevens sings Julie's appealingly. A couple of items frequently cut from revivals of "Show Boat" are included, but unfortunately a few others—the moving "Misery" music among them—are dropped. (*Victor*)

MARTIN AND BLANE SING MARTIN AND BLANE—Almost as adept at singing songs as they are at writing them, Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane present a fairly enjoyable selection from the works they have put together in collaboration, including pieces from the Broadway musical "Best Foot Forward" and the movie "Meet Me in St. Louis." They are supported by a vocal quartet and an orchestra. (*Harlequin*)

BALLADS FOR BACKGROUNDS—Whether it's background stuff or not, you may find yourself listening attentively now and then to this collection of standards played gently by the Gerry Mulligan Quartet, the Chet Baker Quartet, the Bob Brookmeyer Quartet, the Laurindo Almeida Quartet, and other small modern-jazz groups, almost all of them from the West Coast. (*Pacific Jazz*) —D. W.

•

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So far, he's certainly working in complete darkness.

•

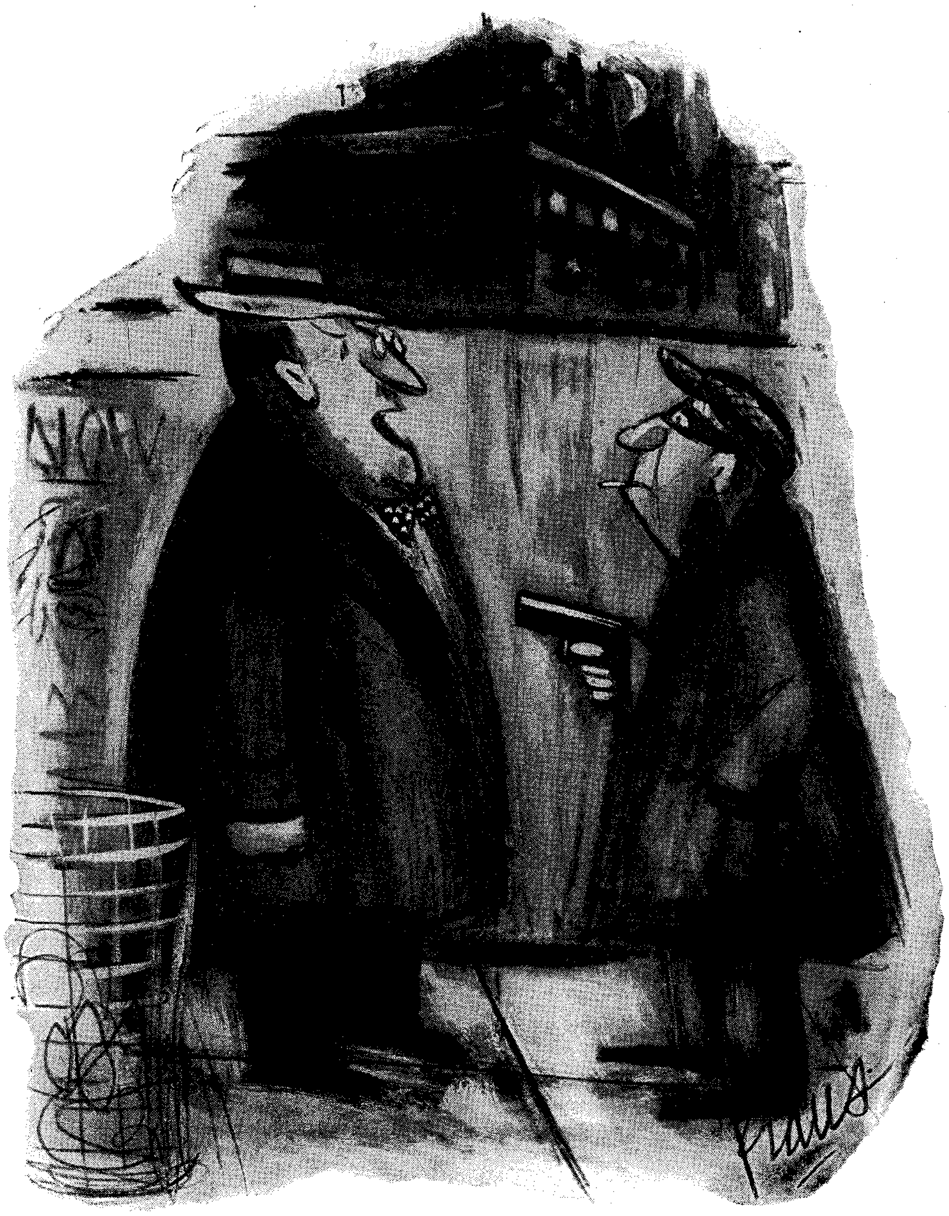
Reportedly much concerned about the Mideast stalemate, the President decided late yesterday to cut short his south Georgia vacation and return to the capital. He had planned until then, the White Mouse said, to stay on here until Friday.—*Richmond (Va.) News Leader.*

He's that press secretary with the beady eyes and the long tail, isn't he?

BOOKS

Lady of Letters, Man of Letters

Robert Halsband's "Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu" (Oxford) is a fascinating book and a belated act of justice for a lady who had the misfortune to quarrel with both the most malicious English satirist and the most amusing letter writer of her age. For Alexander Pope, the satirist, there is some shadow of excuse, since she hurt his feelings. She had made him her friend, but apparently, when she realized that he hoped to be more than that to her, she laughed in his face. This he was possibly entitled to resent, and he might have been forgiven for telling an intimate friend that she had been unkind or cruel to him. But he chose to make his complaint publicly and in print, and to add the pretty charge that she infected her lovers with venereal disease. Horace Walpole, the letter writer, repeated this slander and added embroideries of his own, to the effect that she was avaricious and physically dirty. More cowardly than Pope, he was polite to her face, and contented himself with maligning her behind her back in his letters. His justification was—and it does not seem to be adequate—that she had been a friend of a woman who had injured his mother. All this is as squalid and as petty as it sounds, and there may seem very little excuse for reverting to the eighteenth century to dredge up the rights and wrongs of such stale matters. But in the nineteen-twenties the English reaction against Victorianism and the moralizing tendencies of the Victorians led to the creation of a myth about the quality of eighteenth-century life. An influential literary group that felt itself to be as remote from the declining middle class as it was above the rising working class made a curious identification with the Whig aristocracy and manufactured for its own use an eighteenth-century stick with which to beat both parties. The old gods of Rationalism—Gibbon, Voltaire, and the French Encyclopedists—were dusted off and refurbished as gods of lucidity, elegance, grace, control, and detachment, and Pope and Horace Walpole were added to the pantheon. Scores of eighteenth-century biographies, festooned with countless brilliant essays, were offered up on the new altars by the priests of Belles-Lettres, and ideologically the Age of Reason was transformed into a species of Garden of Eden from which man had been expelled when he had foolishly eaten the forbidden fruits of Rousseauism and Romanticism. The movement to restore the repute of eighteenth-century letters, which was originally rebellious and anti-bourgeois and opposed by the academic world, escaped from the hands of the belles-lettrists in the thirties, became respectable in the universities, and crossed the Atlantic to win a place in the hearts of leader writers. Its success is responsible for the proliferation of those neo-conservative editorials and pamphlets that pay tribute to such profound political thinkers as Edmund Burke and suggest that Western civilization took the wrong turning at the time of the French Revolution, when, we are told, it forsook order and reason to pursue the fata morgana of liberalism. Propaganda of this kind marks the complete triumph of the myth of the eighteenth century as an epoch of enlightenment in the academic world, where it now occupies, as a subject for study, or one might say as an object of worship, the place formerly filled by the myth of the vanished perfection of Greco-Roman society, which constituted yesterday's golden age.



"I certainly will not stick 'em up."

The particular value of such painstaking and scholarly visits to the past as Mr. Halsband's study of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's life is that the substance of what they present renders such mythmaking impossible. They re-

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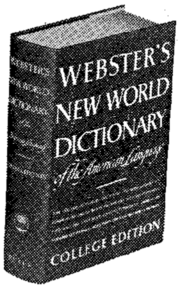

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store perspective, and they offer a historical picture that dissipates illusion and prejudice. When one considers what Lady Mary truly was, and the sort of life she was forced to live, the conception of the eighteenth century as a period ruled by some special ethos, now lost, that was favorable to the production of noble architecture and good music, as well as a lucid and measured poetry and literature expressing the classical view of things, goes by the board. What Mr. Halsband builds as he constructs the framework of Lady Mary's life is a picture of a society with many redeeming virtues and many appalling fundamental defects. Its virtues helped some of her friends and acquaintances to make their contributions to the eighteenth-century legacy that is cherished today. But its defects not only were responsible for an almost complete waste of her considerable talents; they also inflicted an immense amount of easily avoidable unhappiness upon her. This would be her hard luck if her experience were exceptional. But what is evident in the story of the slow extinction of her bright and enterprising spirit is that the conventions of her society made it inevitable, and that they were such that they would have condemned any gifted woman to the same frustration and humiliation.

Although Lady Mary was as serenely snobbish as nearly every other member of the ruling class into which she was born, she had in many ways a modern mind. The acute discomfort she had to suffer on this account brings home the rarity of such minds in her period. That she was a woman who thought made her an oddity, while her claim to have friendships with men and to talk to them as equals made her seem lewd and impudent. Her concern with things of the mind entitled every gentleman to treat her with impertinent levity as one who had lost caste. She might have saved her reputation if none of her writings had ever appeared in print, but the vulgarity of publication placed her beyond the pale. If it had been only the mediocre and the inferior who derided her, the society of her time might pass muster, but its shining lights, such as Pope and Walpole, joined the pack. That they could say what they did of her is a fair measure of the quality of both the intellectual life of the century and their stature. It is in the field of personal relationships that these things are most clearly revealed, and the characteristic tone of the world in which Lady Mary lived was a cold cruelty and calculation. The society of which she

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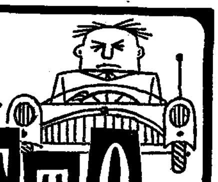

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"THE ROAD TO MONTE CRISTO" (Scribner) is another kind of book altogether—absolutely absurd and absolutely charming. It is a condensation by Jules Eckert Goodman, co-author of the plays about Potash and Perlmutter, of the memoirs of Dumas *père*, which take him from his birth up to the time he abandoned the theatre and became a novelist. They cover everything from Napoleon's Hundred Days, through the first night of Hugo's "Hernani" and the July Revolution, to the initial attempt to end the monarchy of Louis Philippe, on the occasion of the funeral of General Lamarque. Whether he is describing his first dance, the capture of the Tuileries by the Paris mob, his most resounding success, his most emphatic failure, how he took the town of Soissons singlehanded from the Royalist garrison, or how he stole a plot from de Musset, Dumas bounds through the story with the same buoyant self-as-

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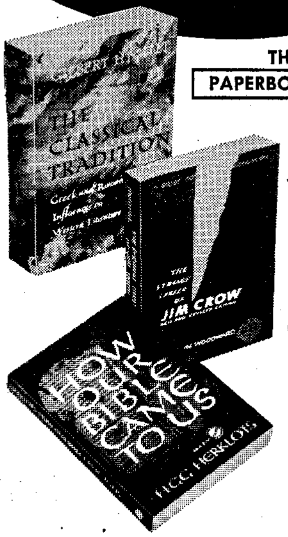

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surance and delight. All of what he has to say is amusing, and some of it is true. The principal ingredients are endless good nature, the desire to please, and the ability to believe that what he wishes to believe about himself is fact, and from this mixture Dumas distills pure enchantment. Never has success seemed so well deserved, or so innocent, and never again will there be so happy a meeting between a naïve author and an even more naïve public. In 1831, Dumas was staying in the only inn in the inaccessible fishing village of Trouville, working on "Charles VII," the play stolen from de Musset and enriched with material pilfered freely from Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen," Scott's "Quentin Durward," and "The Talisman." A fellow-dramatist tracked him down with a marvellous idea for a play that he and his usual collaborator did not feel equal to handling:

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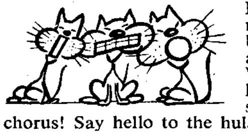

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How to make IRISH COFFEE

Into a pre-warmed stemmed 7-ounce goblet or a coffee cup, put jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey and 1 to 2 teaspoons of sugar. Fill to within ½ inch of top with *strong* black coffee. Instant coffee may be used if desired. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Top to brim with *chilled* whipped cream, so that cream floats on top. Do not stir after adding cream. The true delight of Irish Coffee is obtained by drinking it *through* the cream.

P. S. A simple way to enjoy the synergistic action of coffee and John Jameson is to add 1 jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey to coffee as you usually drink it.

JOHN JAMESON

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off. The Doctor and his wife plead in vain. The masked man comes forward in turn, and the act ends."

"Good. What follows?"

"There is an interval of twenty-six years. The stage represents the same room, only everything and everybody have grown older. The masked man is playing chess with Dr. Grey. Mrs. Grey is sewing. Richard, the child of the prologue, is standing up writing. Jenny, the Doctor's daughter, is watching him."

"And then?"

"That's all there is. You must invent the rest."

This was on July 24th, and on August 10th Dumas had finished with "Charles VII" and was ready to work on the remarkably unnegotiable rough diamond that had been handed to him. Few people are likely to be familiar with "Richard Darlington," as the play is called, but readers may enjoy thinking about as much of it as Dumas discloses in the memoirs. Apparently there is a scene in Act II in which Richard fractures Jenny's head against a piece of furniture. She survives, and in the last act someone called Mawbray shoots somebody called Tompson, who is carrying Jenny off in a post chaise in a terrible storm. It is hard to imagine how this can link up with the big moment in this act in which Richard throws Jenny from a balcony and finally puts her out of her misery, but this problem is trifling compared to that created by the reason Dumas gives for the vast excitement with which the play was received when it opened on December 10th: "It was known beforehand that the play had a political side of great significance." But whatever the answer to these questions, the play was an immense success and Dumas was sure that it was a very fine thing indeed. Whether he was right or not, it is impossible to do anything but share the simple enthusiasm with which he looks back to the days when it was possible for him to gather in great golden harvests of poppycock three or four times a year.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THIN ICE, by Sir Compton Mackenzie (Putnam). This polite and leisurely novel describes the life and career of a homosexual English politician named Henry Fortescue, a sad, arrogant man whose charm and ability and good looks last on long after his dreams of fame and power have faded. Fortescue's story is told by his lifelong friend George Gaymer. Of the two—despite the fact that

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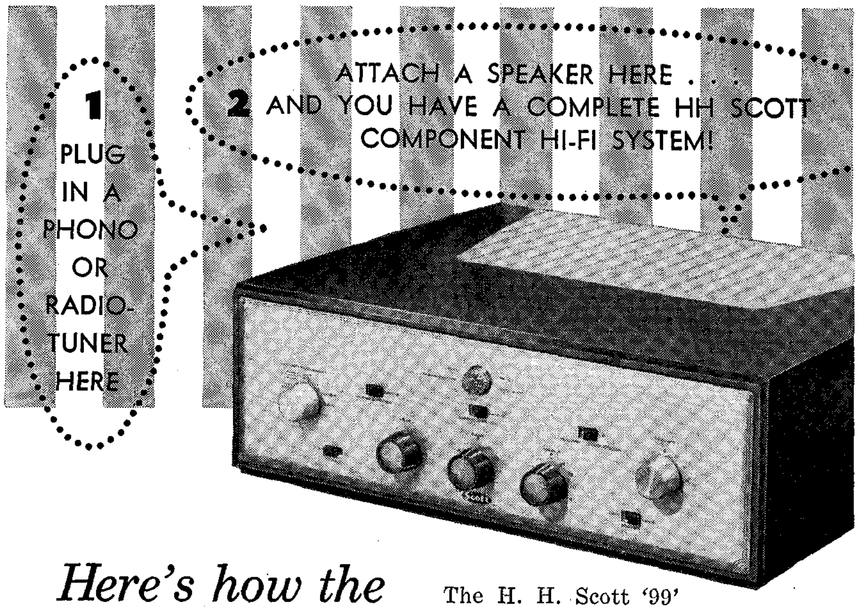
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Gaymer marries happily—Fortescue appears to be the more masculine. Certainly he has more vitality and daring and appetite for living than Gaymer has, although Gaymer finds a good deal of satisfaction in the quiet and comfortable existence he has chosen for himself. Shy, and panic-stricken by the least departure from the conventional English upper-class life he was born to and loves, Gaymer does not understand Fortescue and does not want to understand him. What he does understand is that Fortescue's need is real, and that while it may be deplored, it must be respected. Out of this respect, and out of an enduring affection that he is too prudent or too sensible or too timid to analyze, Gaymer writes about his friend, and the story, fastidiously told, reflects more than anything else the innocence, amounting to obtuseness, that is the foundation of his own nature and its best bulwark against discomfort. The scene is London, mostly, between 1896 and 1941.

A DISTANT DRUM, by Charles Bracelen Flood (Houghton Mifflin). In a solid, elderly manner, Mr. Flood discusses the chances of a twenty-year-old Harvard man, Patrick Kingsgrant, who intends to become a writer. The story starts in 1950 and ends in 1952. We read about Patrick's troubles with his first novel, and we are told almost everything that his English professor said to him. We also read about Patrick's first love, and about his disagreement with his father, who is a lawyer and wants Patrick to be a lawyer, too. Finally, Patrick's experiences during his basic training at Fort Dix are described. Several flashbacks, dealing with the romance between Patrick's mother and father, are by far the best and most alive scenes in the book. Except for the interludes at Harvard and Fort Dix, the action alternates between New York City and the Kingsgrant estate in Maine.

HOME BEFORE DARK, by Eileen Bassing (Random House). A confused and melodramatic effort to show the difficulties confronting a young woman who attempts to return to ordinary domestic life after two years spent in a state mental institution. The young woman, Charlotte Bronn, tries hard to convince her unloving husband and her complacent and bossy relatives that she is perfectly sane, but it is not surprising that she fails, because, to tell the

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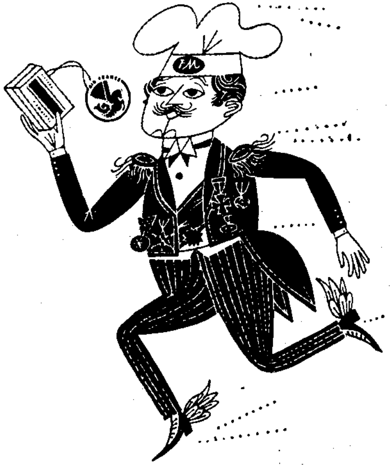

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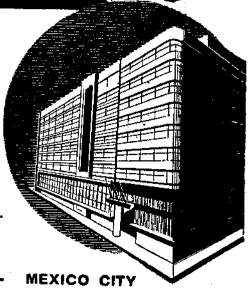

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truth, she gives every indication of being as mad as a hatter. The scene is a New England college town.

FATHER JUNIPER AND THE GENERAL, by James Norman (Morrow). This story of a devout, innocently rebellious Mexican village is told in a manner that is whimsical, affectionate, and altogether charming, and that is further heightened by the natural directness of Mr. Norman's style.

THE PROMOTERS, by Stephen Longstreet (Simon & Schuster). A loud, rambling novel that gives a large but very indistinct picture of a Texas soft-drink tycoon. The narration is done by the tycoon's publicity man, a thirty-eight-year-old bachelor who is an alcoholic and cannot stop talking about it.

THE ENEMY BELOW, by Commander D. A. Rayner (Holt). In this indefatigable melodrama, a two-day battle to the death is fought between a British destroyer and a German submarine off the coast of Brazil in the Second World War by two captains who are so good and so evil, respectively, that they cancel each other out completely.

NOTE: "Pnin," a novel by Vladimir Nabokov about a Russian professor at an American university, has been published by Doubleday. A considerable part of the book originally appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

VILLAGE IN THE VAUCLUSE, by Laurence Wylie (Harvard). This is, almost without fail, a first-rate book. It is a sociological study—written, however, with grace and humor—of an average small farming village, here called Peyrane, in the foothills of the Vaucluse Mountains, in southeastern France, where the author, a professor at Haverford College, recently lived for a year with his wife and two children. Although at first the Communists in the village spread the rumor that he "had come to help plan the next American invasion," Professor Wylie, who here shows himself to be an exceedingly ingratiating fellow, soon had the villagers blooming with revelations. Indeed, the material he includes, which ranges from a rundown on sexual habits to what happened when a house trailer became firmly wedged between the Wylies' house and the house across the street, is, if anything, too complete, for he tends, here and there, to lapse into the sort of drone ("When a young man decides he

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would like to marry a certain girl, his behavior makes his intentions obvious") that occurs in sociological works when the normal is treated as if it were the peculiar. We are left, nevertheless, with a remarkably penetrating portrait of an intensely civilized community where a rather shrivelled, unimaginative outlook on life (the two World Wars have apparently washed out all sense of the future, or of hope, in the villagers) is balanced just about perfectly by hard work, absolute realism, family loyalty, and a nearly total lack of crime. Excellent photographs and maps, all of them by the author.

Quest for a Continent, by Walter Sullivan (McGraw-Hill). A long account of the brief recorded history of Antarctica by one of the few chroniclers who are fully qualified for the task. The author, who has spent many months in that vast ice-age desolation—most recently as a participant in Operation Deepfreeze, the current American expedition to prepare for studies there during the 1957-58 International Geophysical Year—is an experienced reporter for the New York *Times* and (what is perhaps more important) shares with Edward Shackleton the invigoratingly humanistic view that South Polar exploration involves "nobler goals than the mere expansion of national territory." The result is a model introduction to a subject that is certain to have a considerable impact on the course of history. Photographs and an end-paper map.

Beerbohm Tree: His Life and Laughter, by Hesketh Pearson (Harper). An anecdotal portrait of the *fin-de-siècle* actor-manager of whom Oscar Wilde once appreciatively murmured, "A charming fellow, and so clever: he models himself on me." That Tree was a wit in the languid fashion of his time the author gives us ample evidence ("Genius is an infinite capacity for not having to take pains" and "Every dogma has its day" and "I can stand any amount of flattery so long as it's fulsome enough"), and he also persuades us, by abundant example, that Tree was a tremendous pioneering force both in the rescue of Shakespeare from the ranters and in the evolution of the modern theatre. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Pearson, who once had the privilege of Tree's acquaintance, stands in such awe of his subject that the man himself—the unifying essence of the self-conscious

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genius and the instinctive artist—remains elusive. Photographs.

THE COURTSHIP OF MR. LINCOLN, by Ruth Painter Randall (Little, Brown). This sentimental and appealing little book, telling the love story of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd, was written by the woman who, with her late husband, the celebrated Lincoln scholar J. G. Randall, was chiefly responsible for laying to rest the legend about Ann Rutledge. Here we see again the awkward, ill-dressed, and poverty-ridden young Springfield lawyer solemnly courting the vivacious and aristocratic Southern belle, who counted Stephen A. Douglas among her suitors, and we go through the painful period in 1841 when, because of family objections to Lincoln's plebeian caste and his not very brilliant prospects, the engagement was broken off and he was thrown into such profound melancholia that friends despaired of his life. Then the sun comes out again, Abraham and Mary renew their pledges, a small gold band is inscribed "Love is eternal," and, at the last minute, Mary's family permit the wedding to be held in their fine house on the hill. Photographs.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND THE FOUNDING OF THE NATION, edited by Richard B. Morris (Dial). A wide-ranging collection of Hamilton's published and unpublished writings, excellently edited and threaded together by an interpretive commentary that keeps the reader oriented at all times. The book starts with the impassioned republican pamphleteering that first brought the young King's College undergraduate to public attention, takes Hamilton through the war years, when he served Washington as aide-de-camp and wrote, among other things, an exceedingly interesting, shocked account of the Benedict Arnold treachery, and concludes with his writings as Secretary of the Treasury. In these we see him commit political suicide by a public avowal, in one of the most astonishing documents in American history, of his adulterous liaison with Mrs. Reynolds, and watch, through his exchange of letters with Aaron Burr, his inevitable progress toward the fatal "interview" at Weehawken.

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS, by J. M. Allegro (Pelican). This is one of the most exciting of the books on the scrolls. Mr. Allegro is a professor of

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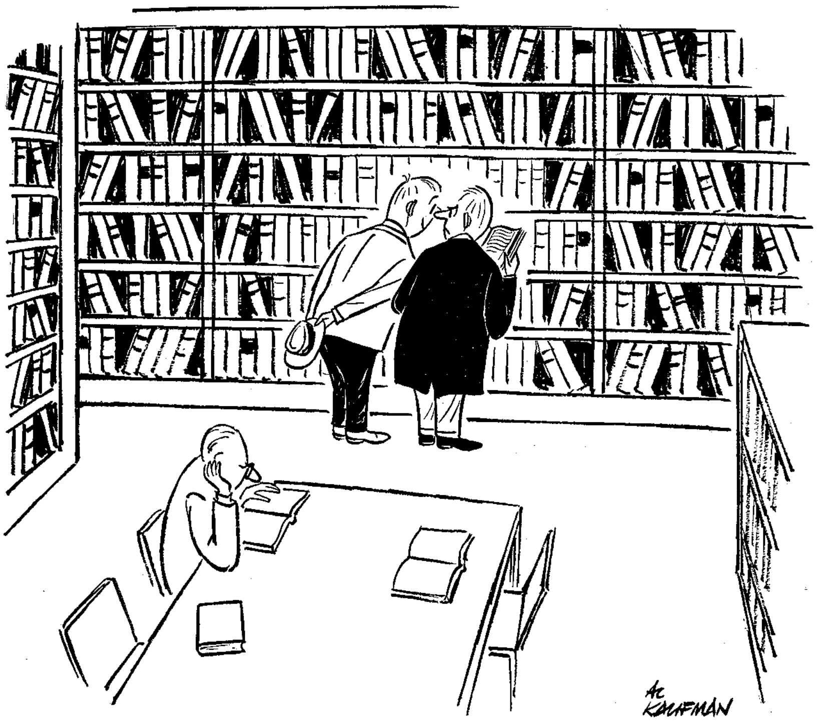

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Semitics at Manchester University and one of the team of scholars who have been working on the manuscripts in the Jordan museum. He deciphered the copper scrolls and has published several important texts. This, however, is a popular book, of which some of the most prominent features are a thrilling account of the difficulties and dangers of exploring the Dead Sea caves, an illuminating explanation of the various Old Testament interpretations of the several texts discovered there, and a development of the author's theory that the Wicked Priest of the non-Biblical documents was Alexander Jannaeus, the detested priest-king of the Jews in the first pre-Christian century, who, Josephus tells us, crucified eight hundred of his own people in one day. Finding references to crucifixion in one of the texts he has edited, and connecting them with other references, Mr. Allegro conjectures that Alexander may have crucified the Teacher of Righteousness, the unidentified religious leader who figures so substantially in the scrolls.

THE DEAD SEA SCRIPTURES, translated, and with an introduction and notes, by Theodor H. Gaster (Doubleday). A volume of this kind was needed, and fortunately this one is very well done. Professor Gaster, of Columbia University, has translated into excellent English all the manuscripts from the Dead Sea caves, except the most fragmentary, that have so far been published, including a certain number that were not available at the time Millar Burrows' book was written. The introduction and the notes are exactly what are required by the ordinary reader. Professor Gaster's position on the scrolls seems in some ways a little inconsistent. He warns against associating these documents too closely with Christianity, pointing out that they also present parallels with various non-canonical writings and with the earlier strata of the Talmud. Yet he notes a good deal of evidence that would indicate a close connection. He asserts that the references to unidentified personages—the Teacher of Righteousness, the Wicked Priest, and the Kittim, the enemies of the sect—do not apply to specific individuals or groups but are merely the vaguest stock terms, covering the most generalized situations. Nevertheless, he follows the Nahum Commentary published by Professor Allegro in assuming that the Kittim

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are the Romans and that the Lion of Wrath is Jannaeus.

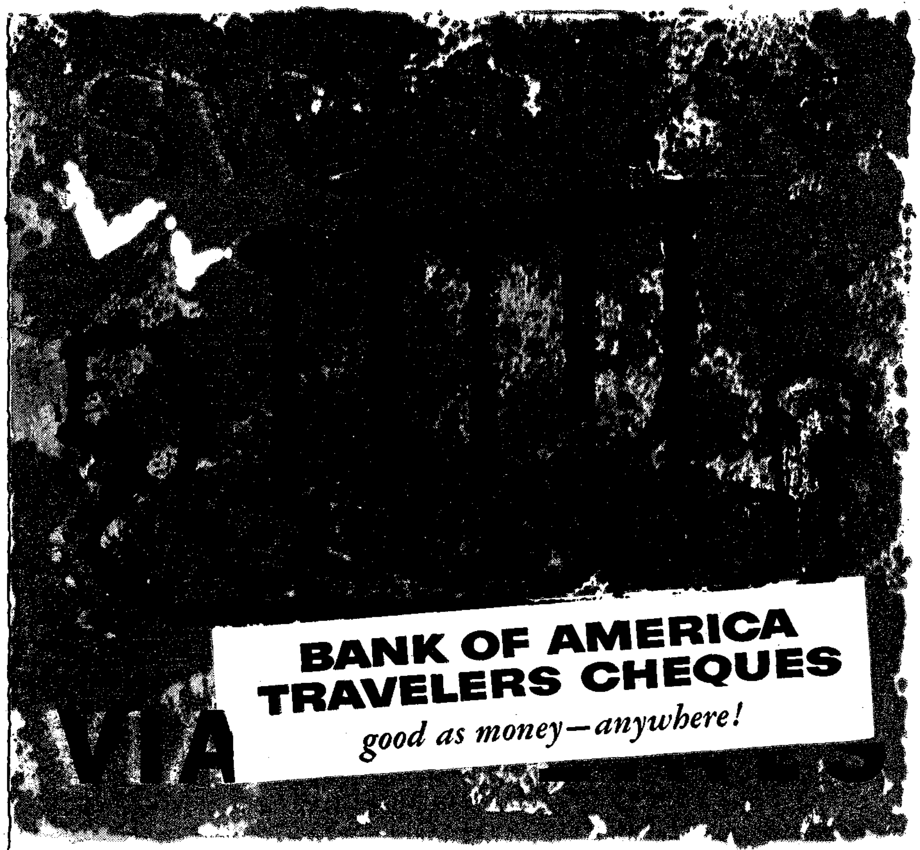
ATLAS OF THE BIBLE, by L. H. Grollenberg, O.P., translated and edited by Joyce M. H. Reid and H. H. Rowley (Nelson). This volume, which is prefaced and introduced by three leading Biblical scholars—Professor W. F. Albright, Professor Rowley, and Père Roland de Vaux—is something of a masterpiece. Father Grollenberg, a Dominican formerly attached to the Ecole Biblique in Jordanian Jerusalem, is a Dutch archeologist with first-hand experience of Palestine, and he has produced a guide to the Bible on somewhat original lines. He takes the reader chronologically through both Testaments by means of a combination of photographs, maps, and text. The text is based on modern scholarship, and it provides a narrative that is easily followed. The maps are beautifully clear and indicate the movements of the Biblical peoples in every period. The photographs, many of them by the author, show Biblical sites from the earth and from the air, as well as contemporary works of art. The presentation of these is brilliant. Father Grollenberg has a sense of the dramatic that brings out all the terror of Sinai and the mystery and mildness of the Lake of Tiberias. On the Dead Sea scrolls he is rather evasive.

NOTE: Under the title "Principles and Persuasions," Harcourt, Brace has published a collection of reviews by Anthony West, all of which first appeared in the Books department of this magazine, occasionally in somewhat different form.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE ASSASSIN, by Selwyn Jepson (Lippincott). The hero of this complex but entertaining book has a terrible time, what with an unfaithful wife, an embezzling friend, a fairly exasperating young woman who loves him, and a murderous adversary who makes several highly ingenious attempts to do away with him while simultaneously arranging to wreck the British stock market. It is a remarkably tangled web, but Mr. Jepson finally unravels everything with considerable style and ingenuity. The romance may be a little obtrusive, but otherwise everything is fine.

THE TIGER AMONG US, by Leigh Brackett (Doubleday). An innocent citizen is seriously beaten up by a gang of young hoodlums, and when the



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THE RED
AND
THE BLACK

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As a matter of fact, a good many professional economists agree that 1956 was a good year. What's more, with the exception of a few nay-sayers and viewers-with-alarm, they predict that our economy will go right on expanding through 1957 and beyond.

Good news? Yes, indeed! But a cue for caution, too. An expanding economy probably means continued inflation, and continued inflation means that the purchasing power of the dollar will go on declining.

As good a way as we know to help protect your money against declining purchasing power is to invest it in good, sound common stocks, selected for growth and income prospects. If you'd like a list of twenty of them chosen by our Research Division, ask today for *"Twenty Stocks for Long-Term Investment."* Just address—

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police don't seem to be getting anywhere in particular with the case, he decides to track them down himself. The chase is long and perilous (two men are killed in the course of it), but in the end the boys are caught. Miss Brackett wishes to show that juvenile barbarity is not always a product of the slums, and that even well-to-do suburban communities can breed their dangerously anti-social personalities. It is not a particularly novel point, and the author hasn't anything very penetrating to say about it, but her story is exciting and well told.

STOPOVER: TOKYO, by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown). It is quite a while since Mr. Marquand, having turned to more elevated matters, has written anything about his Japanese detective Mr. Moto, but his skill with international intrigue, picturesque violence, and romance in the jaws of death has not diminished, and he is still very good with Oriental scenery. The villains here are Communists who are plotting to stir up the Japanese against the United States, and the hero is a young American Intelligence agent, assisting Mr. Moto, who is very strong and brave. The heroine, a lovely fellow-agent, is unfortunately knocked off in Chapter 18, but you can't have everything.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Mary Dougherty in the Chicago Sun-Times*]

A gay invitation was received by a number of friends of the McCormick family. It read:

I am giving a party for Brooks Mc
On Feb the twenty three
For that's the day he will become
Thirty nine years of age—plus 1
Seven thirty's the hour—Casino the spot
Please R.S.V.P. if you're coming—or not.
[Signed] HOPE MCCORMICK

The red-bordered card was illustrated with amusing little sketches. In a postscript which read, "If you bring him a gift make it wee—more than $5 it just cannot be," there was a drawing of a little gift-wrapped box.

The guest of honor, of course, is Hope's husband. This party will undoubtedly be one of the merriest of the pre-Lenten season.

•

WITH FLOOD POSSIBILITIES COMING UP, THIS IS A REMINDER THAT GOOD FLOOD PICTURES ARE ALWAYS IN DEMAND, BUT THERE ARE FEW PICTURES AS DULL AS A VACANT FLOOD SCENE. TRY AND GET PEOPLE DOING SOMETHING IN THE FOREGROUND.
—*A.P. New England Log.*

Preferably for the third time.

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Any Day

Not to give the impression we're a militant crew up here, but we do have quite a collection of battle-gear. Knights, for instance, and soldiers of all armies and ages. Also field-guns, tanks, bombers and battleships. Pistols, rifles, and other trifles. Full suits of armor. And for the boy who has everything, a stockade he can stand in.

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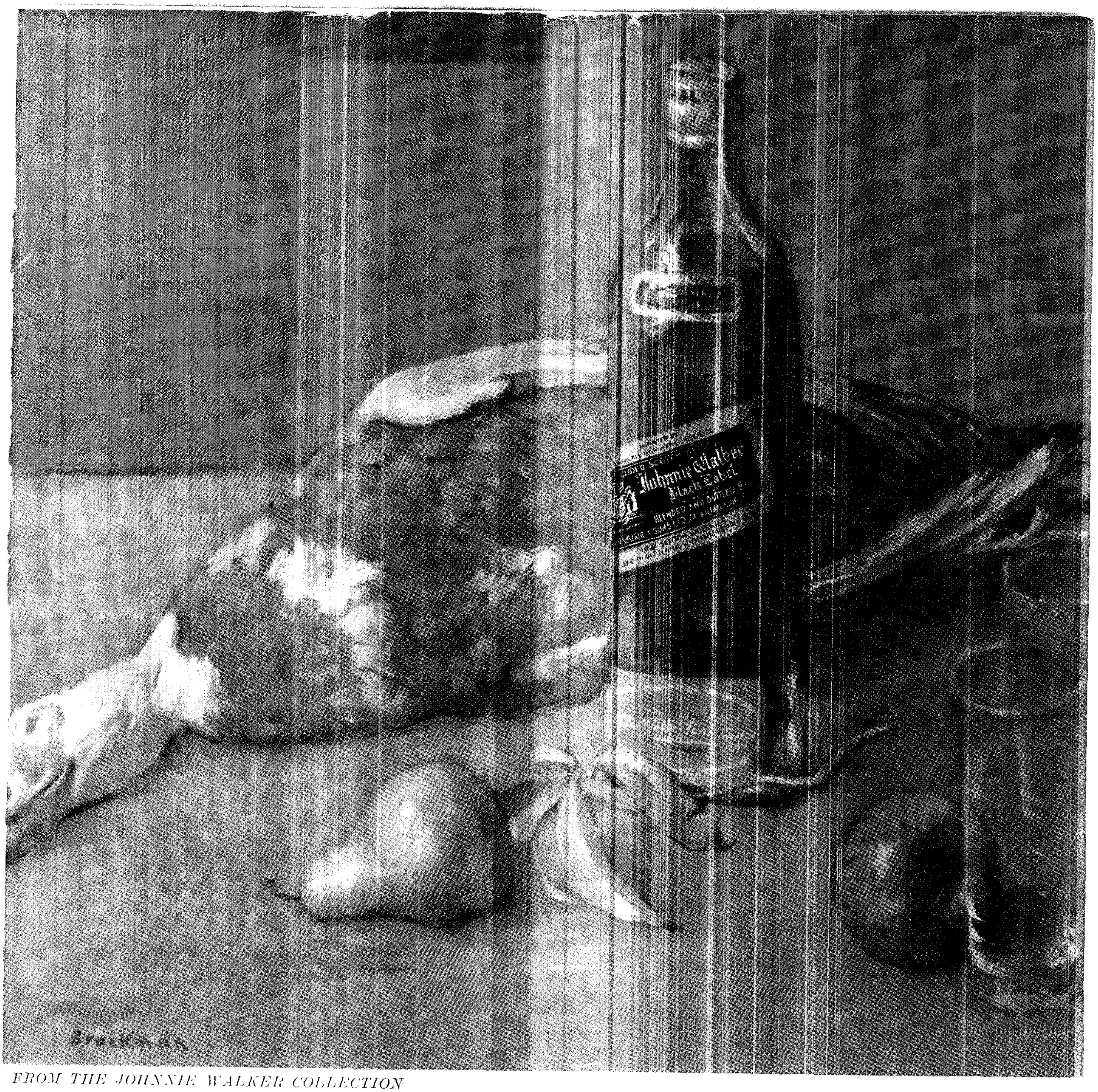


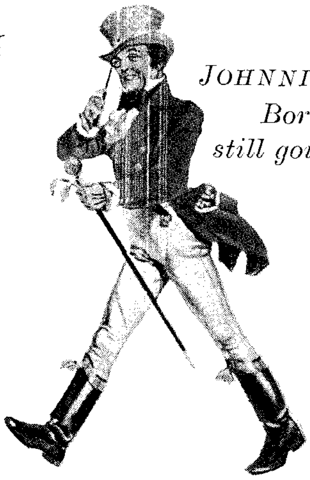
FROM THE JOHNNIE WALKER COLLECTION

"Bird and Bottle" by ROBERT BRACKMAN

Brackman in his Studio

Critics say Brackman's work has a lasting quality.

Connoisseurs say the same thing about Johnnie Walker. It is an honest parallel. Johnnie Walker strode onto the scene in 1820. Like the true artist, Johnnie Walker had technique and enthusiasm. And he devoted them to making the finest Scotch whisky the world has ever known—Johnnie Walker Black Label. Matter of fact, as you look at the painting above, you are seeing a masterpiece within a masterpiece. Both are worthy of your collection.



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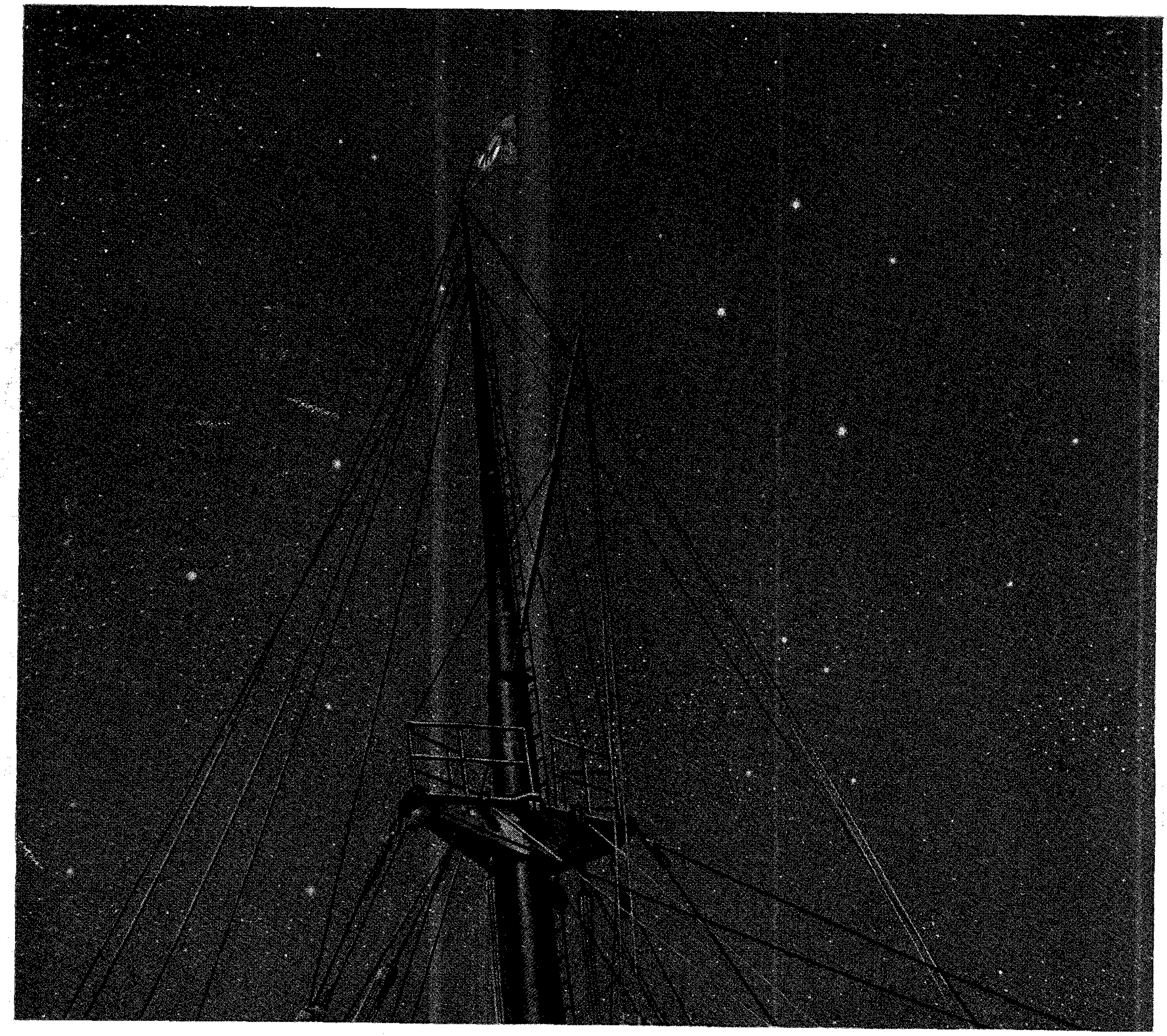

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